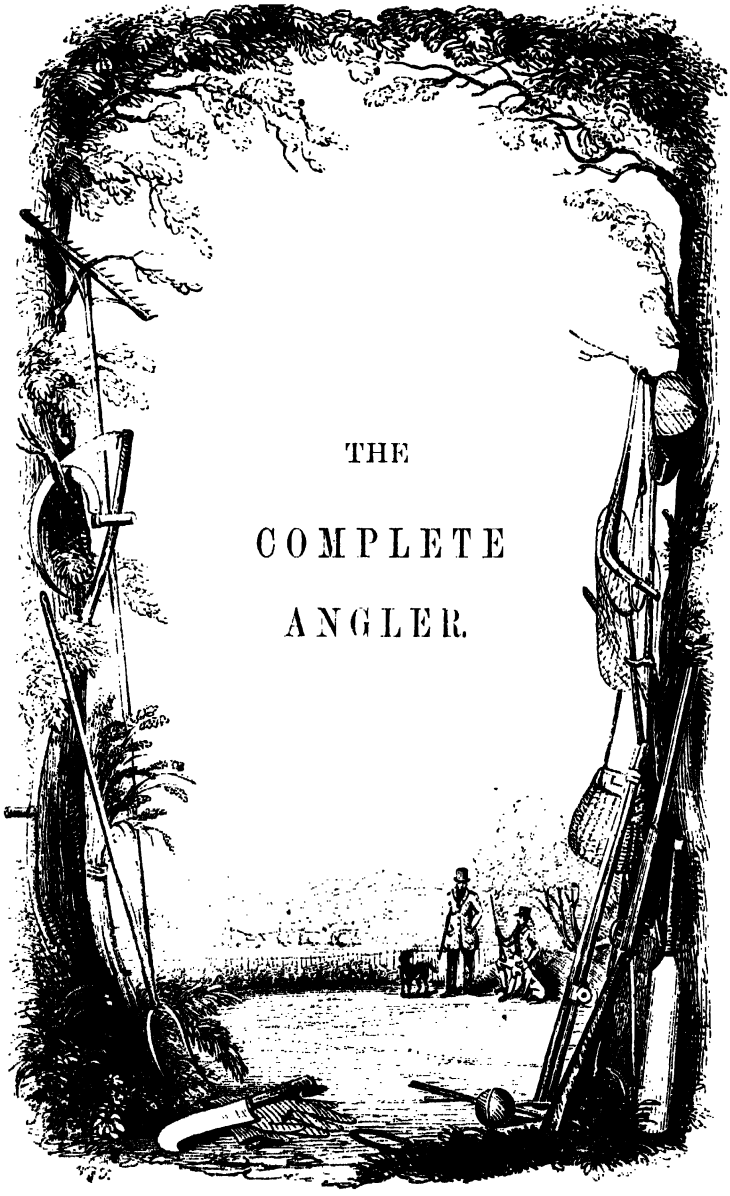
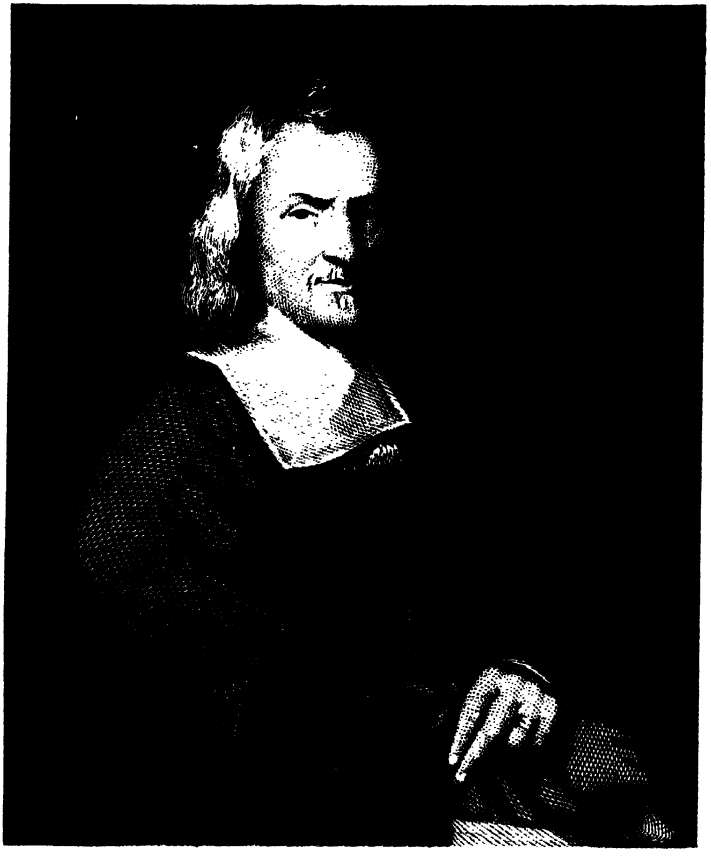


THE COMPLETE ANGLER.



THE

COMPLETE ANGLER,

OR

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION,

OF

IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON.

WITH LIVES OF THE AUTHORS, AND VARIORUM NOTES, HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL.

EDITED BY EDWARD JESSE, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED PAPERS ON FISHING-TACKLE, FISHING STATIONS, ETC.

BY HENRY G. BOHN.



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TO THE

THAMES ANGLING PRESERVATION SOCIETY,

ITS ORIGINATORS IN 1838,

PRESIDENT,
(W. H. WHITBREAD, ESQ.)

TREASURER.
(ALGERNON PERKINS, ESQ.)

AND

HONORARY SECRETARY,
(HENRY FARNELL, ESQ.)

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

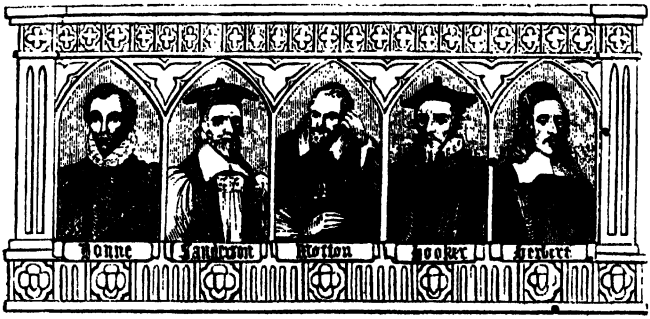
IN ATTESTATION OF THE BENEFITS THEY HAVE CONFERRED ON THE DISCIPLES OF WALTON,

BY

ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS,

THE PUBLISHER.





PREFACE.

WALTON'S 'Complete Angler' ranks, by common consent, among the choicest morsels of our early literature, not as a mere manual of the piscatorial art, but as a work of imagination and truth, full of fine sentiment and virtuous precepts. Many of our best writers—Sir Walter Scott, Sheridan, Hallam, Washington Irving, Miss Mitford—have rung its praises; and Charles Lamb says, that "it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it, and Christianize every discordant passion."

It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that the demand for this beautiful pastoral is continuous, and that there are so many editions of it before the public; indeed so many, and some so recent, that it would at first view almost seem

superfluous to add to their number. But the publisher placed before me such a valuable store of materials, the accumulation of years, that it was quite evident the proposed edition would surpass all its predecessors, and be a great boon to the public; I therefore willingly undertook a task every way congenial to my tastes and feelings.

If a full appreciation of the piety and virtues of the Author, his honest simplicity of mind, his pure taste for the beautiful in nature, and his pleasing eloquence, were alone sufficient to qualify an editor of his immortal work, I should yield to no one; but other qualifications are requisite, and I must leave the reader to determine how far they are exemplified in the volume before him.

The two centuries which have elapsed since the first edition of the 'Complete Angler,' have occasioned the necessity of many historical illustrations, several corrections of erroneous notions in matters of natural history, and large additions on the practice of angling. These have been collected from every available source, as will be seen by the numerous authorities quoted. Indeed, it has been endeavoured to combine all the advantages of preceding editions in the present. The notes of Sir John Hawkins have been taken bodily, excepting in some instances where they had become obsolete, or superseded; and the notes of Browne, Rennie, Bagster, Sir Henry Ellis, Sir Harris Nicolas, and others, have been culled to supply whatever could add to the interest or instructiveness of the volume.

Nor must we omit mention of the "American editor," whose edition, printed at New York in 1847, though deficient in graphic illustration, is in the way of annotation more complete than any produced in this country up to its date. The notes, however, being principally from common sources, have not been of the use to us that the merit of the edition would imply.

The 'Complete Angler' seems to have been an especial favourite of booksellers, and has had the good fortune to find no fewer than six foster-fathers among them. Indeed, nearly all the editions which have appeared during the last half century are more or less indebted to them. Mr. Bagster (a practical angler) led the way in 1808, with an improved edition of Sir John Hawkins, edited by himself; this he republished in 1815, with additions of his own, and some by Sir Henry Ellis. Mr. Thomas Gosden, a devoted angler, published, and we believe edited, the edition of 1822, for which he also arranged the illustrations, and designed patterns for the binding. Mr. Major followed in 1823, and between that and 1844 produced four editions, of which the last is the best and most elegant. Mr. Pickering was the projector of his magnificent edition, published in 1835, and co-operated with Sir Harris Nicolas, the editor, as well in the practical part (in which he was at home), as in the graphic and bibliographic departments. Mr. Kent Causton, in 1851, edited what would have been a very satisfactory edition, had the engravings been better.

Lastly comes Mr. Bohn, who has contributed largely to the present volume, and whose good taste and extensive information have throughout been of the greatest value to the editor. Indeed, it has not a little surprised him, that amongst the numerous works which are almost daily passing through Mr. Bohn's hands, he should have found time to devote so much attention to the present edition.

EDWARD JESSE.

MAY, 1856.



WALTON'S RESIDENCE IN FLEET STREET.



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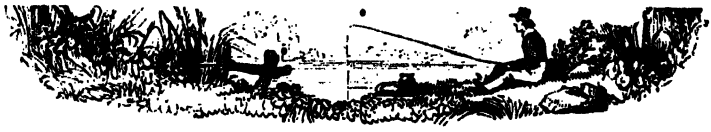
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B. Browne.	K. C. Kent Causton.
E. Sir Henry Ellis.	N. Sir Harris Nicolas.
Ed Editor.	R. Rennie.
Eph. Ephemera.	W. Walton.
H. Sir John Hawkins.	Y. Yarrell.



ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

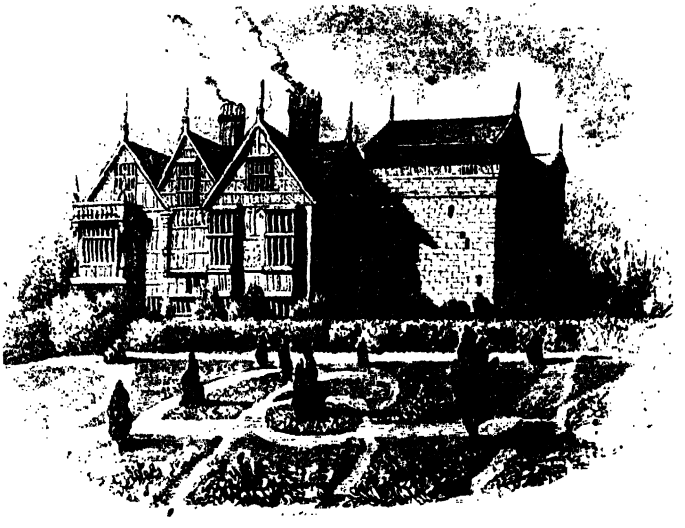
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THE

LIFE OF ISAAC WALTON.

Isaac, or as he used to write it, Izaak Walton, was born at Stafford, on the ninth of August, 1593. The Oxford antiquary, (Ant. a-Wood) who has fixed the place and year of his nativity, has left us no memorials of his family, nor even hinted where or how he was educated; we are only told that before the year 1643, Walton was settled, and followed the trade of a *sempster*, in London. But Sir Harris Nicolas has added to this information that his father was Jervis Walton, likewise of Stafford, who is presumed to have been the second son of George Walton, sometime bailiff of Yoxhall.

Walton's first settlement in London, as a shopkeeper, was at the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567. In this situation he could scarcely be said to have had elbow-room; for the shops round the Exchange were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide: yet here he carried on his trade, till some time before the year 1624; when "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." Now the old timber-house at the south-west corner of Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street, was then, and for many years after, known by that sign: it is, therefore, beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door. And in this house he is—in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624—said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. At a later period (from 1628 to 1644) he appears, according to the parish books of St. Dunstan, to have resided in the seventh house from the corner.

Walton was twice married. In 1626, on the 22nd of December

"(at the church of St. Mildred, Canterbury,) he married his first wife, Rachel Floud, who was maternally descended from Archbishop Cranmer. Of seven children by this marriage, he had the misfortune to lose every one, either in infancy or at a very early age; and on the 22nd of August, 1640, six weeks after the birth of a daughter (who died in her second year) he underwent the calamity of also losing his wife.

His second wife, to whom he was married about 1646, was Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's-inn, and sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the seven that were sent to the Tower, and who at the Revolution was deprived, and died in retirement. Walton seems to have been as happy in this marriage as the society and friendship of a prudent and pious woman of great endowments could make him; and that Mrs. Walton was such, we have every reason to believe.

About this period (the exact date is uncertain) he left London, and with a fortune very far short of what would now be called a competency, retired altogether from business; at which time (to use the words of Wood) "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford,[1] and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, by whom he was much beloved."

While he resided in London, his favourite recreation was angling, in which he was the greatest proficient of his time; and indeed so great was his skill and experience in that art, that there is scarce any writer on the subject since his time who has not made the rules and practice of Walton his very foundation. It is, therefore, with the greatest propriety, that Langbaine calls him, "the common father of all anglers."[2]

The river he seems mostly to have frequented for this purpose was the Lea, which has its source above Ware in Hertfordshire, and falls into the Thames a little below Blackwall; unless we suppose that the vicinity of the New River[3] to the place of his habitation, might sometimes tempt him out with his friends, honest Nat. and R. Roe, whose loss he so pathetically mentions,[4] to spend an afternoon there.

[1] He retired to a small estate in Staffordshire, not far from the town of Stafford. His loyalty made him obnoxious to the ruling powers; and we are assured by himself, in his "Life of Sanderson," that he was a sufferer in the civil wars.—Zouch.

[2] Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, art. Charles Cotton, Esq.

[3] That great work, the bringing of water from Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, to London, by means of the trench called the New River, was completed on Michaelmas Day, 1613.—Stowe's "Survey," Fol. 1633, p. 12.—H.

[4] Preface to "Complete Angler."

In the year 1662, he was for the second time deprived of the solace and comfort of a wife, as appears by the following monumental inscription in the chapel of Our Lady, in the cathedral church of Worcester:—

Exterris
D.
M. S.
Here lyeth buried
so much as could dye
of ANNE, the wife of IZAAK WALTON;
Who was a Woman of remarkable prudence,
and of the Primitive Piety;
her great, and general, Knowledge
being adorned with such true Humility,
and blest with so much Christian Meekness
as made her worthy of a more memorable monument.
She dyed (alas that she is dead!)
the 17th of April, 1662, Aged 52.
Study to be like her.

Living, while in London, in the parish of St. Dunstan in the West, whereof Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's, was vicar, he became a frequent hearer of that excellent preacher, and, at length, his convert. Upon his decease[1] in 1631, Sir Henry Wotton requested Walton to collect materials for a "Life of the Doctor," which it seems Sir Henry had undertaken to write: but Sir Henry dying before he had completed the life, Walton undertook it himself; and in the year 1640, finished and published it, with a "Collection of the Doctor's Sermons," in folio. As soon as the book came out, a complete copy was sent as a present to Walton, by Mr. John Donne, the doctor's son, afterwards doctor of laws: and one of the blank leaves contained his letter to Mr. Walton; the letter is yet extant, and in print,[2] and is a handsome and grateful acknowledgment of the honour done to the memory of his father.

Doctor King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, in a letter to the author, thus expresses himself concerning this life: "I am glad that the general demonstration of his [Doctor Donne's]

[1] Walton attended Dr. Donne in his last sickness, and was present when he consigned his sermons and numerous papers to the care of Dr. Henry King, who was promoted to the see of Chichester in 1641.—ZOUCH.

[2] In Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," vol. i. lib. vi. p. 24. In the year 1714, the very book, with the original manuscript letter, was in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Borradale, rector of Market-Deeping, in the county of Lincoln.—H.

worth was so fairly preserved, and represented to the world, by your pen, in the history of his life; indeed, so well, that beside others, the best critic of our later time, Mr. John Hales, of Eaton, affirmed to me, he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or reputation to the writer, than that of Doctor Donne."

Sir Henry Wotton dying in 1639, Walton was importuned by Bishop King to undertake the writing his life also; and it seems that it was finished about 1644.[1] Notwithstanding which, the earliest copy I have yet been able to meet with, is that prefixed to a collection of Sir Henry's "Remains," undoubtedly made by Walton himself, entitled "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," and by him, in 1651, dedicated to Lady Mary Wotton, and her three daughters; though in a subsequent edition in 1685, he has recommended them to the patronage of a more remote relation of the author, namely Philip, Earl of Chesterfield.

The precepts of angling having, till Walton's time, hardly ever been reduced to writing, were transmitted from age to age chiefly by tradition: but Walton, whose benevolent and communicative temper appears in almost every line of his writings, unwilling to conceal from the world that information which his long practice and experience enabled him, perhaps the best of any man of his time, to give, published in the year 1653, his "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," in small duodecimo, adorned with exquisite cuts of most of the fish mentioned in it. The artist who engraved them has modestly concealed his name, but there is great reason to suppose they are the work of Lombart, and on steel.

And let no man imagine that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructive: for the contrary will most evidently appear, from a perusal of it. Whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, it is without parallel in any of the modern languages.

Before the Reformation, the clergy, as well regular as secular —on account of their leisure, and because the canon-law forbade them the use of the sanguinary recreations of hunting, hawking, and fowling—were the great proficients in angling. Yet none of its precepts were committed to writing; and from the introduction

[1] It is certain that "Hooker's Life" was written about 1664; and Walton says, in his Epistle before the Lives, that "there was an interval of twenty years between the writing of 'Hooker's Life' and 'Wotton's,' which fixes the date of the latter to 1644."—H.

of printing into this kingdom, to that of the first publication of Walton's book, in 1653, an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years, only five books on this subject had been given to the world. Of the four latest, some mention is made in the margin;[1] but the first of that number, as well on account of its quaintness as antiquity, and because it is not a little characteristic of the age when it was written, deserves to be particularly distinguished. This tract, entitled "The Treatyse of Fyshynge wyth an Angle," makes part of a book, like many others of that early time, without a title; but which, by the colophon, appears to have been printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, in a small folio, containing a treatise "On Hawking;" another, "On Hunting," in verse (taken, as it seems, from a tract on that subject, written by old Sir Tristram, an ancient forester); a book wherein is determined the "Lygnage of Cote Armures;" the above-mentioned treatise on Fishing; and the method of "Blasynge of Armes."

The book printed by Wynkyn de Worde is, in truth, a republication of one known, to the curious, by the name of the "Book of St. Alban's," which appears by the colophon was printed, there, in 1486, with Caxton's letter.[2] Wynkyn de Worde's impression has the addition of the treatise of fishing; of which only it concerns us to speak.

[1] "A booke of fishing with hooke and line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging. Another of sundrie engines and traps to take polecats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other kinds of vermine and beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all warriners, and such as delight in this kind of sport and pastime. Made by L. M. 4to. London, 1590, 1596, 1600."

It appears by a variety of evidence, that the person meant by these initials was Leonard Mascall, an author who wrote on planting and grafting, and also on cattle.

"Approved Experiments touching Fish and Fruit, to be regarded by the lovers of Angling." By Mr. John Taverner. In 4to. 1600.

"The Secrets of Angling," a poem, in three books. By F. D., Esq. 8vo. 1613. Mention is made of this book in a note on a passage in the ensuing dialogues; and there is reason to think that it is the foundation of a treatise entitled "The whole Art of Angling," published in 4to. 1656, by the well-known Gervase Markham, as part of his "Country Contentments, or Husbandman's Recreations," since he confesses that the substance of his book was originally in rhyme.

"Barker's Art of Angling," printed in 12mo. in 1651, and again in 4to. in 1653. A third edition was published in 1659, under the altered title of "Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling."—H.

[2] *Vide* "Biographia Britannica," art. Caxton, *note* L, wherein the author, Mr. Oldys, has given a copious account of the book, and a character of the lady who compiled it.—H.

The several tracts contained in the above-mentioned two impressions of the same book, were compiled by dame Julyans (or Juliana) Berners, Bernes, or Barnes; prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Alban's; a lady of noble family—and celebrated by Leland, Bale, Pits, and Tanner, for her learning and accomplishments.



And as to the treatise itself, it must be deemed a great typographical curiosity, as well for the wooden sculpture (copied from thence, and here exhibited), which in the original immediately follows the title, as for the orthography and type in which it is printed. And, with respect to the subject-matter thereof, it begins—with a comparison, of fishing with the diversions of

hunting, hawking, and fowling,—which the authoress shows, are attended with great inconveniences and disappointments; whereas in fishing, if his sport fail, him, the angler, says she, "atte the leest, hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of flowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshe: surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."

But to return to the work of our author, "The Complete Angler:" it came into the world attended with encomiastic verses by several writers of that day; and had in the title-page, though Walton thought proper to omit it in the future editions, this apposite motto:—

"Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing; and they said, we also will go with thee."—*John* xxi. 3.

And here occasion is given us to remark, that the circumstance of time, and the distracted state of the kingdom at the period when the book was written, reaching indeed to the publication of a third edition, are evidences of the author's temper and disposition; for who, but a man whose mind was the habitation of piety, prudence, humility, peace, and cheerfulness, could delineate such a character as that of the principal interlocutor in this dialogue; and make him reason, contemplate, instruct, converse, jest, sing, and recite verses, with the sober pleasantry, and unlicentious hilarity of "Piscator," and this, too, at a time when the whole kingdom was in arms; and confusion and desolation were carried to an extreme sufficient to have excited such a resentment against the authors of them, as might have soured the best temper, and rendered it, in no small degree, unfit for social intercourse.

Walton's stock of learning, properly so called, was not great; yet his attainments in literature were far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade, and not to a learned profession; for, let it be remembered, that, besides being well versed in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of the most eminent divines of his time, he appears to have been well acquainted with history, ecclesiastical, civil and natural, to have acquired a very correct judgment in poetry: and by phrases of his own combination and invention, to have formed a style so natural, intelligible, and elegant, as to have had more admirers than successful imitators.

What reception the book met with, may be inferred from the

dates of the subsequent editions; the second was published in 1655, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1668, and the fifth, and last, in 1676. It is pleasing to trace the several variations which the author from time to time made in these subsequent editions, as well by adding new facts and discoveries, as by enlarging on the more entertaining parts of the dialogue. And so far did he indulge in this method of improvement, that in the second edition he has introduced a new interlocutor, namely, Auceps, a falconer, and thereby gives a new form to the dialogue, taking occasion to urge a variety of reasons in favour of his art, and to assert its preference, as well to hawking, as hunting. The third and fourth editions have several entire new chapters; and the fifth, the last published in his life-time, contains no less than eight chapters more than the first, and twenty pages more than the fourth.

Not having the advantage of a learned education, it may seem unaccountable that Walton so frequently cites authors who have written only in Latin, as Gesner, Cardan, Aldrovandus, Rondeletius, and even Albertus Magnus; but here it may be observed, that the voluminous history of animals, of which the first of these was author, is, in an abridged form, translated into English by Mr. Edward Topsel. The translation was published in 1658, and contains numberless particulars concerning frogs, serpents, caterpillars, and other animals, though not of fish, extracted from the writers above-named, with their names to the respective facts, and it furnished Walton with a great variety of intelligence, of which in the later editions of his book he has carefully availed himself. It was through the medium of this translation, that he was enabled to cite the authors mentioned above; vouching the authority of the original writers, in like manner as he elsewhere does Sir Francis Bacon, whenever occasion occurs to mention his "Natural History," or any other of his works. Pliny was translated to his hand by Dr. Philemon Holland, as were also Janus Dubravius "De Piscinis et Piscium naturâ," and Lebault's "Maison Rustique," often referred to by him in the course of his work.

Nor did the reputation of the "Complete Angler" subsist, only in the opinions of those for whose use it was more peculiarly calculated; but even the learned, either from the known character of the author, or those internal evidences of judgment and veracity contained in it, considered it a work of merit, and referred to its authority: Dr. Thomas Fuller in his "Worthies," whenever he has occasion to speak of fish, uses his very words. Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," has, on

the authority of our author, related two of the instances of the voracity of the pike, mentioned part I. chap 8; and confirmed them by two other signal ones.

Fuller as we all know, wrote a "Church History," which, soon after its publication Walton having read, applied to the author for some information touching Hooker, whose life he was then about to write. Upon this occason Fuller, knowing how intimate Walton was with several of the bishops and ancient clergy, asked his opinion of it, and what reception it met with among his friends? Walton answered, that "he thought it would be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of cold constitution: that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable, while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his 'History of the Church' as in a flower garden, or one full of evergreens."—"And why not," said Fuller, "'The Church History' so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most holy season, or the tabernacle of old at the *feast of boughs*." "That was but for a season," said Walton; "in *your* feast of boughs, they may conceive we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation,—and this, sometimes, invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search till they are lost in the labyrinth."—"Oh," said Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness."—"True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them."

About two years after the restoration, Walton wrote the "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker," author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." He was enjoined to undertake this work by his friend Doctor Gilbert Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; who, by the way, was an angler. Bishop King, in a letter to the author, says of this life; "I have often seen Mr. Hooker with my father, who was afterwards Bishop of London; from whom, and others at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his life." Sir William Dugdale, speaking of the three posthumous books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," refers the reader "to that seasonable historical discourse, lately compiled and published, with great judgment and integrity, by that much deserving person, Mr. Isaac Walton." [1] In this Life we are told, that Hooker while he was at college made a visit to the famous Doctor Jewel, then Bishop of Salisbury, his good friend and patron: an account of the Bishop's reception of him and behaviour at his departure—as it contains a lively

[1] "Short View of the late Troubles in England." Fol. 1681, p. 39.

picture of his simplicity and goodness, and of the plain manners of those times—is given in the note. [1]

The life of Mr. George Herbert, as it stands the fourth and last in the volume wherein that and the three former are collected, seems to have been written the next after Hooker's: it was first published in duodecimo, 1670. Walton professes himself to have been a stranger to the person of Herbert: and though he assures us his life of him was a free-will offering, it abounds with curious information, and is in no way inferior to any of the former.

Two of these lives, those of Hooker and Herbert, we are told, were written under the roof of Walton's friend and patron, Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester which particular seems to confirm Wood's account, that "after his quitting London, he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of that time." [2] And who that considers the inoffensiveness of his manners, and the pains he took in celebrating the lives and actions of good men, can doubt his being much beloved by them?

In the year 1670, these "Lives" were collected and published

[1] "As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother; being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was, then, either more in fashion—or want of money, or their humility made it so; but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude, when he saw his mother and friends. And at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste, to call Richard back to him; and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him: 'Richard! I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease:' and presently delivered into his hands a walking staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany: and he said, 'Richard! I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you *ten groats*, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is *ten groats* more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother; and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you *ten groats* more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard!'"—*Life of Hooker*, in the "Collection of Lives," edit. 1670.—H.

[2] *After the Restoration, apartments* were reserved for Walton and his *daughters, both in the house of the above-named prelate*, and in that of Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury.—Zouch.

in 8vo: with a dedication to the above Bishop of Winchester: and a preface, containing the motives for writing them: this preface is followed by a copy of verses, by his intimate friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, of Beresford in Staffordshire, Esq., the author of the second part of the "Complete Angler," and by the letter from Bishop King, so often referred to in the course of this life.

The "Complete Angler" having, in the space of twenty-three years, gone through four editions,—Walton in the year 1666, and in the eighty-third of his age, was preparing a fifth, with additions, for the press; when Mr. Cotton wrote his second part. It seems Mr. Cotton submitted the manuscript to Walton's perusal, who returned it with his approbation, and a few marginal strictures: and in that year they were published together. Mr. Cotton's book had the title of the "Complete Angler; being Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream; Part ii.," and it has ever since been received as a second part of Walton's book. In the title-page is a cypher composed of the initial letters of both their names; which cypher, Mr. Cotton tells us, he had caused to be cut in stone, and set up over a fishing-house that he had erected near his dwelling on the bank of the little river, Dove, which divides the counties of Stafford and Derby.

Mr. Cotton's book is a judicious supplement to Walton's; for Walton, though he was so expert an angler, knew but little of fly-fishing; and indeed acknowledges that the greater part of what he has said on that subject was communicated to him by Mr. Thomas Barker, and not the result of his own experience. This Mr. Barker was a good-humoured gossiping old man, and seems to have been a cook; for he says, "he had been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchens, that had come to England for forty years, and drest fish for them;" for which, he says, "he was duly paid by the lord protector." He spent a great deal of time, and, it seems, money too, in fishing; and in the latter part of his life, dwelt in an almshouse near the Gatehouse, Westminster. In 1651, two years before the first publication of Walton's work, he published a book in 12mo. called the "Art of Angling," to which he affixed his name:[1] he published, in

[1] To this, Walton, in his first edition, page 108, thus acknowledges his obligations: "I will tell you freely, I find Mr. Thomas Barker a gentleman that has spent much time and money in angling, deal so judiciously and freely in a little book of his of angling, and especially of making and angling with a fly for a trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation, which shall follow." In his fifth edition, he continues to mention the use which he had made of Barker's book, but in different

1653, a second edition, in 4to. under the same title, but without his name: and in 1659 he published the third edition of it, under the enlarged title of "Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling." And, for that singular vein of humour that runs through it, is a most diverting book.

And of Cotton it must be said, that living in a country where fly-fishing was, and is, almost the only practice, he had not only the means of acquiring, but actually possessed more skill in the art, as also in the method of making flies, than most men of his time.

His book is, in fact, a continuation of Walton's, not only as it teaches at large that branch of the art of angling which Walton had but slightly treated on, but as it takes up Venator, Walton's piscatory disciple, just where his master had left him; and this connexion between the two parts will be clearly seen, when it is remarked that the traveller whom Cotton invites to his house, and so hospitably entertains, and also instructs in the art of fly-fishing—I say this traveller—and Venator, the pupil of Walton, prove to be one and the same person.

In this second part there is great spirit in the dialogue; and the same conversable, communicative temper which so eminently distinguishes the first.

A book which had been published by Col. Robert Venables, some years before (1662), called the "Experienced Angler, or Angling Improved," which has its merit, was also now reprinted; and the booksellers prefixed to it a general title of the "Universal Angler," under which they sometimes sold the three, bound together: but the book is written in a manner very different from that of the "Complete Angler." It has a preface signed I. W. undoubtedly of Walton's writing.

And here it may not be amiss to remark, that between the two parts of the "Complete Angler," there is an obvious difference; the latter [part] though it abounds in descriptions of a wild and romantic country, and exemplifies the intercourses of hospitable urbanity, is of a didactic form, and contains in it more of instruction in the art it professes to teach, than of moral reflection: whereas the former, besides the pastoral simplicity that distinguishes it, is replete with sentiments that edify—and precepts that recommend, in the most persuasive manner, the practice of religion, and the exercise of patience, humility, and contentedness, and other moral virtues. In this view of it, the book might be said to be the only one of the kind, but that I find somewhat

words: "I shall give some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing, but I shall do it with a little variation."—H.

like an imitation of it extant in a tract entitled "Angling improved to Spiritual Uses," part of an 8vo. volume written by the Hon. Robert Boyle, an angler, as himself confesses, and published in 1665, with this title, "Occasional Reflections upon several Subjects; whereto is premised a Discourse about such kind of Thoughts."

Great names are entitled to great respect. The character of Mr. Boyle, as a devout Christian and deep philosopher, is deservedly in high estimation; and a comparison between his reflections and those of Walton, might seem an invidious labour —but see the irresistible impulse of wit! the book here referred to was written in the very younger years of the author; and Swift, who had but little learning himself, and was better skilled in *party politics* than in *mathematics* or *physics*, respected no man for his proficiency in either, and accordingly has not spared to turn the whole of it into ridicule.[1]

Walton was now in his eighty-third year, an age which, to use his own words, "might have procured him a writ of ease, and secured him from all further trouble in that kind;" when he undertook to write the "Life of Doctor Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln:" which was published—together with several of the Bishop's pieces, and a sermon of Hooker's—in 8vo. 1677.[2]

And, since little has been said of the subjects of these several lives, it may not be amiss just to mention what kind of men they were whom Walton, and indeed mankind in general, thought so well worthy to be signalised by him.

Doctor John Donne was born in London about the year 1573. At the age of eleven he was sent to Oxford; thence he was transplanted to Cambridge; where he applied himself very assiduously to the study of divinity. At seventeen he was admitted to Lincoln's-inn; but not having determined what

[1] See his "Meditation on a Broomstick."

[2] The following curious particular, relating to King Charles the First, is mentioned in this "Life of Sanderson;" which, as none of our historians have taken notice of it, is here given in Walton's own words: "And let me here take occasion to tell the reader this truth, not commonly known, that in one of these conferences this conscientious king told Dr. Sanderson, or one of them that then waited with him, that the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him; which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing episcopacy in Scotland: and that, if God ever restored him to be in a peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a publick confession, and a voluntary penance (I think barefoot) from the Tower of London, or Whitehall, to St. Paul's church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I am sure one of them told it me, lives still, and will witness it."—*Life of Sanderson.*—H.

profession to follow, and being besides not thoroughly settled in his notions of religion, he made himself master of the Romish controversy, and became deeply skilled in the civil and canon law. He was one of the many young gentlemen who attended the Earl of Essex on the Cales expedition; at his return from which he became secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Being very young, he was betrayed into some irregularities, the reflection on which gave him frequent uneasiness during the whole of his future life: but a violent passion which he entertained for a beautiful young woman, a niece of Lady Ellesmere, cured him of these, though it was for a time the ruin of his fortunes; for he privately married her, and by so imprudent a conduct brought on himself and his wife the most pungent affliction that two young persons could possibly experience; he being, upon the representation of Sir George Moor, the lady's father, dismissed from his attendance on the Lord Chancellor, and in consequence thereof involved in extreme distress and poverty;[1] in which he continued till about 1614, when having been persuaded to enter into holy orders, he was chosen preacher to the honourable society of Lincoln's-inn, and soon after appointed a King's chaplain. In his station of chaplain he drew on him the eyes of the King, who, with marks of favour, preferred him to the deanery of St. Paul's; and shortly after, on the presentation of his friend, the Earl of Dorset, he was inducted into the vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the West. But the misfortunes attending his marriage had not only broken his spirit, but so impaired his constitution, that he fell into a lingering consumption, of which he died in 1631. Besides a great number of Sermons, he left a volume of "Poems"—first published, and as there is reason to suppose, by Walton himself, in 1635—among which are six most spirited satires, several whereof Pope has modernised. Walton compares him to St. Austin, as having, like him, been converted to a life of piety and holiness.

Sir Henry Wotton was born 1568. After he had finished his studies at Oxford, he resided in France, Germany, and Italy;

[1] In a letter of his to an intimate friend, is the following most affecting passage: "There is not one person, but myself, well of my family: I have already lost half a child; and with that mischance of hers, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill provided, for physick, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs." "Life of Donne," in the "Collection of Lives," edit. 1670, page 29.—H.

and at his return attended the Earl of Essex. He was employed by King James the First in several foreign negotiations, and went ambassador to Venice. Towards the end of his life, he was made provost of Eton College, a dignity well suited to a mind like his, that had withdrawn itself from the world for the purpose of religious contemplation. He was skilled in painting, sculpture, music, architecture, medals, chemistry, and languages. In the arts of negotiation he had few equals;[1] and in the propensities and attainments of a well-bred gentleman, no superior. To which character it may be added,—that he possessed a rich vein of poetry; which he occasionally exercised in compositions of the descriptive and elegiac kind. There is extant, of his writing, the volume of "Remains" heretofore mentioned; collected and published, as the dedication tells us, by Walton himself; containing among other valuable tracts, his "Elements of Architecture." He was a lover of angling, and such a proficient in the art, that, as he once told Walton, he intended to write a discourse on it: but his death, in 1639, prevented him. His reasons for the choice of this recreation were, that "after tedious study, it was a rest to his mind, a chearer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and begat habits of peace and patience."

Hooker, one of the greatest of English divines, is sufficiently known and celebrated as a learned, able and judicious writer, and defender of our church, in his "Treatise of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." The occasion of this immortal work was as follows:—In or about the year 1570 were published two small tracts, severally entitled, "A First and Second Admonition to the Parliament," containing, under the form of a remonstrance, a most virulent invective against the establishment and discipline of the Church of England. These were answered by Dr. Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and defended by one Thomas Cartwright, the author of the second Admonition. Whitgift being, it seems, weary of the dispute, committed the future conduct of it to Hooker; who took it up with an examination of the two Admonitions, and continued it through the subsequent books of Cartwright, referring to the latter (a particular worthy to be known: for, without it, no one can tell who or what he is refuting) by the initials "T. C." and the adjunct "lib." above-mentioned. Here the matter rested, till the

[1] To a person intended for a foreign embassy that came to him for instruction, he gave this shrewd advice: "Ever," said he, "*speak truth*, for if you do, you shall *never be believed*, and 'twill put your adversaries, (who will still *hunt counter*) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.' See also his advice to Milton, concerning travel, in his "Letter" prefixed to Milton's "Comus."—H.

re-establishment of episcopacy and the liturgy (both which, it is well known, were abolished by the usurpers under Cromwell) revived the question of the lawfulness of both the one and the other, and gave rise to a controversy which is never likely to end.

Hooker's book is written with great force of argument, and in a truly christian temper: it contains a wonderful variety of learning and curious information; and for richness, correctness, and elegance of style, may be justly deemed the standard of perfection in the English language.

This excellent man, Hooker, was by a crafty woman, betrayed into a marriage with her daughter; a homely ill-bred wench, and, when married, a shrew; who is more than suspected to have destroyed, at the instigation of his adversaries, the corrected copy of the three last books of his invaluable work, of which only the former five were published by himself. He was sometime Master of the Temple; but his last preferment was to the rectory of Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury. In his passage from Gravesend to London, in the tilt-boat, he caught a cold; which brought on a sickness that put an end to his days, in 1600, when he had but just completed his forty-seventh year.

HERBERT was of the noble family of that name; and a younger brother of the first of modern Deists,[1] the famous Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was a King's scholar at Westminster, and, after that, a fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge. In 1619, he was chosen university orator; and, while in that station, studied the modern languages, with a view to the office of Secretary of State: but being of a constitution that indicated a consumption, and withal of an ascetic turn of mind, he gave up the thoughts of a court life, and entered into holy orders. His

[1] So, truly, termed; as being the author of a treatise *De Veritate prout distinguitur à revelatione, à verisimili, à possibili, à falsâ.* Touching which book, and the religious opinions of the author, I shall here take occasion to mention a fact that I find related in a collection of periodical papers, entitled the "Weekly Miscellany," published in 1736, in two vols. 8vo. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, being dangerously ill, and apprehensive that his end was approaching, sent for Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and signified a desire of receiving the sacrament at his hands; the doctor objected to him the tenets contained in his writings, particularly those wherein he asserts the sufficiency and absolute perfection of natural religion, with a view to show that any extraordinary revelation is needless; and exhorted him to retract them; but his lordship refusing, the doctor declared that he could not administer so holy and solemn a right to an *unbeliever*.

The doctor upon this left him; and, conceiving hopes that his lordship's sickness was not mortal, he wrote that discourse proving that the religion of Jesus Christ is from God—which is printed in his "Ductor Dubitantium."—H.

first preferment in the church was to a prebendary in the cathedral of Lincoln: and his next and last the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury. About 1630, he married a near relation of the Earl of Danby; and died about 1635, aged forty-two, without issue.

His elder brother, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, mentions him in his own "Life;" and gives his character in the following words:—"My brother George was so excellent a scholar, that he was made the publick orator of the university in Cambridge: some of whose English works are extant, which, though they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin tongues, and all divine and human literature. His life was mostly holy and exemplary; insomuch that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed for many years, he was little less than sainted: he was not exempt from passion and choler, being infirmities to which all our race is subject—but, that one excepted, without reproach in his actions."

A collection of religious poems, entitled the "Temple," and a small tract, "The Priest to the Temple; or, the Country Parson his Character," with his "Remains," are all of his works that are generally known to be in print; but he translated Cornaro's book of "Temperance and long Life;" printed in 12mo. Cambridge, 1639. Among the "Remains" is a collection of foreign proverbs translated into English, well worthy of a place in some future edition, with those of Ray.

SANDERSON was a man of very acute parts, and famous for deep skill in casuistry: a sort of learning formerly much cultivated among the Romish divines, with a view to qualify the younger clergy for the office of confession; and it continued in fashion here longer after the Reformation than it was useful. In the year 1647, he drew up the famous Oxford "Reasons against the Covenant;" which discover amazing penetration and sagacity, and so distinguished him, that at the Restoration, he was promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln. In 1671, by virtue of a commission from King Charles II., he assisted at a conference at the Savoy, between the episcopal clergy and nonconforming divines, for settling a Liturgy; and, upon a review of the book of "Common Prayer" that followed it, composed sundry of the new Collects and additional offices; it is said that the form of general thanksgiving is in the number of the former; and he drew up the Preface, "It hath been the wisdom of the Church," &c. This great man died in 1662. There are extant, of his works—besides a volume of Sermons, in folio,—a treatise, "De Juramenti promissorii obligatione," which was translated into English by King Charles I., while a prisoner in the Isle of Wight; and several other pieces. Walton's acquaintance with him had a very early commencement: and what degree

of intimacy subsisted between them will appear by the following account:—"About the time of his printing this excellent 'Preface,' [to his "Sermons" first printed in 1655], I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain; where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently; and therefore turned to stand in a corner, under a penthouse; (for it began to rain;) and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house; where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me as to force our stay there, for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom."[1]

It was not till long after that period when the faculties of man begin to decline, that Walton undertook to write the "Life of Sanderson:" nevertheless, far from being deficient in any of those excellencies that distinguish the former "Lives," this abounds with the evidences of a vigorous imagination, a sound judgment, and a memory unimpaired; and for the nervous sentiments and pious simplicity therein displayed, let the concluding paragraph thereof, pointed out to me by an eminent writer,[2] and here given, serve as a specimen.

"Thus, this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life: 'tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his; (for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age: and God knows it hath not;) but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may: and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say Amen."

Such were the persons, whose virtues Walton was so laudably employed in celebrating: and surely he has done but justice in saying, that "These were honourable men in their generations." —Ecclus. xliv. 7.[3]

And yet so far was he from arrogating to himself any merit in this his labour, that in the instance of Dr. Donne's "Life," he compares himself to Pompey's bondman—who being found on the sea-shore, gathering up the scattered fragments of an old broken boat, in order to burn the body of his dead master, was asked, "Who art thou that preparest the funerals of Pompey the Great?"—hoping, as he says, that if a like question should be put to him, it would be thought to have in it more of wonder than disdain.

[1] "Life of Sanderson."

[2] Dr. Samuel Johnson.

[3] Motto to the "Collection of Lives."

The above passage in Scripture, assumed by Walton as a motto to the collection of "Lives," may, with equal propriety, be applied to most of his friends and intimates; who were men of such distinguished characters for learning and piety, and so many in number,[1] that it is matter of wonder by what means a man in his station could obtain admittance among such illustrious society; unless we suppose, as doubtless was the case, that his integrity and amiable disposition attracted the notice and conciliated the affections of all with whom he had any concern.

It is observable, that not only these, but the rest of Walton's friends, were eminent royalists; and that he himself was in great repute for his attachment to the royal cause, will appear by the following relation, taken from Ashmole's "History of the Order of the Garter," p. 228; where the author, speaking of the ensigns of the order, says: "Nor will it be here unfitly remembered, by what good fortune the present sovereign's Lesser George, set with fair diamonds, was preserved, after the defeat given to the Scotch forces at Worcester, ann. 4 Car. II. Among the rest of his attendants then dispersed, Colonel Blague was one; who, taking shelter at Blorepipe-house in Staffordshire, where one Mr. George Barlow then dwelt, delivered his wife this George, to secure. Within a week after, Mr. Barlow himself carried it to Robert Milward, Esq.; he being then a prisoner to the Parliament, in the garrison of Stafford; and by his means it was happily preserved and restored: for, not long after, he delivered it to Mr. Isaac Walton, (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men; and will be better known to posterity, by his ingenious pen, in the "Lives of Doctor Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert,") to be given to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower; who, considering it had already passed so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own; and, thereupon, leaving the Tower without leave-taking, hasted the presentation of it to the present sovereign's hand."

[1] In the number of his intimate friends we find Archbishop Usher, Archbishop Sheldon, Bishop Morton, Bishop King, Bishop Barlow, Dr. Fuller, Dr. Price, Dr. Woodford, Dr. Featly, Dr. Holdsworth, Dr. Hammond, Sir Edward Sandys, Sir Edward Bysh, Mr. Cranmer, Mr. Chillingworth, Mich. Drayton, and that celebrated scholar and critic, Mr. John Hales, of Eaton.—Hawkins. In short he was in habits of friendly intercourse with those who were most celebrated for their piety and learning. Nor could he be deficient in urbanity of manners, or elegance of taste, who was the companion of Sir Henry Wotton, the most accomplished gentleman of his age.—Zouch.

The religious opinions of good men are of little importance to others, any farther than they conduce to virtuous practice; since we see, that as well the different persuasions of Papist and Protestant, as the several no less differing parties into which the reformed religion is unhappily subdivided, have produced men equally remarkable for their endowments, sincere in their professions, and exemplary in their lives. But were it necessary, after what has been above remarked of our author, to be particular on this head, we should say that he was a very dutiful son of the Church of England; nay further, that he was a friend to an hierarchy, or, as we should now call such a one, a high churchman; for which propensity of his, if it needs an apology, it may be said, that he had lived to see hypocrisy and fanaticism triumph in the subversion of both our ecclesiastical and civil constitution,—the important question of toleration had not been discussed,—the extent of regal prerogative, and the bounds of civil and religious liberty had never been ascertained,—and he, like many other good men, might look on the interests of the Church, and those of religion, as inseparable.

At a time when animosities between the Sectarian and High-Church parties prevailed without any prospect of their termination, Walton, from solicitude for the welfare of his country—and not with a view to embarrass himself in disputation, for he was averse to controversy—gave an ingenuous and undissembled account of his faith and practice, as a true son of the Church of England: publishing, in 1680, a treatise under the title of "Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable Letters, concerning the Distempers of the present Times; written from a quiet and conformable Citizen of London, to two busie and factious Shopkeepers in Coventry." The motto to it was, "But let none of you suffer as a busie-body in other men's matters!"—1 Pet. iv. 15. Walton suppressed his name in the title page: but for ascribing it to his pen, there is the sufficient authority of Archbishop Sancroft, who, in the volume of Miscellanies ("Miscellanea," 14; 2, 31), in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, has, with his own hand, marked its title thus: "Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. y^e^ Distemps of y^e^ Times, 1680." The style, the sentiment, the argumentation, are such as might be expected from a plain man, actuated only by an honest zeal to promote the public peace. And if we consider that it was written by our "quiet and conformable citizen," in the eighty-seventh year of his age—a season of life when the faculties of the mind are usually on the decline, it will be scarcely possible not to admire the clearness of his judgment and the unimpaired vigour of his memory. The work, which breathes

the genuine spirit of benevolence and candour, is not altogether inapplicable to more recent times; and it has been reprinted as lately as 1795.

Besides the works of Walton above-mentioned, there are extant of, his writing, verses on the death of Dr. Donne, beginning, "Our Donne is dead;" verses to his reverend friend the author of the "Synagogue," printed together with Herbert's "Temple;" verses before "Alexander Brome's Poems," octavo, 1646,—and before "Shirley's Poems," octavo 1646,—and before "Cartwright's Plays and Poems," octavo, 1651. He wrote also the following lines under an engraving of Dr. Donne, before his "Poems," published in 1635.

> *This* was—for youth, strength, mirth, and wit—*that time*
> Most count their *golden age*;[1] but was not thine:
> *Thine* was, thy later years; so much refined
> From youth's dross, mirth, and wit,—as thy pure mind
> Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise
> Of thy Creator, in those last, best days,
> Witness this book, (thy emblem,) which begins
> With love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester—in a letter to Walton dated in November, 1664, and in which is contained the judgment of Hales, of Eton, on the "Life of Dr. Donne," says that Walton had, in the "Life of Hooker," given a more short and significant account of the character of his time, and also of "Archbishop Whitgift," than he had received from any other pen, and that he had also done much for Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend; which fact does very well connect with what the late Mr. Des Maizeaux, some years since, related to a gentleman now deceased,[2] from whom I had it, viz., that there were then several letters of Walton extant, in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a "Life of Sir Henry Savile," which Walton had entertained thoughts of writing.

I also find, that he undertook to collect materials for a "Life of Hales." It seems, that Mr. Anthony Farringdon, minister of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, London, had begun to write the life of this memorable person; but dying before he had completed it, his papers were sent to Walton, with a request from

[1] Alluding to his age, *viz. eighteen;* when the picture was painted from which the print was taken.—H.

[2] William Oldys, Esq. Norroy king-at-arms; Author of the "Life of Mr. Cotton," prefixed to the Second Part, in the former editions of this work.—H.

Mr. Fulman, who had proposed to himself to continue and finish it, that Walton would furnish him with such information as was to his purpose: Mr. Fulman did not live to complete his design. But a "Life of Mr. Hales," from other materials, was compiled by the late Mr. Des Maizeaux, and published by him in 1719, as a specimen of a new "Biographical Dictionary."

A letter of Walton, to Marriot, his bookseller, upon this occasion, was sent me by the late Rev. Dr. Birch, containing the above facts; to which the Doctor added, that after the year 1719, Mr. Fulman's papers, came to the hands of Mr. Des Maizeaux, who intended, in some way or other, to avail himself of them: but he never published a second edition of his "Life of Hales;" nor, for aught that I can hear, have they ever yet found their way into the world.

In 1683, when he was ninety years old, Walton published "Thealma and Clearchus;" a pastoral history, in smooth and easy verse, written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq.; an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser: to this poem he wrote a preface, containing a very amiable character of the author.

He lived but a very little time after the publication of this poem; for, as Wood says, he ended his days on the 15th day of December, 1683, in the great frost, at Winchester, in the house of Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of the church there, where he lies buried.

In the cathedral of Winchester, in a chapel in the south aisle, called Prior Silksteed's chapel, on a large black flat marble stone, is this inscription to his memory; the poetry has very little to recommend it.

Here resteth the body of
MR. ISAAC WALTON,
Who dyed the 15th of December,
1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire:
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That, which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI

The issue of Walton's marriage were,—a son, named Isaac; and a daughter, named, after her mother, Anne. This son was placed in Christ Church College, Oxford; and, having taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, travelled, together with his uncle, Bishop Ken, in 1674, into France and Italy. Of this son mention is made in the remarkable will of Dr. Donne the younger, in 1662; whereby he bequeathed to the elder Walton all his father's writings, as also his common-place book, which, he says, may be of use to him if he makes him a scholar. Upon the return of the younger Walton, he prosecuted his studies; and having finished them entered into holy orders; became chaplain to Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Sarum; and by his favour, attained to the dignity of canon residentiary of that cathedral. Upon the decease of Bishop Ward, and the promotion of Dr. Gilbert Burnet to the vacant see, Mr. Walton was taken into the friendship and confidence of that prelate, and being a man of great temper and discretion, and much respected by the clergy of the diocese, became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the chapter.

Old Isaac Walton having by his will bequeathed a farm and land near Stafford, of about the yearly value of 20*l.* to his son and his heirs for ever, upon condition, that if he should not marry before he should be of the age of forty-one, or being married should die before the said age, and leave no son that should attain the age of twenty-one, then the estate should go to the corporation of Stafford, for certain charitable purposes; —this son, upon reaching forty-one, without having married, informed the mayor of Stafford, that the estate, now almost double its former value, would upon his decease belong to the corporation.

He died, at the age of sixty-nine, on the 29th day of December, 1719; and lies interred in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Anne, the daughter of old Isaac Walton, was married to Dr. William Hawkins; a divine and prebendary of Winchester; for whom Walton, in his will, expresses great affection, declaring that he loved him as his own son. He died the 17th day of July, 1691, aged fifty-eight, leaving issue—by his said wife—a daughter named Anne, and a son named William. The daughter was never married, but lived with her uncle, the canon, as his housekeeper, and the manager of his domestic concerns: she remained settled at Salisbury after his decease, till the 27th of November, 1728, when she died, and lies buried in the cathedral.

William, the son of Dr. Hawkins, and brother of the last-mentioned Anne, was bred to the study of the law. He wrote and published in 8vo. 1713, "A short account of the life of Bishop

Ken," with a small specimen, in order to a publication of his works at large; and, accordingly, in 1721, they were published, in four volumes, 8vo. From this account, some of the above particulars respecting the family connections of Walton are taken.

A few months before his death, Walton made his will, which appears,—by the peculiarity of many expressions contained in it, as well as by the hand—to be of his own writing. As there is something characteristic in this last solemn act of his life,—it has been thought proper to adjoin an authentic copy thereof.

Upon a retrospect to the foregoing particulars, and a view of some others mentioned in a subsequent letter [1] and in his will,—it will appear that Walton possessed that essential ingredient to human felicity, *mens sana in corpore sano;* for in his eighty-third year he professes a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into the country—at that time a most difficult and hazardous undertaking for an aged man—to visit his friend Cotton, and doubtless to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove,—and on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day he, by his will, declares himself to be of perfect memory.

[1] See his Letter to Charles Cotton, Esq.; prefixed to the second part.





Walter at Home

WALTON'S WILL.

August the ninth,
One thousand six hundred eighty-three.

In the Name of God, Amen. I IZAAK WALTON, the elder, of Winchester, being this present day, in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God; but considering how suddainly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last will and testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour Jesus: And because the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it, at least to be convenient, to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth: and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Church. And for my worldly estate, (which I have neither got by falshood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation,[1]) I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth: First, I give my son-in-law, Doctor Hawkins, and to his wife; to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop in Paternoster-row, in London, which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in Chancery-lane, London, wherein Mrs. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come: I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son Izaak all my right and title to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the Lord Bishop of Winton; And I do

[1] Alluding, perhaps, to that fundamental maxim of our law, "*Summum jus est summa injuria.*"—H.

also give him all my right and title to a farme or land near to Stafford, which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever; but upon the condition following, namely; if my son shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one years, or, being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land,—or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years, to dispose otherwise of it,—then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of Stafford, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth; (but first note, that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pounds ten shillings a year, and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair;) and I would have, and do give ten pound of the said rent, To bind out, yearly, two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handycraftmen, to the intent the said boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pound yearly out of the said rent, to be given to some maid-servant that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage: and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the Major of Stafford, and those that shall collect the said rent, and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be imployed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the first weeke in January, or in every first weeke in February; I say *then*, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience. And if the same major and others of the said towne of Stafford shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid,—then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme or land to the towne, and chief magistrates or governors, of Ecleshall, to be disposed of by them in such a manner as I have ordered the disposal of it by the towne of Stafford, the said farme or land being near the town of Ecleshall. And I give to my son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, whom I love as my own son; and to my daughter, his wife; and my son Izaak; to each of them a ring, with these words or motto: "Love my memory, I. W. obiit ——;" to the Lord Bishop of Winton a ring, with this motto:

"A mite for a million, I. W. obiit——;" and to his friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring, with this motto: "A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit——." And my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death: and that the price and value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence a-piece. I give to Dr. Hawkins "Doctor Donne's Sermons," which I have heard preacht, and read with much content. To my son Izaak, I give Doctor Sibbs his "Soul's Conflict;" and to my daughter his "Bruised Reed,"[1] desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. And I also give unto her all my books at Winchester and Droxford, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linnen, which I give to my son Izaak: but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-daughter, Anne Hawkins. And I give my daughter "Doctor Hall's Works," which be now at Farnham. To my son Izaak I give all my books, not yet given, at Farnham Castell; and a deske of prints and pictures; also a cabinett near my bed's head, in which are some little things that he will value, though of no great worth. And my will and desire is, that he will be kind to his aunt Beachame, and his aunt Rose Ken; by allowing the first about fifty shillings a year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr. John Whitehead: for his aunt Ken, I desire him to be kind to her, according to her necessity and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr. John Darbyshire the "Sermons"—of Mr. Anthony Farringdon—or, of Dr. Sanderson; which, my executor thinks fit. To my servant, Thomas Edgill, I give five pound in money, and all my cloths linnen and woollen—except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr. Hollinshed, and forty shillings—if the said Thomas be my servant at my death; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend, Mr. Richard Marriot,[2] ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it. And I do hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament; and Doctor Hawkins to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my

[1] This book was an instrument in the conversion of Mr. Richard Baxter. See Dr. Calamy's Life of him, page 7.—H.

[2] Bookseller, and his Publisher.

last will (to which I shall only add the codicil for rings), this sixteenth day of August, one thousand six hundred eighty-three. IZAAK WALTON. Witness to this will.

The rings I give are as on the other side. To my brother John Ken; to my sister his wife; to my brother, Doctor Ken; to my sister Pye; to Mr. Francis Morley; to Mr. George Vernon; to his wife; to his three daughters; to Mrs. Nelson; to Mr. Richard Walton; to Mr. Palmer; to Mr. Taylor; to Mr. Tho. Garrard; to the Lord Bishop of Sarum; to Mr. Rede, his servant; to my cousin Dorothy Kenrick; to my cousin Lewin; to Mr. Walter Higgs; to Mr. Charles Cotton; to Mr. Richard Marryot:—22. To my brother Beachame; to my sister his wife; to the Lady Anne How; to Mrs. King; Doctor Phillip's wife; to Mr. Valentine Harecourt; to Mrs. Eliza Johnson; to Mrs. Mary Rogers; to Mrs. Eliza Milward; to Mrs. Dorothy Wollop; to Mr. Will. Milward, of Christ Church, Oxford; to Mr. John Darbyshire; to Mr. Undevill; to Mrs. Rock; to Mr. Peter White; to Mr. John Lloyde; to my cousin Creinsell's widow; Mrs. Dalbin must not be forgotten:—16. IZAAK WALTON. Note, that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated,—and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, in the presence of us: Witness, ABRAHAM MARKLAND, JOS. TAYLOR, THOMAS CRAWLEY.



Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a* fiſhing: *and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee.* John 21. 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey* for RICH. MARRIOT, in *S. Dunſtans* Church-yard Fleetſtreet, 1653.

Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

JOHN OFFLEY,

OF MADELEY MANOR, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD, ESQ.

My most Honoured Friend,

Sir,—I have made so ill use of your former favours as by them to be encouraged to entreat that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this book. And I have put on a modest confidence that I shall not be denied, because it is a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that Angling is an art, and you know that art better than others; and that this truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy,—when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common anglers should attend you, and be eye-witnesses of the success, not of your fortune but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities. And there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this art, that know I speak the truth.

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of fish and fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art, and in praise of angling; and doubtless he had done so if death had not prevented him, the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned angler had seen some better treatise of this art, a treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself than censure others, my own Discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which you, sir, might make this one, that it can [redacted] nothing to your knowledge. And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am really,

Sir,

Your most affectionate friend,

And most humble servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

TO THE READER OF THIS DISCOURSE,

BUT ESPECIALLY

TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this Discourse to please myself; and, having been too easily drawn to do all, to please others, as I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are *offences given*, and *offences not given but taken*.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe;[1] but they are gone, and with

[1] These persons are supposed to have been related to Walton, from this circumstance, that in a copy, handed down, of his "Lives of Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert," there is written by the Author on the frontispiece, "for my cousin Roe."—H.

them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book should like the excellent picture of the trout, and some of the other fish; which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.

Next let me tell the reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden (Brit. Fishes, 633) observes, that in the river Wye, salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the *art of catching fish*, that is to say, how to make a man—that was none—to be an angler by a book; he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who, in a printed book called "A Private School of Defence," undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour: not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book, but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice; and so must angling. And note also, that in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations, enough, to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it, for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure: I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave: but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many that in fly-fishing for a trout the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year: I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanac, and no surer: for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and

yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers, and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies, neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a trout in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing—it is as useful as an almanac out of date! And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

I. W.

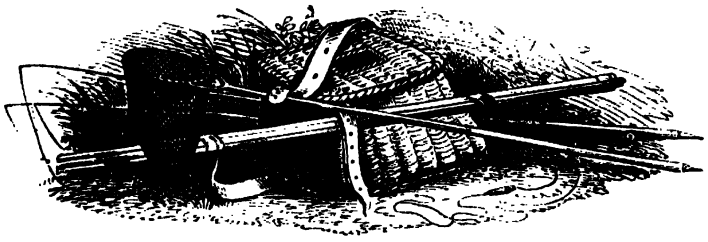


For Dor. C. Bewmount.

pray Sr, Accept this pore presant, by the as meane hand that brings it from

Yr. affec. servant,
Izaak Walton.*

* Some little inscription similar to the foregoing, generally accompanied those copies of Walton's works which he gave to his friends; and when they have occurred at sales, they have produced several guineas above the value of the work itself. He also wrote his name in most of his own reading books, and *Sir H. Nicolas* has enumerated about twenty thus enriched, now preserved in the Cathedral Library, Salisbury.



COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER IZAAK WALTON,

UPON HIS

"COMPLETE ANGLER."

ERASMUS in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt some toys, that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this Discourse: there's none so low
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear,
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell
Whether your matchless judgment most excell
In angling or its praise: where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me: who saw the cheerful spring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove, saw fishes play
In the cool crystal springs, like lambs in May:
And they may play, till anglers read this book:
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

JO. FLOUD, M.A.

TO THE

READER OF THE "COMPLETE ANGLER."

First mark the title well: my friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it.
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
(The world the river is; both you and I,
And all mankind, are either fish or fry.)
If we pretend to reason, first or last
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,
If not at first, will doubtless take in time.
Here sits, in secret, blest theology,
Waited upon by grave philosophy
Both natural and moral; history,
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excell in worth, yet seem not rich.
There is no danger in his baits; that hook
Will prove the safest that is surest took.
Nor are we *caught* alone,—but, which is best,
We shall be wholesome, and be toothsome, drest
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon:
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauc'd, here, with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire, for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t' excite
Or satisfy a curious appetite.
More praise is due: for 'tis both positive
And truth—which, once, was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet, then, in jest—
Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.

Ch. Harvie, M.A.[1]

[1] Supposed to be Christopher Harvie, for whom see Wood's "Athen. Oxon."

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. IZAAK WALTON;

IN

PRAISE OF ANGLING; WHICH WE BOTH LOVE.

Down by this smooth stream's wand'ring side,
Adorn'd and perfum'd with the pride
Of Flora's wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir express their skill—
First, in alternate melody;
And, then, in chorus all agree—
Whilst the charm'd fish, as extasy'd
With sounds, to his own throat deny'd,
Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' th' air, as if his fins were wings.
— 'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie:
Such as to body, soul or fame,
Create no sickness, sin or shame:
Roses, not fenc'd with pricks, grow here;
No sting to th' honey-bag is near:
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With hook hid in an insect,—are
Engines of sport would fit the wish
O' th' epicure, and fill his dish.
In this clear stream, let fall a grub;
And, straight, take up a dace or chub.
I' th' mud, your worm provokes a snig;[1]
Which being fast, if it prove big,
The Gotham folly[2] will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she must be drown'd.
The tench, physician of the brook,
In yon dead hole expects your hook;

[1] A small eel.

[2] An allusion to a fanciful story of the "wise men of Gotham," told in a popular chap-book of the time. They cast a quantity of red herrings, sprats, and small fish into a pond, in the expectation that they would considerably multiply by the following Lent. When the time came, finding only a large eel, they took it for granted he had devoured all the fish, and therefore threw him into another pond to drown him.—Ed.

Which having first your pastime been,
Serves then for meat or medicine.[1]
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A pike; to catch—and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream
Betrays the hunger of a bream.
And that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled trout.
When you these creatures wisely choose
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation,—and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men,—
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare and spoil, is innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they;
And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight
Fly with such speed, they'll seem to be
Possest with the hydrophobie.
The water's calmness in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow shall rest.
Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys.
Such as Actæon's game pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale seem true.
The sick or sullen hawk, to-day,
Flies not; to-morrow quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the Turks,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you see,

[1] The following four lines were here added to the second edition, but are omitted in all the others :—

"And there the cunning carp you may
Beguile with paste; if you'll but stay,
And watch in time, you'll have your wish,
For paste and patience catch this fish."

His fate's foretold, who fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces.
All pleasures but the angler's bring
I' th' tail repentance like a sting.
Then on these banks let me sit down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown;
And pity those that do affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords such true content,
Delights so sweet and innocent,
As seldom fall unto the lot
Of scepters, though they're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, M.A.[1]

TO THE READERS

OF

MY MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND'S BOOK, "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

He that both knew and writ the Lives of men,
Such as were once, but must not be again;
Witness his matchless Donne and Wotton, by
Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that conversed with angels, such as were
Ouldsworth[2] and Featly,[3] each a shining star
Showing the way to Bethlem; each a saint,
Compar'd to whom our zealots, now, but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd Morley[4] knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too.
He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That he could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had:
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

[1] The son of Thomas Weaver, of Worcester. See Wood's "Athen Oxon." vol. iii. p. 623.

[2] Dr. Richard Holdsworth. See an account of him in Wood' "Fasti Oxon." and in Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors."

[3] Dr. Daniel Featley, for whom see Wood's "Athen. Oxon."

[4] Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester.

Reader, this he, this fisherman, comes forth,
And in these fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.

Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which when finely touch'd, and fitly strung,
He could friends' passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow anglers from their prey.
But now the music of his pen is still,
And he sits by a brook watching a quill:
Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook, and then to land
Some trout, or pearch, or pike; and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,—
And that escap'd his hook, which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and fisherman beguile.
Thus whilst some vex they from their lands are thrown?
He joys to think the waters are his own;
And like the Dutch, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650. EDW. POWEL, M.A.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER MR. IZAAK WALTON

ON HIS

"COMPLETE ANGLER."

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art and wit,
That I protest, ingenuously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you.

ROB. FLOUD, C.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE

FRATRI, DOMINO ISAACO WALTON

ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

UNICUS est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus

Hic typus est salvatoris mirandus Jesu,
Litera[1] mysterium quælibet hujus habet.
Hunc cupio, hunc cupias, bone frater arundinis, ἰχθὺν;
Solverit hic pro me debita, teque Deo.[2]
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

HENRY BAYLEY, A.M.

AD VIRUM OPTIMUM ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM,

ISAACUM WALTONUM.

MAGISTER artis docte piscatoriæ,
Waltone, salve! magne dux arundinis,
Seu tuos [illegible]'ucta valle solus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim observans aquas,
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Forique et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo pœnè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes,
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos.
Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,
Avidamve percam parvulo alberno capis,
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut truttam levi,
Cautumve cyprinum, et ferè indocilem capi
Calamoque linoque, ars at hunc superat tua,
Medicamve tincam, gobium aut escâ trahis,
Gratum palato gobium, parvum licet,

[1] ΙΧΘΥΣ, *Piscis.*
Ι Ἰησοῦς, *Jesus.*
Χ Χριστὸς, *Christus.*
Θ Θεοῦ, *Dei.*
Υ Υἱὸς, *Filius.*
Σ Σωτὴρ, *Salvator.*

[2] Matt. xvii. 27, the last words of the chapter.

Prædamve, non æque salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque lineâ dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et scriptor; et calami potens
Utriusque necdum et ictus, et tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas!
Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus alter artis et methodum tuæ, et
Præcepta promis rite piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam,
(Virtutis est hæc et tamen quædam schola
Patientiamque et temperantiam docet,)
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morem, vitæ et exempla optima,—
Dum tu profundum scribis Hookerum; et pium
Donnum ac disertum; sanctum et Herbertum, sacrum
Vatem; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isace, depictos manu.
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.[1]
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.[2]

AD ISAACUM WALTONUM,

VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTIMUM.

Isaace, Macte hâc arte piscatoriâ;
Hâc arte Petrus principi censum dedit;[3]
Hâc arte princeps nec Petro multo prior,
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,[3] pater

[1] Virbius *quasi* bis vir, is an epithet applied to Hippolytus, because he was by Diana restored to life after his death. *Vide* Ovidii Met. lib. xv. v. 536, et seq.; Hoffmanni "Lexicon Universale," art. Virbius.—H.

[2] These verses are written by Dr. James Duport.

[3] *i.e.* Suetonius Tranquillus.

Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens
Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
Tu nunc, amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ:
Euge O professor artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, perlegens piscariam!
Næ tu magister, et ego discipulus tuus,
Nam candidatum et me ferunt arundinis,
Socium hâc in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest?
Ipse hamiota Dominus en orbis fuit!

JACO. DUP. D.D.[1]

[1] James Duport, S.T.P., Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1608, and Dean of Peterborough, July, 1664. He wrote the above commendatory verses, as well as those on the preceding page, and, as we are informed by Walton, in his "Life of Herbert," collected and published Herbert's poems. Several other of these poems are contained in Walton's "Life of Herbert," and all of them are printed in his "Musæ Subsecivæ" (small 8vo. Cambridge, 1676). But the work by which he is best known is his "Homeri Gnomologia" (small 4to. Cant. 1660); which, according to Gibbon, "that tasteless pedant, the Abbé de Longuerve, said was superior to Homer himself." Dean Duport was son of John Duport, whom we are told by Fuller ("Church Hist." lib. x.) assisted in the translation of King James's Bible.—ED.







THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART THE FIRST.

FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER I.

A CONFERENCE BETWIXT AN ANGLER, A HUNTER, AND A FALCONER; EACH COMMENDING HIS RECREATION.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.



Piscator. YOU are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both; I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.[1]

Venator. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatch'd

[1] Walton opens his scene with a May morning. The old Cromwellian

House in Hodsden,[1] and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarcely had time to ask him the question.

Auceps. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobald's,[2] and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk[3] for me, which I now long to see.

trooper, Richard Franks, begins his 'Contemplative Angler' in the month of April, when he says, "every bough looked big with blessings, and the florid fields and fragrant meadows, adorned with green, send forth their sweet and radiant perfumes to refresh the universe. The early lark, earlier than the sun, salutes the air, whilst blushing Phœbus paints and gilds the azure globe. The birds begin to build their nests, and every bird to choose its mate; whilst the groves and delightful springs celebrate the fragrant month." It is curious, and perhaps interesting, to contrast the different descriptions of country scenery, as found in the writings of two persons of such opposite politics, as Izaak Walton and Richard Franks.—ED.

[1] The Thatched House at Hoddesdon is stated by the Rev. Moses Browne to be seventeen miles from London on the Ware road. It is now quite unknown, but it is supposed that a thatched cottage, once distinguished by the sign of the Buffalo's Head, standing at the further side of Hoddesdon, on the left of the road in going towards Ware, was the actual *building.*—MAJOR. (See view of it, page 63.)

[2] Theobalds, in the county of Hertford, about twelve miles from London (in the parish of Cheshunt); built by Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who often entertained Queen Elizabeth here. It was much improved by his son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, who ceded it to King James the First in exchange for Hatfield. The park has been converted into farms. The small remains of Theobalds were demolished in 1765 by Mr. Prescott, who leased out the site of it to a builder, and erected a house for himself, about a mile to the south of it, which is now the seat of Sir G. W. Prescott, Bart. Its ancient magnificence is described by the early topographers in glowing terms, especially by Norden and Chauncy. And since by Lysons and Clutterbuck. (See a view of Theobalds, after an engraving published in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, at page 62.)

[3] Mews a hawk, from the French word *mué*: the care taken of a hawk during the moulting season, from about the first of March till August; hence the places where hawks were trained and kept were called *Mews*. The *King's Mews* at Charing Cross, an area of about four acres, existed for two centuries (Edw. III. to Hen. VIII.) as a receptacle for hawks, but after 1537 was used as stables, and so gave a new acceptation to the term. The King's-mews was demolished in 1830 to make way for the improvements; and Trafalgar-square, the National Gallery, &c. now occupy its site.

Ven. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the other's company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.

Auc. It may do so, sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted, as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

Ven. And, sir, I promise the like.

Pisc. I am right glad to hear your answer; and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast; for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

Ven. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter,[1]

[1] *Hunting the Otter.*—"Otter-hunting is now almost obsolete, and has disappeared from the Lea, and nearly all the rivers of the Metropolitan counties. The huntsmen assembled on each side of the river where an otter was supposed to harbour, beating up the hollow banks, reed-beds, and sedges, with hounds trained solely for that purpose; and, if the game were at hand, its '*seal*,' or the impression produced by the round ball under the soles of its feet, was soon discovered in the mud. Every hunter was armed with a spear, to assist the dogs, and attack the animal when it came to the surface of the water to breathe or vent; but if the otter were not found by the river-side, it was traced by its seal, the fragments of its prey, and the '*spraints*' or soil, to the place where it had gone to couch. The otter, when wounded, bites violently, and makes towards land; although the male-otter never utters a cry the pregnant females give a very shrill scream. When the otter fastens upon the dogs in the water, it dives with them, carries them far below the surface, and will seldom quit its hold but with life. The hunting of an otter will last three or four hours, and the most successful time for the pursuit is in snow and hard frost. Otter dogs are a breed between the harrier and the terrier, and are of great strength and activity."—MAJOR.

Ephemera says, "This amphibious animal is destructive to small river fish; but, strange as it may appear, proves the conservator of salmon, by destroying trout, its worst enemy. The otter, in open water, can seldom catch the salmon, which is too fleet for him, but can run down the trout and

which a friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever; howsoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's,[1] upon Amwell-hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

Pisc. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that in my judgment, all men that keep otter-dogs, ought to have pensions from the King to encourage them to destroy the breed of these base otters, they do so much mischief.

Ven. But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

Pisc. Oh sir, *if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the otters do.*

Auc. Why, sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

Pisc. I am, sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter: for you are to note, that we anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

Ven. And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

Auc. And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

kills them in large numbers. When salmon are in the act of spawning, they are surrounded by trout, hungering after the ova, which they would devour were they not beaten off by one or other of the breeding salmon: and they, moreover, feed voraciously on salmon-fry. Otter-hunting is now principally confined to the midland, western, and northern counties, and to the lowlands of Scotland. The otter packs of the Earl of Aberdeen and the Marquis of Worcester are very celebrated."

[1] Mr. Ralph Sadler was the grandson of Sir Ralph Sadler, so conspicuous in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth. "He delighted much in hawking and hunting, and the pleasures of a country life; was famous for his noble table, his great hospitality, and his abundant charity to the poor."—H.

Pisc. You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:—

> Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
> Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious, men pity anglers; let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne [1] says like himself, freely, "when my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

[1] In Montaigne's "Apology for Raimonde de Sebonde." The quotation is a very free paraphrase of the original French, and not much like Florio's translation, which Walton is supposed to have used.—*Am. ed.*

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave that hath not heard



Montaigne and his cat.

what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.

Ven. Sir, you have almost amazed me, for though I am no scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it, without offence, always looked upon anglers, as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

Pisc. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: but if by simplicity you meant to

express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of angling, and by this means, we shall make the way seem the shorter; and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

Auc. Your motion is consented to with all my heart, and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the element that I used to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my hawks use that, and it yields us most recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the Sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for then she heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt

upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever—not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air, to the existence, both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices: [1]—I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done:—and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer

[1] To these particulars may be added, that the kings of Persia were wont to hawk after butterflies with sparrows and stares, or starlings, trained for the purpose.—Burton "on Melancholy," 1651, p. 268, from the relations of Sir Anthony Shirley. And we are also told, that M. de Luynes (afterwards Prime Minister of France), in the nonage of Louis XIII., gained much fame by making hawks catch little birds, and by making some of those little birds again catch butterflies.—*Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 134.

herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the leverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth! [1]

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro's aviary,[2] the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

[1] This beautiful and universally admired passage on the nightingale has been frequently quoted; amongst others by Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphry Davy, and the excellent Bishop Horne, in his "Exposition of the Psalms." (See Psalm civ.) Dr. Drake, in his "Literary Hours," says that this description of the nightingale surpasses all that poets have written on the subject; and Headley, in his "Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," has made a similar remark. The following lines by Drummond of Hawthornden were probably well known to Walton.

"Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays."—Ed.

[2] An account of Varro's passion for birds, and his extensive aviaries, will be found in Hakewill's Apology, p. 388; in Varro's book *De Re Rustica*, lib. iii., and various Biographical Dictionaries.—Ed.

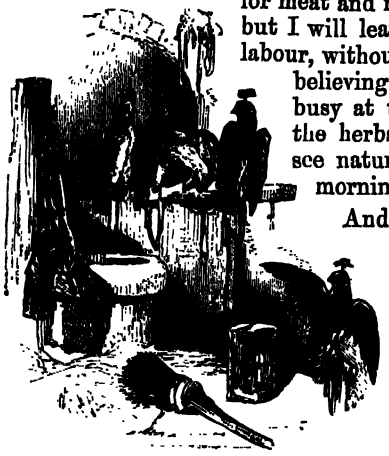
This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use; I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, pigeons are then related to carry *and recarry letters; and Mr. G. Sandys,*[1] *in his "Travels,"* relates *it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if* that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves, or young pigeons, were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And when God would feed the prophet Elijah, 1 *Kings* xvii. 46, after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a dove.[2] And, to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they, and I, take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aërial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, as also of their

[1] Mr. George Sandys, a very pious, learned, and accomplished gentleman, was the youngest son of Dr. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. He published his "Travels to the Holy Land, Egypt," in folio, 1615 (frequently reprinted), and made an excellent Paraphrase on the Psalms, Canticles, and Ecclesiastes, in verse; and also translated Ovid's "Metamorphosis," Grotius's "Tragedy of Christ's Passion," 12mo. 1640, &c. He died in 1642.—H.

[2] Walton here mistakes the sense of two passages in Scripture, viz. Matt. iii. 16, and Luke iii. 22, in which the baptism of our Lord is related. The meaning of both is, that the Holy Spirit descended as a dove uses to descend upon anything, hovering and overshadowing it. *Vide* Whitby on Luke iii. 22; Dr. Hammond on the passage; and Bishop Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium," p. 254.—H. [Commentators are agreed that this passage means the manner of the Holy Spirit descending "like a dove, with a fluttering gentle motion," and not in the shape of a dove. Dr. Doddridge defines it to be "a lambent flame falling from heaven with a dove-like motion."—Ed.]

several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is both for meat and medicines to mankind,[1] but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.



And now to return to my hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression; you are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The gerfalcon and jerkin,
The falcon and tassel-gentel,
The laner and laneret,
The bockerel and bockeret,
The saker and sacaret,
The merlin and jack merlin,
The hobby and jack;

There is the stelletto of Spain,
The blood-red rook from Turkey,
The waskite from Virginia;

And there is of short-winged hawks,

[1] Walton no doubt had in mind Butler's curious book on Bees, of which the following is the title: "The Feminine Monarchie, or the History of Bees; showing their admirable nature and properties, their generation and colonies, their government, loyaltie, art, industrie, enemies, warres, magnanimitee, &c. Written out of experiment, by Charles Butler." Lond. 1623. Small 4to.—Ed.

The eagle and iron,
The goshawk and tarcel,
The sparhawk and musket,
The French pye of two sorts;

These are reckoned hawks of note and worth, but we have also of an inferior rank,

The stanyel, the ringtail,
The raven, the buzzard,
The forked kite, the bald buzzard,
The hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.[1]

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observations of the eires, the brancher, the ramish hawk, the haggard, and the two sorts of lentners, and then treat of their several ayries, their mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers; their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me; but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

Ven. Well, sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first *begin with a commendation of the earth*, as you have done most excellently of the air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most

[1] This episode on Hawking is not in the first edition, and it is evident that Walton was not master of the subject. Those who wish to explore it, may consult the works of Turberville, Lathain and Markham; also the 'Gentleman's Recreations;' 'Gentleman's Academy;' Blaine's 'Encyclopædia of Rural Sports;' and Salvin and Brodrick's 'Falconry.' 8vo. 1855.—Ed.

universally beneficial both to man and beast: to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the fichat, the fulmart,[1] the ferret, the pole-cat, the mouldwarp,[2] and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and

[1] Dr. Skinner, in his "Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ," Lond. fol. 1671, *voce* "Fulimart," gives us to understand that this word is *vox quæ usquam, nisi in libro*, the "Complete Angler," *dicto occurrit*. Upon which it may be observed, that Dame Juliana Berners, in her "Book of Hunting," ranks the *Fulmarde* among the 'rascal' beasts of chace; and that both in the Dictionary of Dr. Adam Littleton and that of Phillips, entitled the "World of Words," it occurs; the first renders it *Putorius, mus Ponticus*; the latter *a kind of polecat*. In Junius it is *fullmer*, and said to be *idem quod* polecat; but in this interpretation they seem all to be mistaken, for Walton here mentions the polecat by name, as does also Dame Juliana Berners in her book.—H. The *polecat* is also now called the *fitchet* in Staffordshire. Professor Rennie says that the *fitchet*, the *fulimart*, and the *polecat*, appear to be all of the same species (*mustela pretorius*). Major adds that the *fichet* is a name most commonly appropriated to the *weazel*, and that the name is derived from the Teutonic *ritsche*. Junius, in his Glossary, quotes it as anciently called *fiest*, a low German word for the most offensive of smells.—Ed.

[2] The mouldwarp is a name of the mole, compounded of the Anglo-Saxon words molde, dust, and weorpan, to cast. We call, says Verstegan, "in some parts of England, a mole, a mouldwarp, which is as much as to say a cast-earth."

teaches man to do the like![1] The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be a prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendation of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea—and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of angling.

Hunting[2] is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus,[3] that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boar, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity![4]

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in, the water, and into the earth? What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, singie

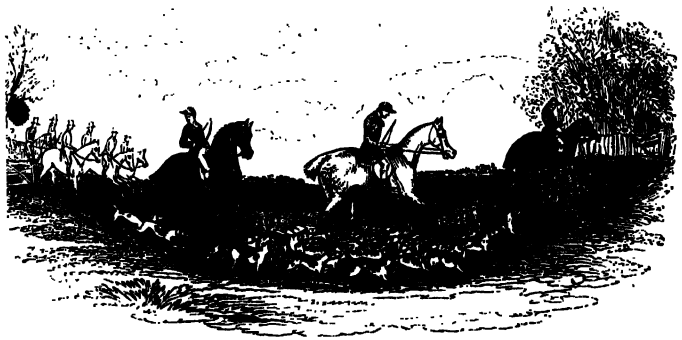
[1] See a very curious and entertaining account of the industry and sagacity of this little insect in "The Guardian," No. 156; also an interesting account of English Ants, by the Rev. William Gould, 1747, and another by Huber.—ED.

[2] *It may be remarked that the passages relating to hunting, hawking,* and angling are copied nearly verbatim in "The Gentleman's Recreation; or a Treatise on Hunting, Hawking, Fowling, Fishing," (by Nic. Cox), 8vo. 1674. The praises here inserted on hawking and hunting are not in Walton's first edition.—ED.

[3] See Xenophon's "Cyropædia," book i., chap. v.

[4] A pack of fox hounds has lately been sent to the Crimea to amuse the officers during the winter campaign. The Duke of Wellington kept a pack when in Spain.

him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal[1] game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds—I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as per-



fectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting, and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures, which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud; which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one: and Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Auc. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Pisc. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I

[1] Rascal (from the Saxon), a lean beast, used by hunters in the sense of worthless game. See Nares's Glossary.

confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or to pray to him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our fault or our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation: this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation; many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.[1]

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them altogether exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh them altogether after the tree is increased from its first rooting, *to weigh an hundred pound weight more* than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of

[1] Thales, of Miletus (540 B. C.), one of the seven wise men of Greece, like Homer, regarded water as the primary element, the passive principle on which an intelligent Cause moved to form all things. By water he meant Chaos. Cicero, "De Nat. Deorum," i. 10; Aristotle, "Metaphysica," i., 8. So Pindar: "Best of all things is water." See *Olymp.* i., first line.

the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood, to be from water or rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all he herbs, and flowers, and fruits, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water, are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish-days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, has doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, sallets, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, *Lev.* xi. 9, *Deut.* xiv. 9, appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the whale,[1] three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory,

[1] The whale is no longer classed amongst fish: they bring forth their young alive, and are nourished by means of mammary organs, therefore come under the class of mammalia.—ED.

have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates, rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius[1] or Varro,[2] may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and. I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton,[3] a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many advantages.



Dr. Thomas Wharton.

And, first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is

[1] Aurelius Macrobius, a learned writer of the fourth century; he was chamberlain to the Emperor Theodosius. Fabricius makes it a question whether he was a Christian or a pagan. His works are, "A Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero," in two books; and "Saturnalia Convivia," in seven, a gossiping collection of Scraps, supposed to be the substance of a conversation which took place among some learned men during the Saturnalian Festival. Besides these, he was the author of many which are lost. Walton quotes Macrobius through Hakewill's Apology, lib. iv. sect. 6, p. 434.—Ed.

[2] Marcus Terentius Varro, a most learned Roman, contemporary with Cicero, and author, as it is said, of nearly five hundred volumes. He is one of the best writers on agriculture.—H. The passage here quoted will be found in his *De Re Rustica*, lib. iii., cap. 17.—Ed.

[3] Dr. Thomas Wharton (whose name is first introduced in the fifth edition), was an eminent physician and anatomist, and Gresham professor

the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in, and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter[1] and he lie buried together! These are in and near Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious

of physic. He had the courage to practise in London during the great plague, when most of his contemporaries fled. He lived in Aldersgate-street, London, and died 1673. See Wood's "Athen. Oxon."

[1] Some learned Protestants, and among them Scaliger and Salmasius, deny, not only that St. Peter lies buried in the Vatican, as the Romish writers assert, but that he ever was at Rome; while others, equally learned, including Pearson and Lardner, see no reason for disbelief. See the "Historia Apostolica" of Lud. Capellus. The sense of the Protestants on this point is expressed in the following epigram, alluding to the prænomen of Peter, "Simon," and to the simony practised in that city:—

An *Petrus* fuerat *Romæ* sub judice lis est,
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

Many that "*Peter* ne'er saw *Rome*" declare,
But all must own that *Simon* hath been there.

Of which may be observed what I have heard said of libels, "the more true the more provoking;" and this the author, John Owen, the famous epigrammatist, found to his cost; for his uncle, a papist, was so stung by these lines, that, in revenge, he disinherited him, and doomed him to extreme poverty the remainder of his life. The Romanists have also taken their revenge on the book that contains them, by inserting it

curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: and to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to Him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments. I might tell you that Almighty God is said



Theobalds.

to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see THEOBALDS HOUSE.

in their "Index Expurgatorius."—H. On this subject there is a passage in the prose writings of Dante, which, singularly enough, seems to have escaped the censors. See Preface to Wright's "Dante"—(Bohn's ed. 1853).—ED.

I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auc. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but of your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

Pisc. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

Ven. Not I, sir: I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.



Thatched-House.

Pisc. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed

with the same high and happy thoughts that now possesses me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Ven. Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the THATCHED-HOUSE; during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken—first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar *and be instructed in the art itself* which you so much magnify.

Pisc. O, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold?[1] and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself;[2] but having once got and practised

[1] This is a mistake: it was *Auceps* and not *Venator*, that named the Hawks; and *Auceps* had before taken his leave of these his companions.—H.

[2] Markham, in his "Country Contentments," has a whole chapter on the subject of the "Angler's Apparel, and Inward Qualities;" some of which are, "That he be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; as a *grammarian*, to know how to write, or discourse of his art in true and fitting terms. He should," says he, "have *sweetness of speech*, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have *strength of argument*, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander."—H.

"A man would think, now, that with proper baits, good tackle in his pannier, and so much science in his head, our angler would stand a pretty good chance to catch fish; but, alas! those are little to the purpose, without the Christian virtues of *faith*, *hope* and *charity*; and unless two at least of

it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

Ven. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

Pisc. Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos, mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; (and yet, I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person;) so if this

the *cardinal virtues* can be persuaded to go a-fishing, the angler may as well stay at home: for hear what Mr. Markham says as to *fortitude;* "Then must he be *strong* and *valiant;* neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted with thunder: and if he is not *temperate,* but has a gnawing stomach, that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours, it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing."—H.

antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament shall, to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?[1]

Concerning which some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, *Luke* x. 41, 42.

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as, namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life,—by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet

[1] This is a question which many persons of wit, especially among the Italian writers, have discussed; a disquisition, in the judgment of Lord Clarendon, about as profitable, as whether a long journey is best undertaken on a *black* or a *bay* horse. See Lord Clarendon's "Tracts," page 167.—H. The Tract referred to was written about 1670. But Evelyn had previously (in 1667) discussed the subject in his Tract "Public Employment, and an Active Life preferred to Solitude." See this in his Miscellaneous Works, 4to. 1825, page 501 *et seq.*—ED.

together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side, is not only the quietest and fittest place for



contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin,[1] who in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them, from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel, *Ps.* 137, who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard[2] says, that "rivers and the

[1] Dr. *Peter du Moulin*, Prebendary of Canterbury, and chaplain to Charles II. He was author of several pieces on the Romish controversy.—H. The volume here referred to is "The Accomplishment of the Prophecies," translated by J. Heath. Oxford, 1613.—Ed.

[2] John Valdesso, who wrote in Spanish "The Hundred-and-Ten Considerations of Signor Valdesso," which was translated into English by Nicolas Farrar. Oxford 1638, small 4to.—H.

inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sate quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As, namely, of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted.[1] Some waters being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus[2] in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our CAMDEN mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour.[3] And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music,



Camden.

[1] From evolving sulphuretted hydrogen gas.—*Rennie.* What are called in this country burning springs.— AM. ED.

[2] Selarus, properly Silarus, the modern Silaro, on the banks of which stand the ruins of Paestum. The waters retain the quality to this day. *Lochmere is Loch Neagh.* It requires more than a few hours to produce the petrifaction.—AM. ED.

[3] The river referred to was probably the Adonis, running out of Mount Libanus, which turns red, from the red soil of the mountain at the time of freshets. This the Biblyans connected with the story of the death of Adonis, in honor of whom they kept the Adonia.—AM. ED.

for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness.[1] And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground,[2] and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And, lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian sea, the fish called balæna[3] or whirlpool, is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come, when called for, by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish: as may be found

[1] A report no doubt taken from some bubbling spring.—*Rennie.*

[2] This is an erroneous notion which formerly prevailed, and is quoted in Drayton's Polyolbion, Milton on Rivers, and Pope's Windsor Forest. The bed of the river is in some parts an absorbent earth, on the surface of which, in dry seasons it often occurs that no stream appears. Frequent strata of chalk intervene, and over these it is both constant and clear.—N.

[3] Properly a whale.

also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's[1] "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.[2]

I know, we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but, there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant,[3] and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them

[1] Meric, son of Isaac Casaubon, born at Geneva in 1599, but educated at Oxford, was, for his great learning, preferred to a prebend in the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Rectory of Ickham near that city. Oliver Cromwell would have engaged him by a pension of 300*l.* a year, to write the history of his time, but Casaubon refused it. Of many books extant of his writing, that mentioned in the text is one, viz., "Of Credulitie," &c. Lond. 1668, p. 143. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the character of a religious man, loyal to his prince, exemplary in his life and conversation, and very charitable to the poor.—Wood's "Athen. Oxon."—H.

[2] Walton has been accused of excessive credulity in reciting these wonders of river and sea. But they were current at the time he wrote, and printed in books of authority, and, at the present day, are amusing rather than misleading. The *kraken* and the *mermaid*, improbable as they are, have been believed at a much later period; while those once incredible animals the *Ichthyosaurus*, the *Megatherium*, the *Ornithorhyncus*, and some others, are proved to have existed.

[3] There were three of the Tradescants, grandfather, father, and son: the son is the person here meant: the two former were gardeners to Queen Elizabeth, and the latter to King Charles the First. They were all great botanists, and collectors of natural and other curiosities, and dwelt at South Lambeth in Surrey; and dying there, were buried in Lambeth church-yard. His house known by the name of Turret House, still remains, and is in the occupation of Charles Bedford, Esq. Mr. Ashmole contracted an acquaintance with the last of them, and, together with his wife, boarded at *his house for a summer, during which Ashmole* agreed for the purchase of Tradescant's collection, and the same was conveyed to him by a deed of gift from Tradescant and his wife. Tradescant soon after died, and Ashmole was obliged to file a bill in Chancery for the delivery of the curiosities, and succeeded in his suit. Mrs. Tradescant, shortly after the pronouncing of the decree, was found drowned in her pond. This collection, with what additions he afterwards made to it, Mr. Ashmole gave to the University of Oxford, and so became founder of the Ashmolean Museum. A monument to the three Tradescants, very curiously ornamented with sculptures, is to be seen in Lambeth church-yard; and a representation thereof, in four plates, and also some particulars of the family, are given in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lxiii. part i. p. 79, *et seq.* The monument, by the contribution of some friends, to their memory, was, in the year 1773, repaired; and the following lines, formerly intended for an epitaph, inserted thereon:—

Know, stranger! ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son.

carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London;[1] as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see,—and not till then believe, unless you think fit.



Ashmole.

You may there see the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the coney-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish; but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, of Solan geese, the bird of Paradise; such sorts of snakes, and such bird's-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder;

> The last dy'd in his spring: the other two
> Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature thro';
> As by their choice collections, may appear,
> Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air;
> Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
> A world of wonders in one closet shut.
> These famous antiquarians—that had been,
> Both gardeners to the rose and lily Queen—
> Transplanted now themselves, sleep here. And when
> Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
> And fire shall purge the world; these hence shall rise,
> And change their gardens for a Paradise.

The Tradescants were the first collectors of natural curiosities in this kingdom; Ashmole, and Sir Hans Sloane, were the next.—H.

[1] Ashmole was, at first, a solicitor in Chancery: but marrying a lady with a large fortune, and being well skilled in history and antiquities, he was promoted to the office of Windsor Herald, and wrote the "History of the Order of the Garter," published in 1672, in folio. But addicting himself to the then fashionable studies of chemistry and judicial astrology; and associating himself with that enthusiast, John Aubrey, Esq. of Surrey, and Lilly the astrologer, he became a dupe to the knavery of the one, and the follies of both; and lost in a great measure the reputation he had acquired by this, and other of his writings. Of his weakness and superstition, he has left on record this memorable instance: "11th April, 1681, I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, *and hung three spiders about my neck;* and they drove my ague away.—*Deo gratias.*"—H.

and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence:"

Lord! who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes [1] them.

We all, acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine—
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end—yet none, but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is, that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.[2]



Rondeletius.

And as concerning fish: In that psalm (Psal. civ.). wherein for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself: how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors—even to the amazement of a contemplative reader — concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist, Pliny, says, "That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting, both in and about, that element; as to the readers of

[1] Used as an equivalent to *owns*, a sense now obsolete.

[2] The pious George Herbert was a younger brother of the deistical Lord

Gessner,[1] RODELETIUS,[2] Pliny, Ausonius,[3] Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas,[4] who says:—

> God quickened—in the sea, and in the rivers—
> So many fishes of so many features,
> That in the waters we may see all creatures,
> Even all that on the earth are to be found,
> As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
> For seas—as well as skies—have sun, moon, stars;
> As well as air—swallows, rooks, and stares;[5]
> As well as earth—vines, roses, nettles, melons,
> Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many millions
> Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these;
> As very fishes, living in the seas;

Herbert of Cherbury. These verses will be found in a printed collection of his poems, called "The Temple," 1633; often reprinted, and recently in a luxuriously illustrated quarto.—ED.

[1] Conrad Gessner, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born at Zurich in 1516. His skill in botany and natural history procured him the appellation of the Pliny of Germany: and Beza, who knew him, scrupled not to assert, that he concentred in himself the learning of Pliny and Varro. Nor was he more distinguished for his learning than esteemed and beloved for probity and sweetness of manners; notwithstanding, he laboured under the pressure of poverty, to a degree that compelled him to write for sustenance, and that in such haste, that his works, which are very numerous, are not exempt from marks of it. Besides a "Bibliotheca sive Catalogus Scriptorum Lat. Gr. et Hebr. tam extantium quam non extantium," Tig. 1545-48, he wrote "Historia Animalium," and "De Serpentium Naturâ;" to both which works Walton frequently refers. He died in 1565.—H.

[2] Guillaume Rondelet, an eminent physician, born in Montpelier in Languedoc, 1507. He wrote several books; and a treatise "De Piscibus Marinis," where all that Walton has taken from him is to be found. He died—very poor—of a surfeit occasioned by eating figs to excess, in 1666. —H.

[3] Decius Ausonius, a native of Bourdeaux; was a Latin poet, Consul of Rome, and preceptor to the Emperor Gratian. He died about 390.—H.

[4] Guillaume de Saluste, Sieur du Bartas, was a poet of great reputation in Walton's time. He wrote, in French, a poem called "Divine Weeks and Works," (a commentary on the creation of the world,) whence the passage in the text, and many others cited in this work, are extracted. This, with his other *delightful* works, was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester, in folio, *which is illustrated with numerous fine wood-cuts.* He is facetiously quoted in "Hudibras," in 1605, and is supposed to have given Milton the idea of his "Paradise Lost."—H.

[5] Or starlings, *Minsheu.*

As also rams, calves, horses, hares, and hogs,
Wolves, urchins, lions, elephants, and dogs;
Yea, men and maids; and, which I most admire,
The mitred bishop[1] and the cowled friar,
Of which examples, but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway and Polonian prince.

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The cuttle-fish[2] will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an angler doth his line, she sendeth forth, and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the cuttle-fish,[3] being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the

[1] This story of the bishop-fish, as told by Rondeletius, and vouched by Bellonius, is as follows:—"In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia that represented a bishop. He was brought to the king; but seeming to *desire to return to his own element, the king commanded him to be* carried back to the sea, into which he immediately threw himself." Rondeletius had before related the story of a monk-fish, which is what Du Bartas means by the "cowled friar." Stowe, in his "Annals," p. 157, gives the following relation of a sea-monster, taken on the coast of Suffolk, temp. Hen. II.:—"Neare unto Orford, in Suffolk, certaine fishers of the sea tooke in their nettes a fish, having the shape of a man in all points: which fish was kept by Bartelmew de Glaunville, custos of the castle of Orford, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths and more, for a wonder. He spake not a word. All manner of meates he did eate, but most greedily raw fish, after he had crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes, he was brought to the *church*, where he *shewed no tokens of adoration*. At length," says this author, "when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared."—H. Redding, in his "Itinerary of Cornwall," p. 111, says that sometimes, though rarely, there is a species of shark (*Squatina angelus* of Cuvier) taken on this coast, which is called an angel or monk-fish, and might well be the original of both "the mitred bishop and the cowled friar." —Ed.

[2] Walton here confounds the cuttle-fish with the *Lophius piscatorius*, or sea-devil, of which we annex a figure on our next page.

[3] Montaigne (Essays) and others affirm this.

smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the SEA-ANGLER.[1]



Lophius Piscatorius.

And there is a fish called a hermit, that, at a certain age, gets into a dead fish's shell; and like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish, called by Ælian[2] in his 9th book "Of Living Creatures," c. 16, the Adonis, or darling of the sea: so called because it is a loving and innocent fish—a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly I think most anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And, there are, also, lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

[1] This and other credulous stories of the tactics of fish, collected from the elder writers, and current two centuries ago, are now exploded.

[2] Claudius Ælianus was born at Prænestè in Italy, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. He wrote "De Animalium Naturâ."—H.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the sargus:[1] which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words; supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this, and other observations, out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

> The adult'rous sargus doth not only change
> Wives every day, in the deep streams: but, strange!
> As if the honey of sea-love delight
> Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
> Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
> Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes, concerning the cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words:—

> But, contrary, the constant cantharus
> Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
> In nuptial duties, spending his chaste life;
> Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

Ven. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

Pisc. Why then, sir, I will take a liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of TURTLE-DOVES: first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian woman are said to do, *to outlive his or her mate*; (and this is taken for a truth;) *and if the survivor shall ever couple with another*, then, not only the living but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true turtle-dove.[2]

And to parallel this land-rarity—and to teach mankind

[1] Du Bartas's account of the Sargus is taken from Oppian's Halieutics, Book iv.

[2] Of *Swans*, it is also said, that, if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive; and that it is chiefly for this reason, that the stealing of swans is by our law made penal; so as that, "He who stealeth a swan, in an open and common river, lawfully marked: the same swan shall be hung in a house by the beak; and he who stole it shall, in recompence thereof, give to the owner so much wheat as may cover all the swan, by putting and turning the wheat upon the head of the swan, until the head of the swan be covered with wheat." —Coke's "Reports," Part vii. The case of Swans.—H.

moral faithfulness; and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul, Rom. ii. 14, 15,



to be writ in their hearts, and which he says shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the mullet:

> But—for chaste love—the mullet hath no peer;
> For, if the fisher hath surprised her pheer [1]
> As mad with wo, to shore she followeth;
> Prest [2] to consort him, both in life and death.[3]

[1] Fellow or mate; so bed-fere, bed-fellow, wife.—ED.

[2] *Prest*, from the French *Prêt*, Lat. *Paratus*, ready, prepared. So Psalm civ., old version:

> He maketh his spirites as heralds to go;
> And lightnings, to serve, we see also *prest*.

[3] The version given by Moses Brown is more elegant, and deserves repeating here:—

> "But in chaste love the Mullet all outvies;
> For when her mate the fisher makes his prize,
> Mad to the shore she follows in despair,
> In life and death resolved his fate to share."

On the contrary, what shall I say of the house-cock, which treads any hen? and, then, contrary to the swan, the partridge, and pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish.[1] And it is considerable, that the hen, which, because she also takes any cock, expects it not; who is sure the chickens be her *own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to* her *own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our* Saviour, *in expressing his love to Jerusalem, Matt. xxiii. 37,* quotes her for an example of tender affection; as his Father had done Job, for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones; and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely the barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that (unlike to the cock or the cuckoo) they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter,—to cover their spawn with sand,—or, watch it,—or, hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified—some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gessner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience —to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David, say: "They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God:" indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men as the patriarchs and prophets of old; and of the apostles of our Saviour in our latter times,—of which twelve, we are sure, he chose four that were simple fishermen,—whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the

[1] Cocks have been known to tend and bring up chickens with great care.—Ed.

unbelieving Jews; and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life: this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations:—

First, that he never reproved these for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Money-changers. And, secondly, He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are; yet these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him; yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable,—that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve apostles; (*Matt.* x.) as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John; and, then, the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable,—that when our blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed,—that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain, that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the 21st chapter of St. John's gospel.[1]

And, since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man; who observes,

[1] St. Jerome on Ezek. xlvii., 10, says that Oppian marks the number of kinds of fish to be a hundred and fifty-three. If we take this number to be that known to the ancients, it corresponds with the "one hundred and fifty and three" of the miraculous draught; which has led some to think it a parable of the success of the preaching of the gospel, begun by the fishermen apostles, reaching the whole race of man.—Am. Ed.

that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed, to write his holy will in holy writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, before his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue, or holy amorous love-song the "Canticles," betwixt God and his Church: In which he says, "his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon."

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary; then it may be probably concluded, that Moses who (I told you before) writ the book of "Job," and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both anglers; for you shall, in all the "Old Testament," find fish-hooks, I think, but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.[1]

Concerning which last, namely, the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation,—that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet; and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah; though they be both equally true; may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman.

Which I do the rather believe; by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble, "Epistles" of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with

[1] Walton was a good Scripturist, and therefore can hardly have been ignorant of the passage in *Isaiah*, chap. xix. v. 8. "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast *angle* upon the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish." Which words as they do but *imply* the use of *fish-hooks*, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop Lowth, who himself assures me that the word *hook* is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:—

"And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
All those that cast *the hook* in the river;
And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish."

The following passage Walton seems likewise to have forgotten when he wrote the above, unless the reason before assigned induced him to reject it: "They take up all of them with the *angle*, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad."—Habakkuk, chap. i. v. 15.—H.

the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: It may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water, and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar.

And let me tell you, that angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,[1] shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing.

And he that reads Plutarch, shall find that angling was not contemptible in the days of Marc Antony and Cleopatra, and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used angling as a principal recreation.[2] And let me tell you that in the Scripture, angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient "Ecclesiastical Canons," shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and

[1] A traveller, whose veracity is much questioned.—H. He has been punningly nick-named Mendacious Pinto. He travelled for one-and-twenty years, chiefly in the East, and, if we are to believe him, had many strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes: *e. g.* five times shipwrecked, seventeen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave. His voyages were first printed in Portuguese, at Lisbon in 1614, and were translated into English, by Henry Cogan, and published in small folio, London, 1633. The passage alluded to occurs at page 319.—Ed.

[2] The account given by Plutarch is as follows:—"It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies: but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly, a very large company went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony's, and diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the *Euxine Sea*."—H. Shakespeare introduces this story in his "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii., sc. 5.

shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.[1]

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Dr. Whitaker[2] was; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of angling.



Dean Nowel.

The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul's, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced;[3] a man that, in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, (1550) not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then parliament and convocation, both, chose, enjoined, and

[1] "Corpus Juris Canonici," of Gregory XIII., edit. 1682, where the decree is found, Di. lxxxvi. cap. 11.

[2] William Perkins was a learned divine, and a pious and painful preacher. Dr. William Whitaker,—an able writer in the Romish controversy, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. They both flourished at the latter end of the sixteenth century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this passage; for he says not, of Perkins, as he does of Whitaker, that he was a practiser of, but only that he bestows (in some of his writings we must conclude) great commendations on angling. Perkins had the misfortune to want the use of his right hand: as we find intimated in this distich on him:—

Dextera quamtumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
Pollebas mira dexteritate tamen.

Though nature hath thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with thy hand that's left.

And therefore can hardly be supposed capable of even baiting his hook.

The fact respecting Whitaker is thus attested by Dr. Fuller in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13. "Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take,—yet herewithal Dr. Whitaker was much delighted."—H.

[3] Dr. Alexander Nowel, a learned divine, and a famous preacher in the reign of King Edward VI.; upon whose death he, with many other protest-

trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions—like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism, which is printed with our good old "Service-book."[1] I say, this good man was a dear lover, and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce. And his custom was to spend—besides his fixed hours of prayer; those hours which, by command of the Church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians; I say, besides those hours this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also, (for I have conversed with those who have conversed with him,) to bestowing a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "That charity gave life to religion." And, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College; to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn,—leaning on a desk; with his bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and on his other hand, are his angle-rods of several sorts,[2] and by them this is

ants, fled to Germany, where he lived many years. In 1561 he was made Dean of St. Paul's; and in 1601 died. The monument mentioned in the text was consumed in the fire of London; but the inscription thereon is preserved in Stowe's "Survey." An engraving of the monument itself is in Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral."—H.

[1] Who was the compiler of our present "Church Catechism," is a controverted question. Nowel is said not to have been author of the 'brief' Catechism in the Common Prayer, but of a larger Catechism, drawn up at the request of Secretary Cecil, and approved by a convocation held 1562. Hawkin's has a long note on the subject, but see Cardwell's "Documentary Annals of the Reformed Church of England," vol. i. p. 266.—ED.

[2] Fuller, in his "Worthies" (Lancashire, page 115), has thought it worth recording of this pious and learned divine, that he was accustomed

written, "that he died 13th Feb., 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless." It is said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings. And I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton:[1]



The Thames, near Windsor.

to fish in the Thames; and having one day left his bottle of ale in the grass, on the bank of the river, he found it some days after, *no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof.* And hence he seems to derive the origin of bottled ale in England.—H.

[1] See some account of him in the Life of Walton, *ante*, p. 14. The good provost had a fishing-house in the Thames, near Windsor, where he used to enjoy his quiet sport and the society of "the ever welcome company" of his friend Walton, "at the time of the fly and the cork." The whole scene is well suited to a lover of angling. A little green lawn slopes gently down to the river, and on the top of it is a modest fishing-house, such a one as we may suppose the provost and his friend might retire to, either for shelter or to partake of fishermen's fare. It stands on an ayte, round which the pellucid river finds its way. To the left, the turrets of Windsor Castle are seen through a vista of magnificent elms; and to the right, the chapel and college of Eton, with their venerable and beautiful architecture. Near by, are graceful willows, amongst which the sedge-bird and the willow-wren sing in concert day and night. The property still belongs to Eton College, and is rented by Mr. Batcheldor, of Windsor, a worthy and expert brother of the angle.—Ed.

a man with whom I have often fished and conversed; a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation—and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness—made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it; this man was, also, a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, "It was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility; which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it. Sir, this was the saying of that learned man.

And I do easily believe, that peace and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know that, when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this *description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him*, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It



is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does, at

this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:—

This day dame Nature seem'd in love:
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled flie;
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrim's[1] daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice,
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,—
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain,
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet:
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse; viz. Jo. Davors, Esq.:—

Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,—
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t'embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine,—or, worse, in war and wantonness:

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue.
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill:—
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keyes:

[1] The swallow.



I count it higher pleasure, to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds, that in the air up-roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed;

The hills and mountains raised from the plains;
The plains extended, level with the ground;
The grounds, divided into sundry veins;
The veins, inclosed with rivers running round;
These rivers, making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow;

The lofty woods,—the forests wide and long,—
Adorn'd with leaves, and branches fresh and green;—
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,
Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixt, with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal wat'ry stream.

All these, and many more, of His creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see,
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day, than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me, for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatch'd-house: and I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

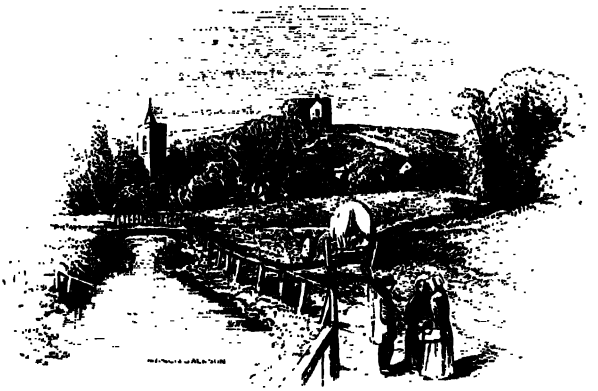
Ven. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatch'd-house; and I now find your words true, "That good company makes the way seem short;" for, trust me,

sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

Pisc. Most gladly, sir; and we'll drink a civil cup to all the otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

Ven. That we will, sir, and to all the lovers of angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of angling, and of all that profess it. And if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed; and bestow one day with me and my friends, in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

Pisc. It is a match, sir; I will not fail you, God willing, to be at AMWELL-HILL to-morrow morning before sun-rising.



Amwell.



THE SECOND DAY.

CHAPTER II.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE OTTER AND CHUB.

Venator. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make; look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs: dogs and men; all busy.

Pisc. Sir, I am right glad to meet you; and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport; and glad to see so many dogs, and more men, all in pursuit of the otter. Let us compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator! let us be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

Ven. Gentleman huntsman, where found you this otter?

Hunt. Marry, sir, we found her a mile from this place a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of

this trout;[1] she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

Ven. Why, sir, what is the skin worth?

Hunt. It is worth ten shillings, to make gloves; the gloves of an otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

Pisc. I pray, honest huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question; do you hunt a beast or a fish?

Hunt. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks: and they seem to differ about it: yet most agree that her tail is fish.[2] And if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land; for an otter does so, sometimes, five or six, or ten miles in a night,[3] to catch, for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast. But, sir, I am sure the otter devours much fish; and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the

[1] "Would ye preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores."
GAY.

[2] Walton takes his account of the Otter from Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts," London, 1607, who translates from Gesner's *Historia Naturalis*, 1551. The reader is not likely to adopt implicitly any of the early writers as a present authority in the science of natural history, and need hardly be told that no part of the otter is fish. See a good account of the animal in Mrs. Loudon's "Entertaining Naturalist."—ED.

[3] An otter, when there is a scarcity of fish, will go to farm-yards far inland, to feed on poultry, rabbits, sucking-pigs, &c. It may be tamed, and taught to catch fish enough to sustain not only himself but a whole family; and Bewick relates an instance of a tame otter, which followed his master like a dog, and obeyed the word of command. Nothing can well be imagined more graceful than its movements in the water. They have occasionally been found drowned in the eel-baskets, or bucks, set in the river Thames, but always during high floods.—ED.

Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water an hundred yards from him: Gesner says much further—and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, benione, which, being hung in a linen-cloth, near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And I can tell you, there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall: where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says, there is a river called Ottersey, which was so named, by reason of the abundance of otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the otter: which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

Ven. Oh me; all the horse are got over the river; what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

Hunt. No, sir, no: be not so eager; stay a little, and follow me: for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Killbuck, for he vents again.[1]

Ven. Marry! so he does; for, look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again; and has bit the poor dog. Now, Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above and some under water: but, now, now, she is tired, and past losing. Come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! it is a bitch-otter, and she has lately whelped. Let's go to the place where she was put down; and, not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

Hunt. Come, gentlemen! come all! let's go to the place where we put down the otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed; for here

[1] The otter, after swimming sometime under water to escape his pursuers, lifts his head to vent or breathe.—ED.

The real otter-hound is believed to be extinct in this country, Lord Cadogan having had the last. The peculiarity of the breed consists in their having a valve in the ear to prevent the entrance of water, and being web-footed to the extremity of the feet.—ED.

are her young ones, no less than five; come, let us kill them all.



Pisc. No: I pray, sir, save me one; and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Seagrave, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Hunt. Take one, with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing *Old Rose*,[1] and all of us rejoice together.

Ven. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night; and you shall bear mine to-morrow—for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

Pisc. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad, both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

[1] The following are the words of "Old Rose:"—

OLD ROSE.

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows:
Let us do as wise men tell us.
Sing, &c.

When the jowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose.
O then's the time to sing Old Rose,
And burn, burn, the bellows.
The bellows, and burn, burn, the bellows, the bellows.



THE THIRD DAY.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

Ven. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

Pisc. Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Ven. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

Pisc. We are not yet come to a likely place; I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

Ven. Well, then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

Pisc. Sir, I will tell you, presently, what I think of your host; but, first, I will tell you, I am glad these otters were killed; and I am sorry there are no more otter-killers; for I know that the want of otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation,[1] and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced

[1] This passage, which from "Is not mine Host a witty man," down to "I speak truly," on the next page, is not in the first edition, alludes to a statute, 5 Eliz., enacting, that any person who eats flesh on the usual

to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Ven. Why, sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

Pisc. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May; for these be the usual months that salmon come out of the sea, to spawn,[1] in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt-water, if they were not hindered by wires and unlawful gins,[2] which the greedy fishermen set; and so destroy them by thousands, as they (the fry) would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise statutes made in the 13th of Edward I., and the like in Richard II., may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is every body's business is no body's business:"—if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets, and fish, that are under the statute-size, sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.[3]

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time, may be said to be against nature; it is like taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young—a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough besides such unna-

fish days, shall forfeit £3, or undergo three months' imprisonment. The object of the Act seems to have been more the encouragement of the fisheries than religious observance.—Ed.

[1] Salmon spawn principally in November and December, and rarely after March. The history of the Salmon is ably given in Yarrell's "British Fishes."—*Ed.*

[2] *The Thames Preservation Society* have done much good in preventing *the unlawful practices* Walton here complains of.—Ed.

[3] About the year 1770—upon the trial of an indictment, before me, at Hicks's Hall—a basket was produced in evidence, containing flounders that had been taken with unlawful nets in the river Thames, so small that scarce any one of them would cover a half-crown piece. The indictment was for an affray, and an assault on a person authorised to seize unstatutable nets; and the sentence of the offender was a year's imprisonment in Newgate.—H.

tural fishermen; as, namely, the otters that I spake of, the cormorant, the bittern, the osprey, the seagull, the hern, the king-fisher, the gorara, the puet,[1] the swan, goose, duck, and the crabber, which some call the WATER-RAT:[2] against all



The Water-Rat.

which any honest man may make a just quarrel—but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others: for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host: To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion; for most of his conceits were either scripture jests—or, lascivious jests—for which I count no man witty; for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you

[1] Probably the peewit-gull.—*Rennie.*

[2] It is not, perhaps, generally known that the water-rat is very destructive to fish. I have had proofs of this in Hampton-Court Gardens. —ED.

this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company. And, let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless:—I am sorry the other is a gentleman; for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's: I think more will be required at the last great day. Well! you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in like case—which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:—

> —many a one
> Owes to his *country* his RELIGION;
> And in ANOTHER, would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our *dinner*.

Ven. Oh, sir! a chub is the worst fish that swims; I hoped for a trout to my dinner.

Pisc. Trust me, sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsman this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a trout till evening. And though a chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

Ven. Why, how will you dress him?

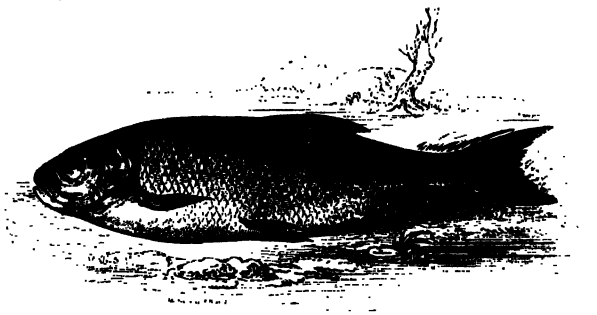
Pisc. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close), there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one; and you shall see it done.

Ven. Ay, marry, sir, now you talk like an artist; and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

Pisc. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a pike, or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade; and stay but a little while; and, I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

Ven. I'll sit down; and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

Pisc. Look you, sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he



Chub.

is: that very chub, that I showed you, with a white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain, to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him; I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck against the wall. There my hostess—which, I may tell you, is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil—hath dressed many a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion; and I warrant it good meat.

Ven. Come, sir, with all my heart; for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too,—for though I have walked but four miles this morning,

yet I begin to be weary,—yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

Pisc. Well, sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, hostess! how do you do? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink; and then dress this chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy; it must be done instantly.

Host. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

Pisc. Now, sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

Ven. Both, upon my word, sir; and therefore let's say grace, and fall to eating of it.

Pisc. Well, sir, how do you like it?

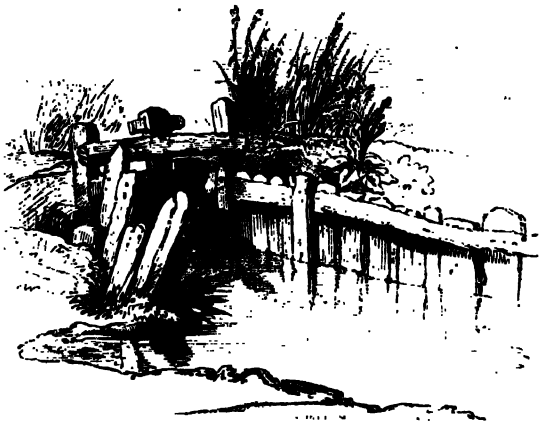
Ven. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it; drink to you; and beg a courtesy of you,—but it must not be denied me.

Pisc. What is it, I pray, sir? You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it, before it is asked.

Ven. Why, sir, it is, that from henceforth you will allow me to call you master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

Pisc. Give me your hand. From this time forward I will be your master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you, more than any common angler yet knows.





THE THIRD DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO FISH FOR, AND TO DRESS THE CHAVENDER, OR CHUB.

Piscator. The chub, though he eat well, thus dressed; yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call him *un villain.* Nevertheless, he may be so dressed, as to make him very good meat; as namely, if he be a large chub, then dress him thus:—

First, scale him; and then wash him clean; and then take out his guts,—and to that end make the hole as little, and near to his gills, as you may conveniently. And, especially, make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean, it will make him taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit; and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or

rather verjuice and butter, and with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves do imagine. For this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him—to nothing so fitly as—to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the chub being thus used; and dressed presently: and not washed after he is gutted—for note,—that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness—you will find the chub (being dressed in the blood, and quickly) to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the chavender or chub thus:—

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean;—then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife; and broil him on charcoal or wood coal, that is free from smoke. And all the time he is broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And to this, add a little thyme cut exceedingly small, or bruised into the butter. The cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this chub, that you eat of, had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember,—that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean,—and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.[1]

[1] Every cookery book, from Mrs. Glasse down to M. Soyer, gives directions for dressing this and other insipid and bony fish, so as to make them palatable. M. Soyer, in particular, is very circumstantial, and, to some extent, novel. After all, we are inclined to exclaim, "La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson."—Ed.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him: and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a chub; for there is no better fish to enter a young angler,—he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my chub; where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow: and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as possible.



Then put a grasshopper on your hook; and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod: for the chub is the fearfulest of fishes; and will do so if but a bird flies over him, and makes the least shadow on the water. But they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie on the top of the water, look out the best chub; which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see; and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves,[1] to that chub you

[1] "No throwing," says Titus, in Blackwood's Magazine; "put your bait on as gently as a thief at a public dinner puts his hand in the high sheriff's pocket."

intend to catch; let your bait fall gently on the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to [illegible]; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarcely ever lose its hold,—and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently; take my rod, and do as I bid you; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

Ven. Truly, my loving master, you have [illegible] me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, caught just such another chub as yours was.

Pisc. Marry! and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it: and I'll warrant you.

Ven. But master! what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

Pisc. Then I may tell you, that a black snail,[1] with his belly slit, to show the white; or a piece of soft cheese;[2] will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm; or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle,—it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm; or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a trout, in a hot evening; when as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies; then if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water; you may, if you

[1] Browne says that chub take snail early in the morning, but the heat of the day, and advises the angler to choose his baits in that Nature puts them forth.—Ed.

[2] Hofland found this bait, about the size of a hazelnut, very for both chub and barbel. With such baits it is usual to fish bottom of deep holes, or at the foot of mills or rivers, and if with should be small. The bait should be dropped in very gently. Ed

stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him,—for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

Ven. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

Pisc. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the chub or cheven; and so the barbel, the gudgeon, and carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin of the mouth of such fish; does very seldom or never lose its hold: but on the contrary, a pike, a perch, or trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths; which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it; I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

Ven. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now, what shall be done with my chub or cheven that I have caught?

Pisc. Marry! sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning chub-fishing: you are to note, that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries,—or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off,—or at any kind of snail,—or at a black bee, that breeds in clay walls. And he never refuses a grasshopper, on the top of a swift stream;[1] nor, at the bottom, the young humble bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as being beaten small will

[1] In the Thames, above Richmond, the best way of using the grasshopper for chub, is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off; and in this way—when the weeds are rotten, which is seldom till September the largest dace are taken.—H.

turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste, for the winter months (at which time the chub is accounted best; for then it is observed, that the forked are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially be baked), of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a minnow, or penk; as a trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle, or any fly; then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat,—and that the head of a large cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him,—I will say no more of this fish at present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca's "Natural Questions," lib. iii. cap. 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand. And he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in gla[illegible]s in their dining-rooms; and they did glory much, in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their mullets change to several colours, when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him,—which shall take up the next of my spare time.[1]

[1] The haunts of the chub are streams shaded with trees; in summer, deep holes,—where they will sometimes float near the surface of the water; and under the boughs, on the side of a bank. Their spawning-time is towards the beginning of April: they are in season from about the middle of May, till the middle of February; but are best in winter. At mid-water, and at bottom, use a float; at top, either dib, or, if you have room, use the fly-line as for trout. They are so eager in biting, that, when they take the bait, you may hear their jaws chop like those of a dog. H.



THE THIRD DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE NATURE AND BREEDING OF THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM. AND THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Piscator. The trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. GESNER says, his name is of German offspring; and he says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish; as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

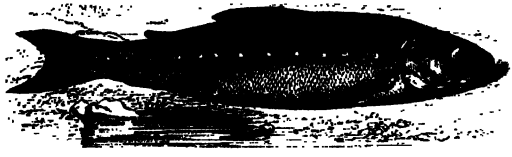


Gesner.

And before I go further into my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren trouts[1] that are good in winter;

[1] Probably male trout, which have shed their milt, and have not recovered.—ED.

but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries —as in Germany, and in other parts—compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness and shape, and other ways, and so do trouts. It is well known, that in the Lake Leman, the lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubits[1] long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit. And Mercator[2] says, the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed trouts remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent,[3] that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers—especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor—a little trout called a samlet, or skegger trout;[4] in both which places I



Skegger Trout.

[1] That is, four feet and a half, a length scarcely credible, although it is known that trout attain a great size in very large lakes. One of the largest English trout on record, was taken in a small stream which runs through the park at Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel. It weighed twenty-two pounds and a half. The skeleton of it is preserved in the College of Surgeons, and a painting of it is in the possession of Professor Owen.—Ed.

[2] Gerard Mercator, of Ruremond in Flanders, a man of so intense application to mathematical studies, that he neglected the necessary refreshments of nature. He engraved with his own hand, and coloured, the maps to his geographical Atlas. He wrote several books of Theology, and died 1594.—H.

[3] Probably the Cray, which is famous for small trout. R.

[4] The skegger, which used to be so common in the Thames, is now [illegible]

have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows: these be by some taken to be young salmons; but, in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a trout called there a Fordidge trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings,[1] an excellent angler, and now with God; and he hath told me, he thought that trout bit, not for hunger, but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived, and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers,[2] and some fish have no

met with. I have, for some years past, offered the Thames fishermen in my neighbourhood, twenty shillings for a skegger, but have not yet had one brought me. They are, I have no doubt, young salmon of the second year, a fish now never caught in the Thames; for if the skegger was a distinct fish, why should it have disappeared with the salmon? Mr. Yarrell, for whose opinion I have the greatest respect, thinks the parr, or samlet, and the skegger, are the same fish; but I have never found roe in the skegger, and have always met with them of nearly the same size, both in the Thames and the River Wye. Mr. Yarrell's reasons for his opinion are certainly very strong, but I cannot think them conclusive.—Ed.

[1] Apparently Sir George Hastings, son and heir of that fine old English gentleman, Henry Hastings, of Woodlands, who died in 1650, at the advanced age of ninety-nine, and whose character is so graphically drawn by Lord Shaftesbury, and inscribed beneath his portrait at Winborne, Dorset. See it printed in Gent.'s Mag., xxix. p. 160.—Ed.

[2] It has been said by naturalists—particularly by Sir Theodore Mayerne, in an "Epistle to Sir William Paddy," prefixed to the translation of Moufflet's "Insect. Theatr." printed with Topsel's "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents"—that the grasshopper has no mouth, but a pipe in his breast, through which it sucks the dew, which is its nutriment. There are two sorts, the green and the dun; some say there is a third, of a yellowish green. They are found in long grass, from June to the end of September, and even in October, if the weather be mild. In the middle of May, you will see, in the joints of rosemary, thistles, and almost all the larger weeds, a white fermented froth, which the country people call

mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how; and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature,[1] who is said in the *Psalms*, "To feed the young ravens that call upon him;" and they be kept alive and fed, by dew, or worms that breed in their nests; or some other way that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge trout,[2] which—as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day, of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and (it is like) feeds nine months *of the year; and fasts three* in the river of Fordidge. And *you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning* to fish for them; and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerley trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge trout: you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known that swallows, and bats, and wagtails[3]—which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for

Cuckow's Spit; in these the eggs of the grasshopper are deposited [no: it is the larva of a fly.—Ed.]; and if you examine them, you shall never fail of finding a yellowish insect, of about the size and shape of a grain of wheat, which, doubtless, is the young grasshopper. A passage to this purpose is in Leigh's "History of Lancashire," page 118. H. We give this note because it is found in most editions, including Sir Harris Nicolas's, without refutation. It is obvious that Sir John Hawkins is labouring under a vulgar error. The grasshopper has large jaws, and is voracious rather than otherwise, sometimes feeding on their own species, as has been proved.—Ed.

[1] On the contrary, the raven, like the rook, feeds and attends her young with great care. The Psalmist, no doubt, refers to the young ravens after they have quitted their nest.—Ed.

[2] Mr. Yarrell says that the Fordwich Trout of Izaac Walton is the Salmon Trout (*Salmo Trutta*), and that "its rare good meat" was greatly enhanced, no doubt, by the opportunity of eating it very fresh. They have been caught seventeen pounds in weight. Is this the case of the fresh rivers in Glamorganshire?—Ed.

[3] Bats and wagtails are not migratory.—Ed.

six months in the year, but, about Michaelmas, leave us for a hotter climate[1]—yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat.[2] And so Albertus[3] observes, that there is one kind of frog[4] that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter; and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.[5]

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport; but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea,—(not unlike the swallow or frog)—or by the virtue of the fresh water only,[6]—or, as the birds of paradise and the chameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.[7]

There is also in Northumberland a trout called a bull-trout,[8] of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that

[1] See Topsel on Frogs.—[*Walton.*]

[2] View Sir Francis Bacon, "Exper.," 899.—[*Walton.*] Physically impossible.—R.

[3] Albertus Magnus, a German Dominican, and a very learned man: Urban IV. compelled him to accept of the bishopric of Ratisbon. He wrote a treatise "On the Secrets of Nature," and twenty other volumes in folio; and died at Cologne, 1280. H.

[4] See Topsel on Frogs. Edward Topsel was the author of a "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents"—collected out of the works of Gesner, and other authors—folio, Lond. 1658. In this history he describes the several kinds of frogs; and, in page 721 thereof, cites from Albertus the fact here related. See an account of him in 'Walton's Life,' (*ante*, p. 8).—H.

[5] See Chap. VIII.—W. The mouth of the frog is no doubt closed during its winter torpidity.—RENNIE.

[6] This Trout affords excellent sport; it is a greedy feeder, and the stomach, when examined, is full of insects, particularly the sandhopper.—ED.

[7] That the chameleon lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is flies and other insects. See Sir Thomas Brown's "Enquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors," book iii. chap. 21. About the year 1780, a living chameleon was to be seen in the garden of the Company of Apothecaries at Chelsea.—H. To which may be added, that what is said about fish and grasshoppers having sown-up mouths, or none at all, is equally fabulous.—ED.

[8] These are also found in the Yorkshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire rivers, where they come from the sea the beginning of May. [They are also found in the south of Scotland, and especially in Dumfrieshire.] They lie

relate to the sea, salmon-trouts, as much different from



The Salmon Trout.

others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another, in their shape and bigness, and the fineness of their wool. And, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the perch,[1] and divers

in deep holes under the root of a tree on the side next the stream, and will rise at an artificial fly: but the best bait is a well-scoured brandling, bred in Tanners' bark. They bite all the summer in the morning, and in the evening from fine till dusk.— Brown.

[1] The Trout may be called a long-lived fish. Mr. Oliver mentions a Trout which had been for twenty-eight years an inhabitant of the well at Dumbarton Castle; and the "Westmoreland Advertiser" of August, 1826, contained a paragraph stating that a Trout had lived fifty-three years in a well in the orchard of Mr. William Mossop, of Board Hall, near Broughton-in-Furness.— Ed.

other fishes do; as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his "History of Life and Death."

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but it is not so with the trout, for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head, till his death.[1] And you are to know, that he will, about (especially before) the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the streams; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later, which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season: for it may be observed of the trout, that he is like the buck, or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month. And so you may observe, that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the trout is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank, and thin and lean, at which time many of them have sticking on them sugs, or trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the trout breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially

[1] This opinion has arisen from mistaking a large trout, after spawning, when his head looks large, because his body is lean, for an old trout declining through age.—*Rennie.*

loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the trout bold and lusty. And he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month (May) than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know, that it is observed, that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge trout, be white, and yet good; but that is not usual. And it is a note observable, that the female trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hogback and a little head—to either trout, salmon, or any other fish—is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows, or palm-trees, bud and blossom sooner than others do; so some trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves; so are some trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of trouts: But these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of trouts,—just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and croppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially; which differ in their bigness and shape, and spots and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens. And, doubtless, there is a kind of small trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout. And at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow



THE COMMON & THE BRANDLING TROUT

morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Ven. Trust me, master! I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub: for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Pisc. Well, scholar! you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can



but hold him: and two or three turns more will tire him; now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Ven. On my word, master! this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?

Pisc. Marry! e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a

cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I have th , we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

Ven. A match, good master! let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's ' oing, good master, for I am hungry again, with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now, I will put on a minnow,[1] and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another: and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar! thereabout, we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, sir: o'my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there, we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There, I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun,—and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating

[1] "This kind of fishing is at mid-water, or about a foot or two under water. A bull-head with his gill fins cut off, is preferred to the minnow, and a roach beyond both."—BROWNE. For large tench spinning the minnow or bleak is a very destructive bait. Gudgeons, dace, and even small trout, may also be used effectively.—HOFLAND.

dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind, with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do: but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good; and the ditty, fitted for it,—it was that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow[1], now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.



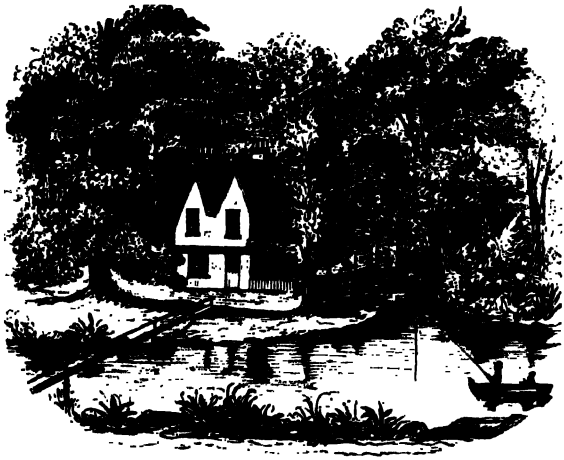
Sir Walter Raleigh.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think, much better than the strong lines which are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder, they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing; and

[1] Christopher Marlow was a poet of no small eminence in his day, as may be inferred from the frequent mention of him in the writings of his contemporaries. He was some time a student at Cambridge, and after that an actor on, and a writer for, the stage. There are extant of his writings five tragedies, and a poem, that bears his name, entitled "Hero and Leander"—possibly a translation from Musæus—which, he not living to complete, it was finished by Chapman. The song here mentioned (see further mention of it in note, p. 119) is printed, with his name to it, in a collection entitled "England's Helicon," 4to. 1600, as is also the Answer, here said to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh, but there subscribed "Ignoto." Of Marlow it is said, that he was the author of divers atheistical and blasphemous discourses; and that in a quarrel with a serving man, his

am going to BLEAK-HALL[1] to my bed; and having caught



Bleak-Hall.

more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-ie. Marry! God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men.[2] In the mean

rival in a connection with a lewd woman, he received a stab with a dagger, and shortly after died of the stroke.—See Wood's "Athen. Oxon." vol. i. 338, and also Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgments." 4I.

[1] The author seems here to have forgot himself; for, p. 96, he says, he is to lodge at Trout-hall. Bleak-hall is supposed to be a rural inn on the side of the Lea river (about a mile from Edmonton), which still passes by that name.—ED.

[2] There are some few exceptions to this character of anglers: the greatest and most wonderful revolution that ever happened in any state, I mean that in Naples in the year 1647, was brought about by an *angler*; concerning whom we are told "that a young man, about twenty-four, happened to be in a corner of the great market-place at Naples, a sprightly man, of

time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Pisc. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I, last, past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-w. What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come shepherds, deck your herds?" or, "As at noon Dulcina rested?" or, "Phillida flouts me?" or, "Chevy Chace?" or, "Johnny Armstrong?" or, "Troy Town?"[1]

Pisc. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-w. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and, sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin![2] sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

a middle stature, black-eyed, rather lean than fat, having a small tuft of hair; he wore linen slops, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap; but he was of a good countenance, stout, and lively as could be. His profession was to *angle for little fish with a cane, hook, and line.* His name was Tomasso Anello, of Amalfi, but vulgarly called Masaniello."

See the "History of the Revolution in Naples," by Sig. Alessandro Giraffi.—H.

[1] See the songs "As at Noon," "Chevy Chace," "Johnny Armstrong," and "Troy Town," printed, in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;" "And at Noon," in Durfey's Collection. "Phillida flouts me," was printed in the "Theatre of Compliments." Lond. 1689, 12mo., and republished in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." 1792. p. 235. The song of "Come Shepherds" was not known till discovered in a manuscript belonging to the late Richard Heber, Esq., and recently printed by Mr. Pickering.—Ed.

[2] Diminutive for Matilda.



The Milk-Maid.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield,

Where we will sit, upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers; to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
And, then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers; and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;



A belt, of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each *May* morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.[1]

Ven. Trust me, master! it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May; because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night,—and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring; and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."[2]

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young;
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move;
To live with thee and be thy love.

[1] Dr. Warburton, in his notes on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," ascribes this song to Shakspeare; it is true Sir Hugh Evans, in the third act of that play, sings four lines of it; and it occurs in a collection of poems said to be Shakspeare's, printed by Thomas Cotes for John Benson, 12mo. 1640, with some variations. On the contrary, it is to be found, with the name of Christopher Marlow to it, in "England's Helicon;" and Walton has just said (p. 115) it was made by Kit. Marlow. The reader will judge of these evidences as he pleases. [Dr. Johnson and Percy ascribe it to Marlow; Sir Harris Nicolas, on the contrary, thinks it Shakspeare's.] As to the song itself, though a beautiful one, it is not so purely pastoral as it is generally thought to be; buckles of *gold*, *coral* clasps and *amber* studs, *silver* dishes and *ivory* tables, are luxuries, and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.—H.

[2] This is the concluding paragraph of Sir Thomas Overbury's exquisite

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then *Philomel* becometh dumb;
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
The wayward winter, reckoning, yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The belt of straw, and ivy buds,
The coral clasps, and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last; and, love still breed;
Had joys no date; nor, age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother. Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest angler! for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe, to you and your cousin Betty.

Maud. I will, mother!

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate.

description of "a faire and happy milke maid," given in his "Wife" (Character, 51). Lond. 1638. It is cited at full length by Major.—Ed. 1844.

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so,
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

Pisc. Well sung. Good woman! I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice.[1] Look! yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

[1] It seems pretty clear that Venator, after the second song—charmed with the maidenly innocence, and probably beauty, of the young woman—for we are told that she is handsome—offers to kiss her; and that Piscator, an elder and more discreet man, checks him, lest he should offend her by too great familiarity. Such is the decorum observable in this elegant work.—H.





THE THIRD DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

MORE DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR, AND HOW TO MAKE FOR THE TROUT AN ARTIFICIAL MINNOW AND FLIES; WITH SOME MERRIMENT.

Pisc. WELL met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night; and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch a chub by daping[1] with a grasshopper; and the chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter! who is your companion?

Peter. Brother Piscator! my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon: and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a trout; and I have not wetted my line since we met together: but I hope to fit him with a trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

Pisc. Nay, brother! you shall not stay so long; for, look you! here is a trout will fill six reasonable bellies.



The Trout.

[1] "Dapping," or dibbing, is to drop your bait with a very gentle tap dab on the surface of the water."—BROWNE.

Come, hostess! dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

Peter. O' my word! this trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow: I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling; we will set him up and make him a fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man—and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the minnow to the salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

Pisc. Trust me, brother Peter! I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own good humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar! this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of angling.

Ven. Trust me, good master! you shall not sow your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

Pisc. 'Tis enough, honest scholar! come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

Cor. Indeed, honest friend! it looks well and tastes well; I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

Peter. Yes, and so I do; we all thank you; and, when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

Cor. I will sing a song, if anybody will sing another: else to be plain with you, I will sing none: I am none of those that sing for meat—but for company: I say, "'Tis merry in hall, when men sing all." [1]

Pisc. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr. William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the "Hunter in his career," and of "Tom of Bedlam," [2] and many others of note; and this that I will sing is in praise of angling.

Cor. And then mine shall be the praise of a countryman's life: what will the rest sing of?

Peter. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then—but fish to-morrow, and sup together: and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

Ven. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry as beggars.

Pisc. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on, my masters! who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

Pet. It is a match. Look! the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

Cor. Well, then! I will begin, for I hate contention.

[1] Parody on the adage,

"It's merry in the hall.
When beards wag all."

i. e.—when all are eating.

[2] This song, beginning, "Forth from my dark and dismal cell": with the music to it, set by Henry Lawes—is printed in a book, entitled "Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol," folio 1675; and in Playford's "Antidote against Melancholy," 8vo., 1669; and also in Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." H.



CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolie lollie loe,
Heigh trolie lollie lee.

That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then, care away;
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
The city, full of wantonness;
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, &c.

But oh the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
Then, care away, &c.

Our cloathing is good sheep-skins;
Gray russet for our wives;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing,
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,—
Yet, on the holy-day,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And, for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then, care away, &c.

The cuckow and the nightingale,
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then, care away, &c.[1]

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so, lies:
Then come away,
Turn countryman with me.

JO. CHALKHILL.[2]

[1] *Trolly lolly* was the burthen, or chorus, of several songs of the period: one is given by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs," 1790, and in Brome's "Jovial Crew," printed among his Comedies, in 1641, is this merry and once very popular catch—

"There was an old fellow."

[2] John Chalkhill, author of the Poem, "Thealma and Clearcus," which was edited in 1683 by Walton, who then was in the 90th year of his age. His tomb in black marble is to be seen on the walls of Winchester Cathedral. Chalkhill appears to have been distantly related to Walton. Ed.

Pisc. Well sung, Coridon! this song was sung with mettle: and it was choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning—nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule, you may pick out such times, and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast"—and such a companion you prove; I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song; and wish it may be so well liked.



THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As inward love breeds outward talk,—
The hound some praise; and some the hawk
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy,—while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide
Who uses games, shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond *Cupid's* snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing, is, alone;
All other pastimes, do no less
Than mind and body, both possess:
My hand alone my work can do;
So, I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas;
Fresh rivers best my mind do please;
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the tim'rous trout I wait
To take; and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,—
In whom I more than that delight,—
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content, no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

W. B.[1]

[1] These initials appear in Walton's first edition only; and, as Walton had *previously stated, are those of William Basse.—Ed.*

Cor. Well sung, brother! you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song: come, hostess! give us more ale: and let's drink to him.

And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

Pet. A match. Come, Coridon! you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother! you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

Pisc. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

Cor. Then let's meet here; for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

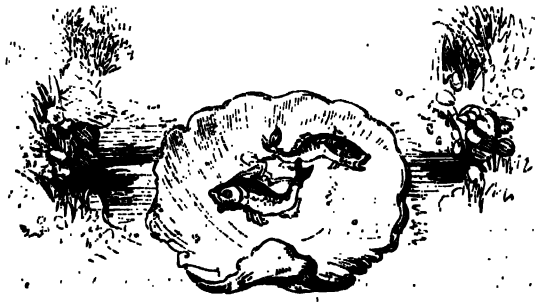
Pet. 'Tis a match. Good night to every body.

Pisc. And so say I.

Ven. And so say I.



Waltham Abbey.



THE FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

Pisc. Good morrow, good hostess! I see my brother Peter is still in bed: come, give my scholar and me a morning drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast: and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

Ven. Well now, good master! as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a trout.

Pisc. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The trout is usually caught with a worm—or a minnow,[1] which some call a penk—or with a fly, viz. either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts: some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of, or amongst, plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures,

[1] Spinning with a minnow, or a small penk, is a very successful mode of catching trout at the weirs of the river Thames. A swivel must be used.—Ed.



as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle,[1] and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes. But for the trout—the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling,[2] are the chief, and especially the first for a great trout; and the latter for a less. There be also, of lob-worms, some called squirrel-tails; a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail; which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water —for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively quick stirring worm. And for a brandling: he is usually found in an old dunghill, or some very rotten place near to it—but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners; which they cast up in heaps, after they have used it about their leather.

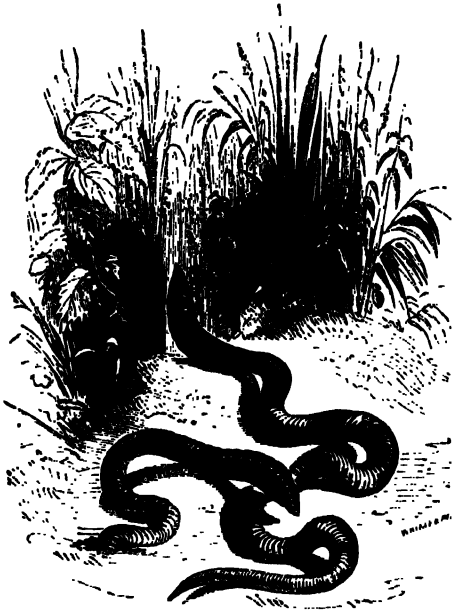
There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm,[3] which of all others is the most excellent bait for a

[1] Gentles may be procured from a sheep's liver exposed to the sun for several days, and so hung up that the gentles may drop into a pan of saw-dust placed beneath. They should then be kept in dry sand and bran mixed, where they may be cool, or they will turn into the *chrysalis* state. They are most useful in spring, and may be carried to the water in a box, of *wood*, not *tin*.—H.

[2] You fish in this way as with a fly at top-water, casting your worm gently up against the stream. *'Tis an excellent method and kills incredibly.* A caddis is likewise a sure killing bait, fished with quite at ground.—BROWNE.

[3] To avoid confusion, it may be necessary to remark, that the same kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the marsh and the meadow-worm are the same (found in meadows under cow-dung); the lob-worm, twachel, or dew-worm, is our common garden-worm; and the dock-worm is, in some places, called the flag-worm. The tag-tail (which is bright red and very lively) is found in March and April, in marled lands, or meadows, after a shower of rain; or in a morning, when the weather is calm, and not cold. To find the oak-worm,—beat on an oak-tree that grows over a highway, or bare place; and they will fall for you to gather. To find the dock-worm, go to an old pond, or pit, and

salmon—and too many to name, even as many sorts as some



Worms.

think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air; of which I shall say no more. But tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used; and in case you have not been so provident, then, the way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel; but you must not put your brandlings above

pull up some of the flags; shake the roots in the water; and amongst the fibres that grow from the roots, you will find little husks or cases, of a reddish or yellowish colour: open these carefully with a pin, and take from thence a little worm,—pale and yellow, or white,—like a gentle, but longer and slenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head: this is the dock, or flag-worm, or caddis, an excellent bait for grayling, tench, bream, carp, roach, and dace.—H.

an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use; but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter, or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long.[1] And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it,[2] which I could name to you; but will only tell you, that that which is likest a buck's horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that, in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter, or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where, you shall see, worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently.[3]

[1] The following is also an excellent way. Take a piece of hopsack, or other very coarse cloth, wash it clean, and let it dry; then wet it in the liquor wherein beef has been boiled, (but be careful that the beef is fresh, for salt will kill the worms) and wring it, but not quite dry; put the worms into this cloth, and lay them in an earthen pot, and let them stand from morning till night,—then take the worms from the cloth and wash it, and wet it again in some of the liquor; do thus once a day, and you may keep worms in perfect health, and fit for use, for near a month. Observe that the lob-worm, marsh-worm, and red-worm, will bear more scouring than any others, and are better for long keeping.—H.

[2] Naturalists reckon above two hundred.—Ed.

[3] This practice was one of the common sports of school-boys, at the time Erasmus wrote his "Colloquies." In that entitled "Venatio," or "Hunting," a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named Laurence proposes fishing; but having no worms, Bartholus objects the want of them, till Laurence tells him how he may get some. The dialogue is very natural and descriptive, and being but short, is here given—"*Lau.* I should like to go a-fishing; I have a neat hook. *Barth.* But where will you get baits?

And you may take notice, some say that camphire put into your bag with your moss and worms, gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse, and you the better for it.[1]

And now I shall show you how to bait your hook with a worm, so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook too, when you fish for a trout with a running line;[2] that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

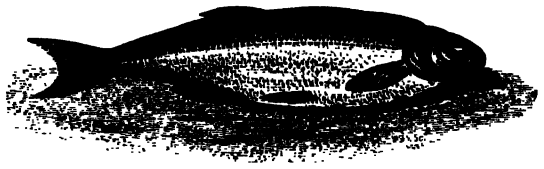
Suppose it be a big lob-worm: put your hook into him

Lau. There are earth-worms everywhere to be had. *Barth.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *Lau.* I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Barth.* How? by witchcraft? *Lau.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water: break these green shells of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground with the water: now mind a little; do you see them coming out? *Barth.* I see a miracle; I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner, from the serpent's teeth that were sown." The above exclamation is clearly an allusion to the fable in the second book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" where Cadmus, by scattering the serpent's teeth on the ground, causes armed men to spring out of it.—H.

[1] Walton's notion of scenting his bait is common to many anglers. The oil of ivy, when genuine, is the best, some use *assafœtida*, and others are loud in praise of cinque-foil. This practice was known to the ancients, as appears from the "Geoponica," xx., where several recipes are given. Oppian's favourite for river fishing was veal minced and kept in calf's blood for ten days.—AM. ED. There is great diversity of opinion about the effectiveness of scented baits. Ephemera thinks they do neither good nor harm. We are however aware of more than one positive instance of the effectiveness of the oil of ivy.—ED.

[2] The *running-line*, so called because it runs along the ground, is made of strong silk, which you may buy at the fishing-tackle shops: but I prefer hair, as being less apt to tangle, and is thus fitted up. About ten inches from the end, fasten a small cleft shot; then make a hole through a pistol or musket bullet, according to the swiftness of the stream you fish in: and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the shot: to the end of your line fasten an Indian grass, or silk-worm-gut, with a large hook: or you may, instead of a bullet, fix four large shot, at the distance of eight inches from the hook. The running-line is used for trout, grayling, and salmon-smelts; and is proper only for streams and rapid waters. See Part ii. chap. xi.—H. Another experienced way is to take two lob-worms: put the first on the hook with the head foremost, and let it slip a little up the line to make room; then put on the second worm with the tail foremost: and draw them close together in a knot. *They often drop in this manner from the banks into the river and are snapped up by the Trout.*—BROWNE.

somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle; having done so, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note, that at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end, and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook, again, into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out; and then draw back that of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on, before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms, before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it, for you will run on the ground without tangling.



The Minnow, or Penk.

Now for the minnow or penk. He is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river; nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself in the winter, in ditches that be near to the river, and there, both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud, or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these minnows: first, you are to know that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then, you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream;[1]

[1] The hook put just into the mouth and through the lower jaw, that the

and that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: put your hook in at his mouth, and out of his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water; that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook; this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it across the water, or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick: for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know, that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.[1]

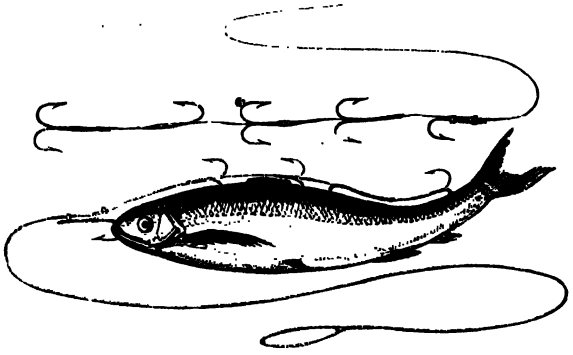
And here, let me tell you what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore (let me tell you) I have, which I will show to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a trout as well as an artificial fly;[2] and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow

point may lie downward, is quickly done, and as good a way as any.—BROWNE. Or put the hook through the back, just under the fin, in which way the minnow, on a swivel hook, spins best.—ED.

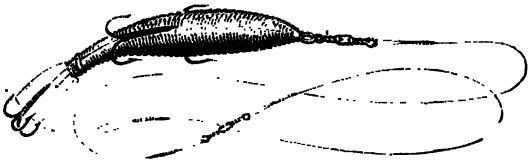
[1] Cotton (chap. xii., page 2) disapproves salting.—ED.

[2] Artificial minnows are now so well made, that in a sharp stream they may be used with almost as good effect as a real minnow, and they are sold so cheaply at all fishing-tackle shops, that few amateurs will be at the trouble of making them. The American editor, however, rejects them and prefers the living bait; but adds:—"There is an artificial spinning bait of later invention, called *a kill-devil*, which is made of leather, silk, &c., somewhat resembling a caterpillar, and appears in the swift water like a bright minnow. It is rigged with seven hooks cunningly disposed. This bait excites the trout to such a degree that it is considered too murderous for fair angling, and forbidden in many preserved waters, but my experi-

lying by her; the mould or body of the minnow was cloth —and wrought upon, or over it, thus with a needle,—the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow; the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it white silk, and another part of it with silver thread; the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin; the eyes were of two little black beads; and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted trout in a swift stream. And this



minnow I will now show you; look! here it is;[1] and if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for



A Devil; an Artificial Spinning-Bait for Trout.

ments with it have been quite unsuccessful."—AM. ED. Hofland (page 77) says he can recommend it with confidence, having killed very large fish with it. It is to be had at all our fishing-tackle shops.—ED.

[1] The above is the best minnow tackle, but there should be three hooks at the end instead of two. Many fish are lost for want of this. Rennie recommends that on using the artificial minnow it should be smeared with fish slime.—ED.

they be easily carried about an angler; ... be of excellent use, for note, that a large trout will con... fiercely at a minnow, as the highest mettled hawk d... on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have ... ld that 160 minnows have been found in a trout's belly ... r the trout had devoured so many, or the miller that ... a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for flies; which is the third bait wherewith trouts are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly: there be—of flies—caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies; and indeed too many either for me to name, or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks, and meadows; both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers,—pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth, or being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers, and others from a dew left upon the coleworts or cabbages. All which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched,—and, in these days, made living creatures:[1] and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head,—some in their tail, some have none; some have hair,

[1] The doctrine of spontaneous or equivocal generation is now universally exploded; and all the phenomena that seem to support it are accounted for on other principles. Some naturalists for a long time still clung to it in respect to *minute animalcules*, but the researches of Ehrenberg have removed all doubts.—ED.

some none; some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none,—but (as our Topsel[1] hath, with great diligence, observed,) those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them, he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars,[2] and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and, again, that *their* eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars. And some affirm, that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peasecod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet, and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone; it lived, thus, five or six days,—and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times,—but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died and did not turn into a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call *flies of prey*,[3] which those that walk by the rivers may, in summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and I think, make them their food. And it is observable, that as there be these flies of prey, which be very large; so there be others, very little,—created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour,[4]—and yet that life is, thus, made shorter by other flies, or by accident.

[1] In his "History of Serpents."

[2] No caterpillars lay eggs, though all are hatched from eggs laid by butterflies, moths, or sandflies.—*Rennie.*

[3] The caterpillar of the privet hawk moth (*Sphinx Ligustri*,) which is not, as Walton suspects, a fly of prey, or dragon-fly.—R.

[4] That there are creatures "whose life nature intended not to exceed an hour," is, I believe, not so well agreed, [quite fabulous.—ED.] as that there are some whose existence is determined in five or six. It is well known that the ephemeron, that wonderful instance of the care and providence of God, lives but from six in the evening till eleven at night; during which time it performs all the animal functions; for, in the beginning of its life, it sheds its coat: and that being done, and the little animal thereby rendered light and agile, its spends the rest of its short time in frisking over the waters; the female drops her eggs, which are impregnated by the male; these, being spread about, descend to the bottom by their own gravity, and are hatched

It is endless to tell you, what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus,[1] our Topsel, and others, say of the palmer-worm, or caterpillar: That whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves; (for most think, those very leaves that gave them life and shape give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide;) yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim, or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life, and various food,—not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding; but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place.



Aldrovandus.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the

by the warmth of the sun into little worms, which make themselves cases in the clay, and feed on the same without any need of parental care. *Vide* Swammerdam; also Derham's "Phys. Theol.," p. 247. And to the truth of these assertions, that these short-lived animals shed their coats, I myself am a witness. One summer evening, at about seven o'clock, while fishing, I suddenly observed my clothes covered with a number of very small flies, of a whitish colour, inclining to blue; they continued fixed, while I observed those on my left arm wriggle their bodies about, till, at length, they disengaged themselves from their external coat, which they left, and flew away; but what greatly astonished me was, that three whisks which each of these creatures had at its tail -which were slenderer than the finest hair, and, but for their whiteness, would have been scarcely perceptible- -were left as entire and unbroken as the less tender parts of the coat. The same fact is communicated by Mr. Peter Collinson, in the "Philosophical Transactions" 1746, No. 481, p. 329.—H.

[1] Ulysses Aldrovandus, a great physician and naturalist of Bologna: he wrote thirteen vols. folio on subjects of Natural History, including one, "De Piscibus," published at Frankfort, 1640.—H.

next month,[1] show you feeding on a willow-tree,—and you shall find him punctually to answer this description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body.. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age, this caterpillar gives over to eat; and, towards winter, comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating, all the winter: and as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin, the spring following; so this caterpillar, then, turns to be a painted butterfly.[2]

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse,—only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas:—

God—not contented to each kind to give,
And to infuse, the virtue generative—
By his wise power made many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.

So the *Cold Humour* breeds the *Salamander;*
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire though glowing ne'er so much.

So in the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly *Perausta* with the flaming wings:
Without the fire it dies: in it, it joys,
Living in that which all things else destroys.

So slow *Bootes* underneath him sees,[3]
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

[1] That is June.—Ed.

[2] View Sir Fra. Bacon's exper. 728 and 90, in his "Nat. Hist. —(*Walton.*)

[3] View Gerrard's "Herbal" and Camden.—(*Walton.*) This notion

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. Oh transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then, a broken hull;
Lately, a mushroom; now, a flying gull.

Ven. O my good master, this morning-walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but I pray, when shall I have your direction—how to make artificial flies, like to those that the trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

Pisc. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock: we will fish till nine; and then go to breakfast. Go you to yon sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast. And I will, then, give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the mean time, there is your rod and line, and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

Ven. I thank you, master! I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

Pisc. Look you, scholar! you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a trout: I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar! I thank you.

Now, for another. Trust me, I have another bite: Come, scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now, we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

Ven. I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master! yours is a better rod and better tackling.

Pisc. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar! I have another. Come, do as you did

was prevalent with the elder naturalists. It was supposed that on the banks of a stream in the *Orcades*, grew a tree which produced live geese as its fruit. In an old folio volume printed at Basle 1550, entitled *Munsteri Cosmographia* is an amusing cut representing the barnacle goose dropping from bursting pods on the tree into the stream beneath, and swimming off. A similar cut will be found in *Aldrovandus*, and at the end of Gerrard's "Herbal."—Ed.

before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all; there's half a line and a good hook lost.

Ven. Ay, and a good trout too.

Pisc. Nay, the trout is not lost; for, pray, take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

Ven. Master! I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

Pisc. Look you, scholar! I have yet another. And, now, having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast: A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it: and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word as it was at first; yet it was utterly disliked, as it was preached by the second to his congregation—which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it: and was thus answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted to my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish,—yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, or how to guide it to a right place;—and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you, angling is an art, either by practice or long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, when you fish for a trout, with a worm,—let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish: that is to say, more in a great, troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen

to eat it? for this sycamore tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

Ven. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good, too. And now I remember and find that true which devout Lessius[1] says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men, and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat and call for more; for by that means, they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord." But I hope there is none such. However I am certain of this, that I have been at many costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done; for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master! proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

Pisc. My honest scholar, I will do it; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are,—I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to



me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.[2]

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of *artificial*

[1] Leonard Lessius, a learned Jesuit, professor of divinity in the College of Jesuits at Louvain; he was born at Antwerp, 1554, and became famous in divinity, civil law, mathematics, physic, and history: he wrote several theological tracts, and a book entitled, "Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ, et vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ." From this tract of Lessius, it is probable the passage in the text is cited. He died 1623. His "Hygiasticon" was translated by Timothy Smith, Camb. 1634.—H.

[2] Sir Harris Nicolas says that the excellent fly-fisher to whom Walton alludes, was Leonard Mascall.

made-flies,[1] to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these, is a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the dun-fly, in March:[2] the body is made of dun-wool; the wings of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly: the body of black wool; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly, in April: the body is made of black wool; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly, in the beginning of May: the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk; and the feathers are the wings of the drake; with the feathers of a red capon, also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise; the body made of yellow wool; and the wings made of the red cock's hackle, or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also: the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail; the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly in June: the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side: and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly; made, with the body, of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June; the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly in July: the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid-July: the body

[1] These are the flies mentioned in Dame Juliana Berners "Book o. St. Albans." Cotton, in his Chapters vii. and viii., has enumerated above sixty more than are now used. A very complete list, with engraved figures of above forty, is given in Hofland.—Ed.

[2] The months are here given according to old style, therefore twelve days earlier than now, which must be taken into consideration in adapting flies to seasons. See on this subject a smart rebuke to the editors of Walton, generally, and especially to Sir Harris Nicolas, in the "Angler's Souvenir," p. 129.—Ed.

made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail: and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in August: the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk: his wings are made with the mail[1] of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river.[2]

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker,[3] a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

[1] Meaning spotted, speckled, mottled feathers.—ED.

[2] It has been already observed, that Walton's excellence as an angler did not consist in fly-fishing; the reader is, therefore, recommended to the "List of flies" in the second (Cotton's) part, and the additions contained in the notes thereon.—H.

[3] In his "Delight; or the Art of Angling," published 1661. Here follow some extracts from that humorous book itself. Addressing himself to the noble lord to whom it is dedicated, he thus begins:—

"*Under favour, I will* compliment, and put a case to your honour. I *met with a man*; and upon our discourse he fell out with me, having a good weapon, but neither stomach nor skill: I say *this man may come home by Weeping-cross;* I will *cause the clerk to toll his knell.* It is the very like case to the gentleman angler, that goeth to the river for his pleasure. This angler hath neither judgment nor experience; he may come home lightly laden at his leisure.

"A man that goeth to the river for his pleasure, must understand, when he cometh there, to *set forth his tackle.* The first thing he must do, is to observe the *wind* and *sun* for DAY, the *moon*, the *stars*, and the *vanes of the air* for NIGHT, to *set forth his tackles* for day or night; and accordingly to go for his pleasure, and some profit.

"Now I am determined to angle with ground-baits, and set my tackles to my rod, and *go to my pleasure.* I begin at the uppermost part of the stream, carrying my rod with an upright hand, feeling my plummet running truly on the ground some ten inches from the hook, plumming my line according to the swiftness of the stream I angle in; for one plummet will not serve for all streams; for the true angling is, that the plummet run truly on the ground.

"My lord sent to me, at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door *to see how the vanes of the air were like to prove.* I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark; I threw out a line—of three silks and three hairs twisted for the *uppermost* part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the *lower* part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line exceed—especially for three or four links next to the hook—I say, not exceed—three or four hairs at the most; though you may fish a little stronger, above, in the upper part of your line: But if you can attain to angle with one hair,—you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line; as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod

that I had good sport; angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water. You shall hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite: give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait—the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure, letting the fish take a turn or two; you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a white palmer-fly, made of a large hook: I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer, and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport until it grew very light: then I took off the red palmer, and set to a black palmer; I had good sport and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

"These three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times—as I have showed you—in this night-work, the white fly for darkness, and the red fly *in medio*, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night; which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod.

"Now, having taken a good dish of Trouts, I presented them to my lord. He having provided good company, commanded me to turn cook, and dress them for dinner.

"There comes an honest gentleman, a familiar friend, to me—he was an angler—begins to compliment with me, and asked me how I did? when I had been angling? and demanded, in discourse, what was the reason I did not relate in my book the dressing of *his dish of fish*, which he loved. *I pray you, sir, what dish of Trouts was that?* He said it was a dish of close-boiled Trouts, buttered, with eggs. My answer was to him, that *every scullion dresseth that dish against his will, because he cannot calvor them.* I will tell you, in short: put your Trouts into the kettle when the kettle is set to the fire, and let them boil gently, as many cooks do, and they shall boil close enough; which is a good dish, buttered with eggs, good for ploughmen, but not for the palate. Sir, *I hope I have given you satisfaction.*"—H.

downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish,—for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a trout—or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy—the best fishing is with the palmer worm, of which I last spoke to you;[1] but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:—



Salmon Trout Fly.

First, you must arm[2] your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it,—you having, withal, regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then, the point of your feather next the shank of your hook,—and having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock [cock's] or capon's neck,—or, a plover's top, which is usually better,—take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle [and whip it three or four times round with] silk, or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your erming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings,—shifting or still removing your finger, as you turn the silk about the hook,—and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the

[1] Ante page 140.

[2] To tie, or whip round.—ED.

wings: and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know, *this*, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the trout leap at a fly of that kind and then—(having always hooks ready hung with him): and having a bag also always with him; with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer; hackles of a cock or capon; several coloured silk and crewel; to make the *body* of the fly;—the feathers of a drake's head; black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair; thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colours, especially sad-coloured; to make the fly's *head:* and there be also other coloured feathers,[1] both or

[1] The author not having particularly enumerated the materials necessary for fly-making, it will not be improper, once for all, to do it here. And, first, [for *dubbing:*] you must be provided with bear's hair of divers colours: as grey, dun, light and dark-coloured, bright brown, and that which shines: also camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both: badger's hair, or fur: spaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and dark brown, blackish and black: hog's down, which may be had, about Christmas, of butchers, or rather of those that make brawn,—and it should be plucked from under the throat, and other soft places of the hog,—and must be of the following colours—viz., black, red, whitish, and sandy, and for other colours, you may get them dyed at a dyer's: seal's fur is to be had at the trunk-makers; get this also dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different shades, from the light to the darkest brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair,—both which are harsh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handsomely; get also mohairs black; blue; purple; white; violet; *Isabella*, which colour is described in a note on Cotton's flies for *March; Philomot*, from *feuille morte*, a dead leaf; yellow; and orange: camlets, both hair and worsted, blue, yellow, dun, light, and dark brown, red violet, purple, black, horse-flesh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but seal's fur, dyed as above, is much better.

A piece of an old Turkey carpet will furnish excellent dubbing; untwist the yarn, and pick out the wool, carefully separating the different colours, and lay it by.

Some use for dubbing barge-sail: concerning which, the reader is to

little birds and of speckled fowl: I say, having those with him in a bag, and—trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a per-

know that the sails of West country and other barges, when old, are usually converted into tilts,—under which there is almost a continual smoke arising from the fire, and the steam of the beef-kettle, which all such barges carry, and which in time dyes the tilt of a fine brown; this would be excellent dubbing, but that the material of these sails is sheep's wool, which soaks in the water, and soon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different shades as you can: and have seal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them,—which, by reason they are more turgid, stiff, and light, and so float better, are, in most cases, to be preferred to worsted, crewels, and, indeed, to every other kind of wool,—and observe that the hog-wool is best for large, and the seal's fur for small flies.

Get also furs of the following animals—viz., the squirrel, particularly from his tail; fox-cub, from the tail where it is downy and of an ash-colour; an old fox; an old otter; otter cub; badger, fulimart, or filmert; a hair, from the neck, where it is of the colour of withered fern; and above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or spots under the jaws. All these, and almost every other kind of fur, are easily got at the furrier's.

Hackles are very important articles in fly-making: they are the long slender feathers that hang from the head of a cock down his neck: there may also be fine ones got from near his tail; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long, —and for some purposes these are much too big; be provided with these of the following colours—viz., red, dun, yellowish, white, orange, and perfect black, and whenever you meet, alive or dead, with a cock of the game breed, whose hackle is of a strong brown-red, never fail to buy him,—but observe that the feathers of a cock chicken, be they ever so fine for shape and colour, are good for little; for they are too downy and weak to stand erect after they are once wet, and so are those of the Bantam-cock.

Other *Feathers* are absolutely necessary for the wings and other parts of flies: get, therefore, feathers from the back and other parts of the wild mallard, or drake; the feathers of a partridge, especially those red ones that are in the tail; feathers from a cock pheasant's breast and tail,—the wings of a black-bird, a brown hen, of a starling, a jay, a land-rail, a throstle, a fieldfare, and a water-coot; the feathers from the crown of the pewit, plover, or lap-wing; green and copper-coloured peacock's, and black ostrich harle (the filaments of the long feathers); feathers from a heron's neck and wings. And remember, that in most instances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter [in the text] directed,—*that* from a starling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain and less spongy.

Be provided with marking-silk of all colours,—fine but very strong, flaw silk; gold and silver flatted wire, or twist: a sharp knife; hooks of all sizes; hog's bristles for loops to your flies; shoemaker's wax; a large needle to raise your dubbing, when flatted with working; and a small, but sharp pair of scissors.

Remember,—With all your dubbing, to mix bear's hair and hog's wool,

fection, as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right,—and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of trouts, a dark day, and a right wind; he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.[1]

Ven. But, my loving master! if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

Pisc. Marry, scholar! but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain! and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower; and therefore sit close; this sycamore tree will shelter us. And I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a trout.

But, first, for the wind: You are to take notice, that of the winds the south wind is said to be the best. One observes, that

> —when the wind is south,
> It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best:[2] and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree. And yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad colour;" so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish standing on the lee-shore. And you are to

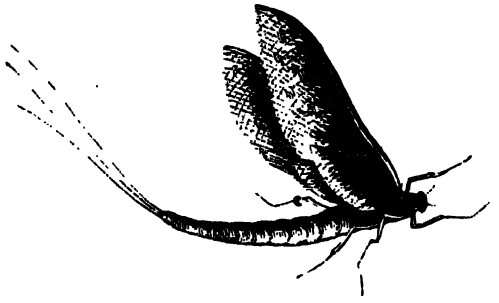
which are stiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as the fine furs, and most other kinds of dubbing do; and remember, also, that marten's fur is the best yellow you can use.—H.

[1] Walton was no adept at fly-fishing, and therefore his directions should not be followed implicitly. This branch is more efficiently treated on by Cotton. Perhaps no better advice can be given to the fly-fisher than that he use the flies common to the locality.—Ed.

[2] If an angler were to dip a thermometer in the river in which he was about to cast his fly, he might save himself much trouble if the temperature was found to be below 55 or 60 degrees.—Ed.

take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom, in any cold day, and then, gets nearer the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you, more, of the fly-fishing for a trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a MAY-FLY: you may make



May-fly (large specimen).

his body with greenish coloured crewel or willowish colour; darkening it in most places with waxed silk; (or ribbed with black hair; or, some of them, ribbed with silver thread;) and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the oak-fly: with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings.[1] And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the oak-fly.[2]

[1] Some dub the oak-fly with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, but the head of an ash-colour; others dub it with an orange, tawny, and black ground: others with blackish wool and gold-twist; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. Bowlker, in his "Art of Angling," p. 63, says, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing."—H.

[2] The cad bait or oak worm on the point of the hook, with the artificial fly, is recommended. When the fish appear at the top, they will take the oak worm on the water rather than under it, or than the fly itself. After you have dibbed with these flies on the surface till they are dead, cut off their wings and fish with them at mid-water, or a little lower: this is

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly,—if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water,[1] but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

Mr. Barker commends several sorts of the palmer-fly; not only those ribbed with silver and gold,—but others that have their bodies all made of black; or, some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the hawthorn-fly, which is all black,—and not big, but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather, is excellent in a bright day: you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather: and, grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note, that, usually, the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day; and the darkest and least fly, in a bright or clear day: and lastly note, that you are to repair, upon any occasion, to your magazine-bag; and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder according to your fancy, or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly, usually, in and about that month, near to the river side, especially against rain: the oak-fly, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly, and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree:[2] the small black-

reckoned a valuable secret. You may dib for a trout also with a fly or grasshopper, as for a chub, under a bush, by the bank side, with a strong rod, and short strong line. If they do not rise after half a dozen trials, there are none there, or they dislike your bait.—BROWNE.

[1] This is impossible, unless you dib with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practised. The method of throwing or casting is more particularly treated of in the notes on chap. v. part ii.—H.

[2] The oak-fly is known also by the names of the ash-fly and the woodcock-fly: and in Shropshire it is called the cannon or downhill-fly. Bowlker, in his "Art of Angling," p. 63, says, "This fly is bred in those little balls

fly, or hawthorn-fly, is to be had, on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With the and a short line, as I showed to angle for a chub—you may dape or dop; and also with a grasshopper; behind a tree, or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water, as if it were alive; and still keeping yourself out of sight,—you shall certainly have sport if there be trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.



On the Lea: The Stop, Chingford.

And now, scholar; my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look

which grow on the boughs of large oaks, commonly called oak-apples. Several of these balls had been gathered in the winter and brought into the house; in each was found the cannon fly,—some of which, being enlivened by the warmth of the room, immediately took flight, and fixed in the window with the head downwards, the position they observe on the trees."

This discovery, by which the formation of galls is accounted for, as well as the substances above mentioned, was made long ago by Malpighi; who had, with great diligence, attended to the operations of insects in the act of depositing their eggs: and, in his treatise "De Gallis," he describes the hollow instrument, wherewith many flies are provided, with which they perforate the tegument of leaves, fruits, or buds, and through the hollow of it inject their eggs into the wounds which they have made,—where, in process of time, they hatch and are nourished: and this he

about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them; and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts.[1]

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
for thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

beheld one of those insects doing in the bud of an oak. See Malpighi, "De Gallis," p. 47; also Dr. Plot's "History of Staffordshire," p. 224. Dr. Derham says, he himself "had the good fortune to see an oak-ball *ichneumon* strike its *terebra* into an oak-apple divers times, no doubt to lay its eggs therein."—Derham's Phys. Theol. book 8, chap. vi. note *bb*.—H.

' There are many vegetable excrescences called *galls*, and which owe their origin to an egg having been deposited in the substance out of which they grow. These galls are of various forms and sizes. One of the most beautiful of them is that found on the common wild dog-rose. The fly which occasions them cuts round the tender bark of a small succulent branch of the rose, and turns up a portion of it. Where the sap recedes, not having a conductor to the roots, a pretty tuft of reddish moss-like fibres is thrown out, which shelters the newly hatched egg till the following spring.—ED.

[1] I regard this as one of the most pleasing scenes in Walton's delightful pastoral. Whether we look at his cheerfulness, the kindness of his heart, or the contentment of his mind, it is plain that his chief enjoyment consisted, not in the capture of a trout, but in strolling on the banks of a river on a summer's day, and in contemplating the works of Creation, which afforded him a boundless theme of praise and admiration. How well has Otway described what Walton must have felt at such moments:—

"No cares or business here disturb our hours,
While underneath these shady, peaceful bowers
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a thousand pleasures pass the day.
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly;
Just as the sun declining with his beams
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding streams;
Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away."—ED.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie:
My music shows you have your closes,
and all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal,—
then, chiefly, lives.

Ven. I thank you, good master! for your good direction for fly-fishing; and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day,—which is, so far, spent without offence to God or man. And I thank you, for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling,—and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Pisc. Well, my loving scholar! and *I* am pleased, to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's, so well,—let me tell you, what a reverend and learned divine—that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently—hath writ of our book of *Common Prayer;* which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.[1]

What! PRAY'R *by the* BOOK? *and* COMMON? Yes; why not?
The *spirit of grace*
And supplication,
Is not left free, *alone*
For time and place,

[1] This passage goes very near to unfold to us a secret in literary history, viz. the name of the author of "The Synagogue," a collection of poems suppletory to that of Mr. George Herbert, entitled "The Temple;" for we see "Ch. Harvie" subscribed to the ensuing "Eulogium on the Common Prayer," which is also to be found in "The Synagogue." And I find in the "Athen. Oxon." vol. i. p. 267, a Christopher Harvey, a Master of Arts, Vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire, born in 1597, and who lived to 1663, and perhaps after. Further, the second copy of commendatory verses prefixed to this book has the inscription "Ch. Harvie, M.A." The presumption therefore is very strong that both were written by the Christopher Harvey above-mentioned. At the end of "The Synagogue" are some verses subscribed "Iz. Wa."—H.

But manner too: TO READ, OR SPEAK, *by rote,*
Is, all, alike—to him that prays,
In's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray; may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their souls' most intimate affections known
To Him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way,
In public prayer;
Should do it, so,
As all that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have prayed.

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be *good*,—the *commoner* the better.
Prayer in the Church's WORDS *as well*
As SENSE, of all prayers bears the bell.[1]

CH. HARVIE.

And now, scholar! I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods; which we left in the water to fish for themselves;

[1] These verses were written at or near the time when the Liturgy was abolished by an ordinance of Parliament; and while it was agitating, as a theological question—whether, of the two, *preconceived* or *extemporary* prayer is most agreeable to the sense of Scripture.—In favour of the former I have heard it asserted by a very eloquent person, and one of the ablest writers both in prose and verse now living, that he never, without premeditation, could address his Maker in terms suited to his conceptions; and that of all written composition, he had found that of prayer to be the most difficult. Of the same opinion is a very eminent prelate of this day, who (being himself an excellent judge of literature), in a conversation on the subject, declared it to me—at the same time saying, that, excepting those in the Liturgy, he looked on the prayers of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, that occur in the course of his work, as by far the most eloquent and energetic of any in our language.—H.

and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks; are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep,—or eat,—or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar! no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business,—and the statesman is preventing, or contriving, plots,—then, we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling—as Dr. Boteler[1] said, of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge,—"God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar! when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence:—"That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you.

[1] The person here mentioned I take to be Dr. William Butler, an eminent physician of our author's time, styled by Fuller in his "Worthies" (Suffolk, p. 67), the Æsculapius of the age. He invented a medical drink called "Dr. Butler's Ale," which was a few years ago sold at certain houses in London, that had his head for a sign. One of these was in Ivy Lane, and another in an alley leading from Coleman-street to Basinghall-street. He was a great humourist, a circumstance in his character which, joined to his reputation for skill in his profession, might contribute to render him popular.—H.



THE ANGLER'S WISH.[1]

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice:
Sit here and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And, then, wash'd off by April showers:
Here, hear my *Kenna* sing a song:[2] [Like Hermit poor]
There see a blackbird feed her young,

[1] This song, which was not inserted till the third edition, bears evidence of having been written by Walton himself. Sir Harris Nicolas points out a variation in the fifth edition from the fourth, which is curious. In the fourth the name of "Chlora" is given—

"Here, hear my Chlora sing a song,"

while in the fifth it is "Kenna;" in allusion to his second wife's maiden name of "Ken." "Chlora" is an anagram, with a vowel altered, of "Rachel," the name of his first wife.—ED.

[2] We see by the author's reference to the margin, that he wishes to hear Kenna, his mistress, sing the song "Like Hermit poor." This song was set to music by Mr. Nich. Laneare, an eminent musician of Walton's time, (who, we are told by Wood, was also an excellent painter, and whose portrait is yet to be seen in the music school at Oxford), and is printed, with the notes, in a collection entitled "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues," folio, 1653. The song, as it stands there, is as follows:—

"Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure,
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
To wait such woes as Time cannot recure
Where none but love shall ever find me out.
And at my gates, and at my gates, despair shall linger still;
To let in death, to let in death, when love and fortune will.

"A gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staff of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:—

Or—with my *Bryan*,[1] and a book—
Loiter long-days near *Shawford-brook*:[2]
There, sit by him; and eat my meat:
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day:
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left the place; and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance; I sat down

"My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade
The flames may serve which from my heart arise.
And at my gates, &c."

It was also set by Sig. Alfonso Ferabosco, and published in a collection of his airs, in folio, 1609; but Laneare's is the better composition.

There is no doubt but that this song was (and probably with Mrs. Walton) a favourite; for some years after the restoration, the three first words of it had become a phrase. North, in his "Life of the Lord-keeper Guildford," speaking of Sir Job Charleton, then chief-justice of Chester, says he wanted to speak with the king, and went to Whitehall, where, returning from his walk in St. James's Park, he must pass; and there he sat him down, "like hermit poor." And I also find, among the poems of Phineas Fletcher, a metaphrase of Psalm xlii., which, we are told, may be sung to the tune of "Like Hermit poor." Further, we meet with an allusion to this song in "Hudibras," part i. canto ii. line 1169:—

"That done they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place."

[1] Probably the name of his favourite dog.—H. It has been supposed that Walton may have named him Brian, after one or other of his distinguished contemporaries: Brian Walton, or more probably Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, who was succeeded by Walton's friend Bishop Morley.—Ed.

[2] Shawford-brook is the name of that part of the river Sow that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford, to find coals for the poor; the right of fishery in which attaches to this little estate.—R.

by him: and, presently, we met with an accidental piece of merriment; which I will relate to you,—for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge, sat a gang of gipsies;



A Gipsy Encampment.

and near to them, sat a gang of beggars. The gipsies were, then, to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain, or indeed by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week, proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation; and for the remaining twenty shillings,—*that* was to be divided unto four gentlemen gipsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth.

And the first or chiefest gipsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings; which all men know is 6*s.* 8*d.*

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20*s.*, which all men know to be 5*s.*

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20*s.*, which all men know to be 4*s.*

The fourth and last gipsy was to have a sixth part of the 20*s.*, which all men know to be 3*s.* 4*d.*

As, for example,
3 times 6*s.* 8*d.* is—— 20*s.*
And so is 4 times 5*s.* —— 20*s.*
And so is 5 times 4*s.* —— 20*s.*
And so is 6 times 3*s.* 4*d.*— 20*s.*

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gipsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example,	*s.*	*d.*
	6	8
	5	0
	4	0
	3	4
Make but . . .	19	0

But now you shall know, that when the four gipsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money,—though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gipsy envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him; and every one said, the remaining shilling belonged to him: and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gipsy to another, will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years, are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gipsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,[1] to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this

[1] There is extant in the Spanish language, a book, which has been translated into English, and most of the other European languages, intitled "The Life of Guzman d'Alfarache;" containing an account of many cheats and rogueries which this same Guzman is related to have practised. But the above allusion is to "The English Guzman; or the History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind, written by [George] Fyddes, 4to, Lond. 1652," in imitation of this book. Hind appears to have been the grandest thief of his age; the son of a saddler at Chipping Norton, and apprentice to a butcher. In the rebellion he attached himself to the royal cause, and was actively engaged in the battles of Worcester and Warrington. In 1651, he was arrested by order of Parliament, under the name of

honeysuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging, in the next village.



Group of Beggars.

When these were gone we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one; but that was denied, by asking her, if doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak, for that was to let it alone; but she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it if she let it alone? And she confest herself mistaken. These, and twenty such like questions were proposed, with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars—whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses—talked, all together, about this ripping and unripping; and so loud, that not one heard what the other said. But, at last, one beggar craved audience, and

Brown, "at one Denzy's, a barber over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street;" which circumstances may have introduced him to Walton's notice.—NICOLAS.

told them that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his *Beggar's Bush*,[1] created king of their corporation, was that night to lodge at an ale-house, called Catch-her-by-the-way, not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to father Clause at night,—for he was an upright judge,—and in the mean time draw cuts, what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davison's song,[2] which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this—but first the burthen:

Bright shines the sun. Play, beggars, play:
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want, when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king.
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list,
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
Bright shines the sun. Play, beggars, play:
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will.
We purchase not; all is our own;
Both fields and streets we beggars fill:
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did every break a beggar's sleep.
Bright shines the sun. Play, beggars, play.
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies, therefore, as sure as creed.
Thus beggars lord it as they please,
And only beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun. Play, beggars, play:
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

[1] The comedy of the "Royal Merchant, or Beggar's Bush," was written by Beaumont and Fletcher, and not by Ben Jonson.—H.

[2] Frank Davison was the eldest son of Secretary Davison, the victim of the mean and cowardly device of Queen Elizabeth, to remove from herself the odium of the murder of Mary, Queen of Scots.—SIR H. NICOLAS.

Ven. I thank you, good master! for this piece of merriment; and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

Pisc. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch,—and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river; and try what interest our angles will pay us, for lending them so long to be used by the trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

Ven. Oh me, look you, master! a fish! a fish! oh, alas, master, I have lost her!

Pisc. Ah, marry, sir! that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then it is twenty to one he should have not broken my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod,—unless he had been fellow to the great trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George in Ware;[1]



[1] Trout have not unfrequently been caught in the river Thames weighing sixteen pounds. Mr. Yarrell has proved them to be the real trout, and not

and it may be, by giving that very great trout the rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water,[1] I might have caught him at the long run; for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish; and you will learn to do so too, hereafter; for I tell you, scholar! fishing is an art—or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

Ven. But, master! I have heard that the great trout you speak of is a salmon.

Pisc. Trust me, scholar! I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be very many learned men think so too,[2]—for in their dissecting them, they find many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Dr. Merie Casaubon affirms, in his book of credible and incredible things, that Gaspar Peucerus,[3] a learned physician, tells us of a people that, once a year, turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions.[4] And, so, whether this were a salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning

sea-trout. General Popham fed trout to a very large size in his preserves at Hungerford, for which purpose he purchased large quantities of fresh-water shrimps. We have already (page 106) noticed a trout weighing 22½ lbs.—Ed.

[1] Cotton disapproves of this plan, in Part II. Chap. XII., although there is no doubt it must be done under some circumstances.—Ed.

[2] This curious notion is got from Topsell, p. 266.—Ed.

[3] Gaspar Peucer was Melancthon's son-in-law, and editor of his works. He wrote various medical treatises, and one on moneys, weights and measures. He suffered an imprisonment of ten years, during which time he wrote his thoughts on the margin of books with an ink made of burnt crusts and wine. He was born 1525, and died 1602, aged 78.—Ed.

[4] Among the many strange delusions which have afflicted men, that of supposing themselves transformed into brutes of various kinds, such as horses (*hippanthropy*), dogs (*cynanthropy*), wolves (*lycanthropy*), or others, has been so frequent as to give names to several forms of mania, classed by Sauvages in his Nosology under the general head of *Zoanthropy*. Raulin affirms that a whole cloister of nuns imagined themselves to be cats, mewing, &c., as such: a few years since there might have been seen in the hospital of Bellevue near New York, a man who fancied himself to be a bee, and had attained singular skill in grunting as he rolled among the straw of his cell; and the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel iv. 33) seems to have been a maniacal *boanthropy*, upon which many curious conjectures have been made. It is remarkable that the wolf-man, *Lycanthropus* of the Greeks (see *Vossii Etymologia*, 269, for *Lucomanus*), *Loup garou* of the French, *Währ-wolf* of the Germans, has been known from far antiquity down to comparatively modern times.—Am. Ed.

into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots: and yet many think he is not.

Ven. But, master! will this trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

Pisc. I will tell you, scholar! that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live: and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook; and it will in time wear away,—as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar! let's go to my rod. Look you, scholar! I have a fish too: but it proves a logger-headed chub; and this is not much amiss; for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come! now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water: for it rains again, and we will even retire



to the sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing; for I would fain make you an artist.

Ven. Yes, good master! I pray let it be so.

Pisc. Well, scholar! now we are sat down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of trout-fishing, before I speak of the salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then, of the pike or luce.

You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for

a trout; and that, in the night, the best trouts come out of their holes. And the manner of taking them is: on the top of the water, with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two,[1] which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift; there, draw your bait over the top of the water to and fro, and if there be a good trout in the hole, he will take it; especially if the night be dark,[2]—for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog, or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle, or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old trouts usually lie, near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold; but lies in it as close in the day, as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great trout feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a long line, and not a little hook: and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light-colour, and at the snap,[3] nay he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or anything that seems to swim across the water, or be in motion. This is a choice way: but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

[1] Barker says: "Another good method is to cover your hook with a large worm drawn up the shank, and to add several others about the point, leaving parts of them hanging round, and to let the bait lie at the bottom. This does well also in the day-time."

[2] You will hear when they rise, then slack your line down as near as you can guess to the bottom, holding it upright; you will easily perceive a bite by your hand.—BROWNE.

[3] That is to say, at the first touch of the fish. The *White Palmer* is a good night fly, on a large hook; then as day dawns, substitute a *Red*, and at full light a *Black* of the same kind. These, with lob-worms, will serve all the year for night angling; which is the surest of all, and kills the largest trout. Your line must not be longer than your rod.—BARKER'S DELIGHT.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire—which I think exceeds all England, for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts—they use to catch trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw; which when they have discovered, they strike with a trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many; but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

Ven. But, master! do not trouts see us, in the night?

Pisc. Yes; and hear, and smell, too, both then and in the day-time.[1] For Gesner observes, the otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water; and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his *Natural History;* who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus: "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place, may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on



Lord Bacon.

[1] Swammerdam asserts that fish hear, and adds, that "they have a wonderful labyrinth of the ear for that purpose." A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw carp come at the whistling of the feeder.—H. I have tried too many experiments as to the hearing of fish not to be convinced that they do hear, and there is little doubt of their sense of smelling. When I have been feeding the gold and silver fish in Hampton Court Gardens, and cut the inside of a piece of orange-peel to resemble a bit of bread, they would never touch it, which is some evidence that they do smell. Besides which it was a confirmed practice with anglers to use aromatic essences in their ground-baits, and, as I have already said, (see p. 134,) it was found to answer.—Ed.

a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that eels unbed themselves, and stir, at the noise of thunder; and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth, which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon, "Exper." 792, has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming, that he knew carps come to a certain place in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And however, it shall be a rule for me, to make as little noise as I can, when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.

And lest you may think him singular in this opinion,—I *will tell you, this seems to be believed* by our learned Doctor Hakewill, who, in his "Apology of God's Power and Providence,"[1] *p. 360, quotes* Pliny, to report that one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds; and, in them, several fish that appeared and came, when they were called by their particular names.[2] And St. James tells us, chap. iii. 7, that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us, Lib. ix. 35, that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey, at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted, as to shed tears at the death of fishes, which they have kept and loved.[3] And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from Martial, Lib. iv. Epigr. 30, who writes thus:—

[1] This book, which was first published in folio, 1633, and is full of excellent learning and good sense, contains an examination and censure of that common error which philosophers have fallen into: "that there is in Nature a perpetual and universal decay." The contrary whereof is with great force demonstrated.—H.

[2] I have read somewhere of a trout which was kept for a long time in a little spring pond, that answered to the name of "Tom." And in the *Ayr Observer*, there was mention made of an Eel in a garden well, which came to be fed out of a spoon by the children on being called by his name, Rob Roy. Lucian (Syrian Goddess) says: "There is also an adjacent lake, very deep, in which many sacred fishes are kept; some of the largest have names given to them, and come when they are called."—Ed.

[3] Mons. Bernier, in his "Mogul Empire," reports the like of the Great Mogul.—H.

Piscator! fuge, ne nocens, &c.

Angler! would'st thou be guiltless? then forbear;
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command;
Nay more, they've names, and when they called are,
Do to their several owners' call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this shall be, to advise anglers to be patient and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish.

And so I shall proceed, next, to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat, than the next, and also to bear finer wool, —that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser again, if they shall return to their former pasture; and, again, return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground:—Which, I tell you, that you may the better believe that, I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar! I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and enamelled colour of him hath been such, as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, "Everything is beautiful in its season." [1]

I should, by promise, speak next of the salmon; but I

[1] The trout delights in small purling rivers, and brooks, with gravelly bottoms and a swift stream. His haunts are an eddy, behind a stone, a log, or a bank that projects forward into the river, and against which the stream drives; a shallow between two streams; or, towards the latter end of the summer, a mill-tail. His hold is usually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree. He spawns about the beginning of November; and does not recover till the beginning of March. When you fish for large trout or salmon, a winch fastened to the rod, at the butt-end, will be very useful: upon the rod whip a number of small rings of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and, at first, about two feet distant from each other, but, afterwards, diminishing gradually in their distances till you come to the end. The winch should carry ten yards or more of wove hair or silk line. When you have struck a fish that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, and wind him up as he tires. [You will find great conveni-

will, by your favour, say a little of the umber or grayling; which is so like a trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and, then, the next shall be of the salmon.

ence in a spike, screwed into the end of the butt of your rod: when you have struck a fish, retire backwards from the river, and, by means of the spike, stick the rod perpendicular in the ground; you may then lay hold of the line, and draw the fish to you, as you see proper. But this should not be done against the stream, or till the fish is exhausted, as the line would be likely to snap.—Ed.] When you angle for a trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need but make three or four trials in a place; which, if unsuccessful, you may conclude that there are none there. Walton, in speaking of the several rivers where trout are found, has made no mention of the Kennet; which, undoubtedly, produces as good and as many trouts as any river in England. In the reign of King Charles the Second, a trout was taken—in that river, near Newbury, with a casting net—which measured forty-five inches in length.—H. Hofland is very elaborate on the subject of trout-fishing, to whom the practical angler is referred. For the economy of the fish consult Yarrell, and an ingenious paper by Mr. Boccius, in Loudon's "Entertaining Naturalist."—Ed.



Broxbourn, on the Lea.



THE FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER VI.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE UMBER OR GRAYLING, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

PISCATOR.—The umber and grayling are thought, by some, to differ as the herring and pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names.[1] Aldrovandus says, they be of a trout kind: and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the chub "un villain," call the umber of the lake Leman, "un umble chevalier;" and they

[1] The larger grayling is called an umber; as the full-grown jack is called a pike.—BROWNE.

value the umber or grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do, that our smelts smell like violets at their first being caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the salmon, the grayling, and trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape, and pleasant colours, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, it is not my purpose to dispute: but it is certain, all that write of the umber, declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says that the fat of an umber, or grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness, or swarthiness, or anything that breeds in the eyes. Salvian[1] takes him to be called umber from his swift swimming or gliding out of sight, more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you that St. Ambrose, the glorious Bishop of Milan, who lived when the Church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse. But I must, and pass on to, tell you how to take this dainty fish.



Grayling.

[1] Hippolito Salviani, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: he wrote a treatise "De Piscibus, cum eorum figuris;" and died at Rome, 1572, aged 59.—H.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a trout,[1] for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the trout does; and is usually taken with the same baits as the trout is, and after the same manner—for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly—though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a pegakita, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or indeed at most flies that are not too big.[2] He is a fish that lurks close all winter; but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months. He is of a very fine shape; his flesh is white; his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat,—yet he has so tender a mouth that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury; yet he is not so general a fish as the trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for.[3] And so I shall

[1] There are three very distinct sizes of grayling. The pink, so called from its not much exceeding the minnow in size. The skett, or skate, which average about five to the pound; and the half-pound fish, which then takes the name of "grayling." Pennant mentions, as a rare instance, a grayling, caught near Ludlow, which weighed four pounds, six ounces; and was more than eighteen inches in length. A member of the Houghton Fishing Club sent me one about the same weight, and I had two sent me which weighed three pounds and a half each.—ED.

[2] The following is one of the great secrets in grayling-fishing. "Go to a deep dead part of the river, never mind if there is no wind, or if the sun is hot; use the finest gut you can procure, and two flies; and when you have thrown your line as light as gossamer, let it sink for eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight curl in the water, which by a little practice you will understand quite as well, and when you strike you will have the pleasure of finding a good fish, or more, tugging away at the end of your line instead of a skett grayling. Though the best anglers prefer the fly, it must be confessed that the largest grayling are killed by the maggot and grasshopper. The most destructive way with both is to sink and draw."—ED. (from his "Angler's Rambles.")

[3] The haunts of the grayling are so nearly the same with those of the trout, that in fishing for either, you may, in many rivers, catch both. They spawn about the beginning of April; when they lie, mostly, in sharp

take my leave of him: and now come to some observations of the salmon, and how to catch him.

streams. Baits for the grayling are chiefly the same as those for the trout, except the minnow, which he will not take so freely. He will also take gentles very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly you can hardly use one too small. The grayling is much more apt to rise than descend; therefore, when you angle for him, alone, and not for the trout,—use a float, with the bait from six to nine inches from the bottom, rather than the running-line.

The grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the Humber. And in the Wye, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire into the Severn, I have taken with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers of a small, but excellent fish, of the trout kind, called a Last-spring; of which, somewhat will be said in a subsequent note. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason, those of that country use a thing they call a THORRICLE, or TRUCKLE: in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin "corbula," a little basket: it is a basket shaped like the half of a walnut's shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse'-hide; it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person: and is so light that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood,—and, so, travel, with a small paddle which serves for a stick, till they come to a river; and then they launch it, and step in: there is great difficulty in getting into one of those truckles, for the instant you touch it with your foot it flies from you: and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. It is very diverting to see how upright a man is forced to sit in these vessels, and to mark with what state and solemnity he draws up the stone which serves for an anchor, when he would remove, and lets it down again: however, it is a sort of navigation that I would wish our piscatory disciple never to attempt.—H.





THE FOURTH DAY

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE SALMON: WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

PISCATOR.—The Salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness. He is said to breed or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August:[1] some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which He infuses into that cold element, makes it brood, and beget life in the spawn, and to become samlets early in the spring next following.

[1] Their usual time of spawning is about the beginning of September; but it is said that those in the Severn spawn in May.—H. The spawning season varies in different rivers and from different causes (see Yarrell's "Fishes," vol. ii. p. 1—70, and Supp. 1—8, where all that relates to the salmon is elaborately treated). In the Tweed, salmon are found to spawn from the end of September till the beginning of November. They are also known to spawn at different times in the same river. This may account for their running up rivers, of all sizes, in summer and autumn.—ED.

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters,—they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner: but if they be stopped by flood-gates or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters,—then those so left behind, by degrees grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper, that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak,[1] which hinders their feeding; and in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. It is observed, that he may live thus, one year, from the sea: but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength; and pines and dies the second year. And it is noted, that those little salmons called skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea,[2] are bred by such sick salmons that might not go to the sea; and, that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.[3]

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea,—then that gristle which shows him to be a kipper, wears away; or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill; and he recovers his strength; and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible,—to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him;[4] for, as one has wittily observed, he has—like some persons of honour and riches, which have both their winter

[1] This gristly tusk, or "gil," is only found in male salmon generally about spawning time, and some weeks afterwards, and disappears as the fish get into condition, and reappear in the following breeding season. The use of it is not accurately known. Browne thinks it is a temporary defence against other fish that would devour the spawn, but Ephemera is of opinion, after much observation, that its use is for making furrows in the gravel bed of the river in which the female deposits her milt.—Ed.

[2] "Particularly the rivers of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Dorsetshire about May."—Browne.

[3] This is now found to be incorrect. Skeggers are the one-year old produce of healthy and not of sick salmon. Mr. Yarrell adopts the following terminology:—Salmon of the first year is a *Peal*: of the second year, till he goes to the sea, a *Smolt*; and after its return, in the autumn, *Salmon Peal*, or *Grilse*.—Ed.

[4] The migration of the salmon, and divers other sorts of fishes, is analogous to that of birds; and Mr. Ray confirms Walton's assertion, by saying, that "Salmon will yearly ascend a river four or five hundred miles: only to cast their spawn, and secure it in banks of sand till the young be hatched and excluded; they then return to sea again." See Ray's *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, p. 80.

and summer-houses—the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his "History of Life and Death," above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the salmon does grow big in the sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.[1]

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea; yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers,—to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through flood-gates, or over weirs, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief.[2] Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions in his "Britannia," the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high that the people stand and wonder at the strength, and slight, by which they see the salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known, far, by the name of the salmon-leap. Concerning which, take

[1] Later researches have established that it is in the sea and not in the fresh water that salmon fatten. They are in their primest condition immediately after their return from the sea, and then gradually lose their brightness, and become comparatively lean.—ED.

[2] Mudie, in the "British Naturalist," describes, from personal observation, some of the situations of extraordinary salmon-leaps. Of the fall of Kilmorac, on the Beauly in Invernesshire, it is said, "that the pool below the fall is very large; and as it is the head of the river in one of the finest salmon rivers in Scotland, and only a few miles distant from the sea, it is literally thronged with salmon, which are continually attempting to pass the fall, but without success, as the limit of their perpendicular spring does not appear to exceed twelve or fourteen feet; at least, if they leap higher than that, they are aimless and exhausted, and the force of the current dashes them down again before they have recovered their energy. They often kill themselves by the violence of their exertions to ascend." We are told that by the side of the leap, on a flat piece of rock, a kettle was kept boiling, and the salmon frequently, on missing their spring, fell into this kettle and were boiled alive. The Frasers of Lovat, who were lords of the manor of Beauly, used to entertain their friends on such occasions, under a canopy erected near the stream.—YARRELL.

this also out of Michael Drayton,[1] my honest old friend; as he tells it you, in his "Polyolbion."

> As when the salmon seeks a fresher stream t ...,
> Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind,
> As he tow'rds season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
> Where Tivy, falling down, makes an high cataract,
> Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
> As though within her bounds they meant her to inclose;—
> Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
> And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive:
> His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
> That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw—
> Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
> That, bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
> Far off itself doth cast, so does the salmon vault;
> And if at first he fail, his second summersault[2]
> He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
> Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
> Above the opposing stream.

This, Michael Drayton tells you, of this lea[illegible]summer-sault of the salmon.

And next, I shall tell you,—that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better salmon than in England,—and that though some of our northern counties have as fat, and as large,[3] as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.

[1] An excellent poet, born in Warwickshire, 1563. Among his works, which are very numerous, is the "Polyolbion," a chorographical description of the rivers, mountains, forests, castles, &c., in this island. Though this poem has great merit, it is rendered much more valuable by the learned notes of Mr. Selden. The author died in 1631, and lies buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey.—H.

[2] Summersault, or summerset, from *soubresault*, Fr. a high leap, in which the heels are thrown over the head. To throw a summerset, is a phrase common with tumblers.—H. Drayton's notion of the salmon-leap, which prevails almost universally even to the present day, is found to be more poetical than true. The salmon is said never to curve itself or put its tail into its mouth for the purpose of leaping, but to derive its saltatory force from its powerful fins.—Ed.

[3] The following interesting article of intelligence appeared in one of the London journals, April 18, 1789:—"The largest salmon ever caught, was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet from the point of the nose to the extremity of the tail, and three feet round the thickest part of the body; its weight was seventy pounds, within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minories cut it up at one shilling per pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately."—H. Hofland

And as I have told you that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden: it is said, that, after he is got into the sea, he becomes, from a samlet not so big as a gudgeon, to be a salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this, has been observed; by tying a ribband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young salmons, which have been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water; and then by taking a part of them, again with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months[1] after; (and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows; who have, after six months' absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following:) which has inclined many to think, that every salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred;[2] as young pigeons, taken out of the same dove-cote, have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the he-salmon is usually bigger than the spawner; and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water than she is: yet she is—at that time of looking less kipper, and better—as watery, and as bad meat.

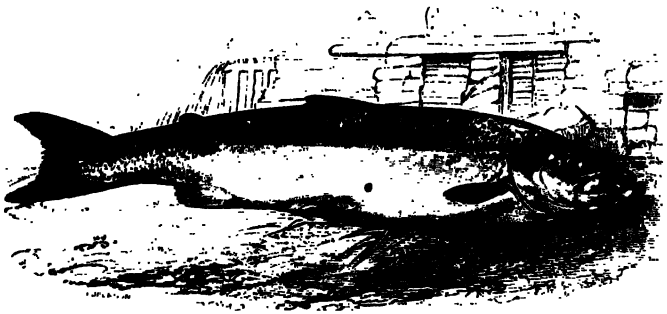
And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general

mentions one of seventy-four pounds, which was caught at loch Awe, hooked one day and not landed till the next. We have heard that Professor Wilson caught a salmon with a fly, in Scotland, which weighed sixty-four pounds. But the largest on record came into the possession of Mr. Grove, fishmonger, of Bond-street, in 1821. This weighed eighty-three pounds. Salmon of great weight used formerly to be taken in the Thames; but we believe not for more than twenty years. Human ingenuity has of late years come to the aid of Salmon in facilitating its passage over the steepest falls. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, invented in 1840 an intersected stair-ladder (figured in Mr. Yarrell's work), by which the fish can ascend any fall step by step. And in the late Paris Exposition (1855) the model of one was exhibited which had been used with much success in Ireland, and up which even minnows had been seen to ascend.—ED.

[1] On an average Salmon return to their native river within three months, and frequently in two.—ED.

[2] That this is undoubtedly the case, has been proved of late years, by the practice of marking salmon and then turning them again into the river from which they were taken, and in which they have been found the following year.—ED.

rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation, that have trouts and salmons in season in winter, as it is certain there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April.[1] But, my scholar! the observation of this and many other things, I must in manners omit; because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time; and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my directions, how to fish for this



Salmon.

And, for that: first, you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will; but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head;[2] and that he does not, as the trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground,[3] and that, there, you are to fish for him; and that

[1] In the River Lea, which runs into the sea at the Cove of Cork, salmon are in season the whole year round, as I can myself testify, having resided at Cork the greater part of the year.—RENNIE.

[2] The salmon delights in large, rapid rivers; especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms.—H.

[3] A caddis or gentle, put on the tip of a hook baited with a dub-fly, takes salmon smelts beyond expectation.—BROWNE. The sand-eel is a favourite food of the Salmon, although it seldom happens that any food is discovered in the stomach of the fish. The reason is, that when a salmon is hooked, or struggling in a net, the contents of the stomach are immediately disgorged. A friend of mine in Scotland having, in an estuary of the sea, enclosed a great number of salmon, distinctly saw them, as the net was being hauled to the shore, throw up quantities of sand-eels.—ED.

he is to be caught, as the trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly.[1]

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will; and not usually at a fly; but, more usually at a worm, and then, most usually, at a lob or garden-worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them; and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept still longer, by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphire into it.[2]

Note also, that many use to fish for a salmon, with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand; which is to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you, that which may be called a secret. I have been a-fishing with old Oliver Henly, now with God, a noted fisher both for trout and salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four

[1] The precise layers of Salmon in different rivers can only be known by experience. They are sometimes found close to the banks in eddies, diverging currents, or rapids caused by obstructions, about which flies, worms, and other food are likely to be collected. The best plan is to obtain information from a fisherman in the locality.—Ed.

[2] Baits for salmon are: lob-worms, for the ground; smaller worms and bobs, cad-bait, and, indeed, most of the baits taken by the trout, at the top of the water. And as to flies; remember to make them of the most gaudy colours, and very large. There is a fly called the horse-leech fly, which he is very fond of: they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two (and some have three) pair of wings, placed behind each other: behind each pair of wings, whip the body about with gold or silver twist, or both; and do the same by the head. With this fly, fish *at length*, as for trout and grayling. But if you *dib*, do it with two or three butterflies of different colours, or with some of the most glaring small flies you can find.—H. The artificial fly is undoubtedly the most pleasant and effective mode of angling for salmon. Never strike too suddenly at a rising fish, nor till you feel him, which you will do readily if he has taken the bait, as he generally turns his head.—Ed.

worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason; and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out, to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time;" but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him, could do, and especially salmons. And I have been told, lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms, was anointed with a drop or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion: and told that, by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's "Natural History," where he proves fishes may hear; and, doubtless, can more probably smell; and I am certain Gesner says the otter can smell in the water; and I doubt not but that fish may do so too. It is left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments, but not tried by myself, which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me, by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing; he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey; and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it."

The other is this: "Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant Balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris vero longe suavissimi."[1]

'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assafœtida may do the like.[2]

[1] *Translation*—"Slit the largest branches of an ivy tree, and it will yield an oleaginous balsam, white in colour and of a pleasing odour."

[2] The *assafœtida* bait which Walton refers to probably is this:—"Take

But in these things I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical men, namely, from Sir George Hastings and others, an affirmation of them, to be very advantageous. But no more of these, especially not in this place.[1]

I might, here, before I take my leave of the salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them; as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger.[2] But these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ, as we know, a Herring and a Pilchard do;[3] which, I think, are as different as the

assafœtida, three drachms; camphor, one drachm; Venice turpentine, one drachm. Beat altogether with some drops of oil of lavender and oil of camomile. Anoint eight inches of your line above the hook with it; and for a trout in a muddy stream, and a gudgeon in clear water, it has the preference over any other unguent whatever." In a book intitled, the "Secrets of Angling," by J. Denny; at the end, is the following mystical recipe of "R. R." who possibly may be the "R. Roe" mentioned in Walton's preface: —

To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,—
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that which kills the oak.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When others fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.—H.

[1] No honest angler will ever resort to a nefarious way of taking fish. The following extract of a letter which appeared in one of the London papers, 21st June, 1788, should operate as a general caution against using, in the composition of baits, any ingredient prejudicial to the human constitution (*Nux vomica*, &c.). "Newcastle, June 16. Last week, in Lancashire, two young men, having caught a large quantity of trout by mixing the water in a small brook with lime, ate heartily of the trout at dinner the next day: they were seized, at midnight, with violent pains in the intestines; and though medical assistance was immediately procured, they expired, before noon, in the greatest agonies."—SIR H. NICOLAS.

[2] Called also a brandling. They live in the swiftest streams, and never grow beyond six or eight inches. The bait for these is the ant-fly or red worm, as for gudgeon.—BROWNE. They are also called fingerling, skerling, gravelling, laspring, sparling, and parr, all which names it would be desirable to discontinue excepting par and samlet.—YARRELL.

[3] There is a fish, in many rivers, of the salmon kind; which, though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of salmon-pink, shedders, skeggers, last-springs, and gravel last-springs. But there is another small fish very much resembling these in shape and colour, called

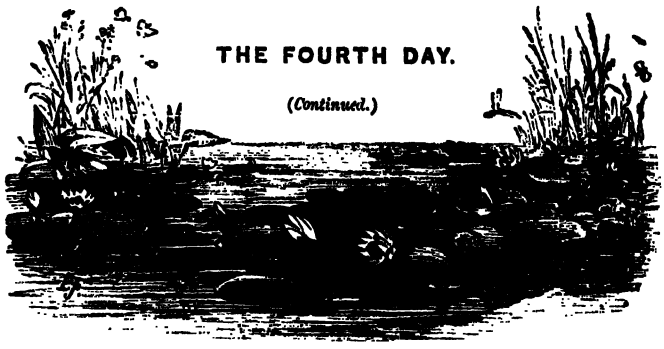
rivers in which they breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience, as to tell you, that the trout, or salmon, being in season, have—at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life—their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty as, I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age. And so I shall leave them both, and proceed to some observations on the pike.

the gravel last-spring, found only in the rivers Wye and Severn; which is undoubtedly, a distinct species: these spawn about the beginning of September: and in the Wye, I have taken them with an ant-fly, as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what Walton calls the tecon.—H.







THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE LUCE OR PIKE, WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Piscator. The mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not,—as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken; for he says this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds adapted for it by nature, do become pikes,[1]—but, doubtless, divers

[1] Richard Franks, in his "Northern Memoirs," attacks Walton for what he has said of the pickerel-weed, in the following terms. "When I met him (Isaac Walton) at Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel-weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority—viz., Gesner, Dubravius and Aldrovandus. Which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting that pickerels have been fished out of ponds where that weed (for aught I knew) never grew since the nonage of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who, to commode herself with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of his maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about his legs, in regard to adhering to the segs and bull-rushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as myself and others, without curiosity, have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, &c., and she mounting the air for another station, in all probability mounts with her. Where note—the next pond she haply arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no longer deliberated, but dropped his argument,

pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out; of which we have daily testimonies.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his "History of Life and Death," observes the pike to be the longest lived of any fresh-water fish; and yet he computes it to be not, usually, above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years; and yet Gesner mentions a pike taken, in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms.[1] But of this no more, but that it is observed, that the old or very great pikes have in them more of state than goodness, the smaller or middle-sized pikes being by the most, and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat; and, contrary, the eel is observed[2] to be the better for age and bigness.

and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huff'd away: which rendered him rather a formal opinionist, than a reformed and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion." —H. The doctrine of spontaneous generation, once supported by naturalists of great name, is as we have elsewhere said, exploded. The reader need hardly be told that pike breed like other river fish. They spawn (we quote from Blaine) in March or April, according to the temperature of the water, and retiring for the purpose in pairs, quit the rivers for the creeks and ditches. They seek the stillest part of the water, and frequently occupy a mud-bed, or remain towards the edges or shallows, depositing their spawn among aquatic plants, of which reeds and rushes are favourites. The male may be seen during this time accompanying the female with much attention, and when the fecundating milt has been deposited over the ova, the pair then retire into deep water, and seem to feel no further solicitude for the result of the process.—Ed.

[1] Walton appears to have quoted from memory, from "Hakewill's Apology," where Gesner is cited as the authority. It is there stated that the fish was put into the pond in 1230. The like account differs, however, three years in the date, from that given in a well-known book, entitled the "Gentleman's Recreation," which is: "In the year 1497, a fish was caught in a pond near Heilbron, in Suabia, with a brass ring, at his gills, in which were engraved these words; *I am the first fish which Frederick the Second, governor of the world, put into this pond the 5th of October*, 1233." By which it appears, that this fish had then lived two hundred and sixty-odd years."—H.

[2] This is a mistake. Large and old eels are not such good eating as those of a smaller size.—Ed.

All pikes that live long, prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind, which has made him, by some writers, to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition, which is so keen, that, as Gesner relates, a man going to a pond, where it seems a pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a pike bit his mule by the lips, to which the pike hung so fast, that the mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the mule angled out the pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a pike bit her by the foot as she was washing close in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry.[1] But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Seagrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame otters, that he hath known a pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his otters for a carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are persons of credit, and shall conclude this observation, by telling you, what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."[2]

[1] A girl was washing her hand in a small pond in Staffordshire, when a pike seized it and lacerated both her hand and arm very severely. —Ed.

[2] Bowlker, in his "Art of Angling," gives the following instance of the exceeding voracity of this fish:—"My father caught a pike in Barn-Meer (a large standing-water in Cheshire), was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the Lord Cholmondeley: his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of several sorts of fish. About twelve months after, his lordship drawed the canal, and found that this overgrown pike had devoured all the fish, except one large carp that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord; who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to throw in calves'-bellies, chickens'-guts, and such like garbage, to him, to prey upon. Being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, from want of food." The following

But if these relations be disbelieved,—it is too evident to

relation was inserted as an article of news in one of the London papers, Jan. *2nd*, 1765:—

Extract of a letter from Littleport. Dec. 17.

"About ten days ago, a large pike was caught in the river Ouse; which weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds, and was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid was gutting the fish, she found, to her great astonishment, a watch with a black ribbon, and two steel seals annexed, in the body of the pike; the gentleman's butler, upon opening the watch, found the maker's name, Thomas Cranefield, Burnham, Norfolk. Upon a strict inquiry, it appears that the said watch was sold to a gentleman's servant, who was unfortunately drowned about six weeks ago, in his way to Cambridge, between this place and South-Ferry. The watch is still in the possession of Mr. John Roberts, at the Cross Keys, in Littleport, for the inspection of the public."

And this in the same paper, the 25th of the same month and year:—

"On Tuesday last, at Lillishall lime-works, near Newport, a pool about nine yards deep, which has not been fished for ages, was let off, by means of a level brought up to drain the works; when an enormous pike was found: he was drawn out by a rope fastened round his head and gills, amidst hundreds of spectators, in which service a great many men were employed: he weighed upwards of *one hundred and seventy pounds* and is thought to be the largest ever seen. Some time ago, the clerk of the parish was trolling in the above pool, when his bait was seized by this furious creature, which by a sudden jerk pulled him in, and doubtless would have devoured him also, had he not by wonderful agility and dexterous swimming, escaped the dreadful jaws of this voracious animal."

In Dr. Plot's "History of Staffordshire," p. 246, are sundry relations of pike of great magnitude; one, in particular, caught in the Thame, an ell and two inches long.

The following story, containing further evidence of the voracity of this fish, with the addition of a pleasant circumstance, is in Fuller's "Worthies, Lincolnshire," p. 144:—

"A cub fox, drinking out of the river Arnus in Italy, had his head seized on by a mighty pike," so that neither could free themselves, but were ingrappled together. In this contest a young man runs into the water, takes them out both alive; and carrieth them to the Duke of Florence, whose palace was hard by. The porter would not admit him, without promising of sharing his full half in what the duke should give him; to which he (hopeless, otherwise, of entrance) condescended. The duke, highly affected with the rarity, was about giving him a good reward; which the other refused, desiring his highness would appoint one of his guard to give him an hundred lashes, that so his porter might have fifty, according to his composition. And here my intelligence leaveth me how much farther the jest was followed."

Fuller also relates—from a book entitled "Vox Piscis," printed in 1626—that one Mr. Anderson, a townsman and merchant of Newcastle, talking with a friend on Newcastle bridge, and fingering his ring, let it fall

be doubted, that a pike will devour a fish, of his own kind,[1] that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees, which is not unlike the ox and some other beasts taking their meat—not, out of their mouth, immediate into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are,[2] and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat, that though it appears to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over, any fish-flesh by degrees, without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then—as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous—so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger.[3] And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure

into the river: but it having been swallowed by a fish,—and the fish afterwards taken,—the ring was found and restored to him.—H. Ephemera says, "I believe the largest pike ever caught in the British Isles was that caught many years ago, and the weight of which was about 92lbs., in the river Shannon, by some visitors at Portumna Castle, the family seat of the Marquis of Clanricarde. I never myself saw a pike that weighed more than 33lbs; but Mr. Grove and other fishmongers tell me they have frequently had Dutch pike weighing upwards of 40 lbs., and sometimes reaching 50 lbs."

[1] A pike of a large size was taken in the river Ouse, by fastening on a lesser one, as the person was drawing it out of the water, who thus caught them both.—BROWNE. The keeper of Richmond Park sent me a pike of about seven pounds weight which had been killed, in consequence of its having attempted to swallow a pike nearly as large as itself.—ED.

[3] A pike will, perhaps, feed as readily on frogs as anything. I am not aware what Walton means by some kind of frogs being venomous. Did he include toads? And even the secretion from the pustules of the toad is merely acrid and not venomous.—ED.

[2] This is obviously quite fanciful.—ED.

him, he had seen two young geese, at one time, in the belly of a pike.[1] And doubtless a pike, in his height of hunger, will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, "The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone; and never swims in shoals, or with company, as roach and dace, and most other fish do; and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of anybody, as the trout and chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of pikes, are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, or abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind; but he observes, that the biting of a pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the pike is a fish that breeds but once a year, and that other fish, as namely, loaches, do breed oftener, and so, we are certain, tame pigeons do almost every month; and yet the hawk, a bird of prey, as the pike is a fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or, somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer; and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus; a he and she pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek, and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.[2]

I might say more of this: but it might be thought curiosity or worse;—and shall, therefore, forbear it; and, take

[1] I used annually to lose many young ducks, some of them of good size, in the waters of Hampton Court Gardens, in consequence of pike preying on them.—Ed.

[2] A paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1754,' contradicts Walton's account, and asserts that fish generate like other animals; but Walton is now found to be right. No sexual conjunction takes place. The female deposits her spawn which the male fecundates by covering it with his milt.—Ed.

up so much of your attention, as to tell you, that the best of pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst, in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the pike and some frogs: and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius,[1] a Bishop in Bohemia, who in his book "Of Fish and Fish-ponds," relates what, he says, he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:—

"As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog—when the pike lay, very sleepily and quiet, by the shore side—leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swollen cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs, and embraced the pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing, with them and his teeth, those tender parts: the pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the pike, till his strength failed; and then the frog sunk with the pike to the bottom of the water: then, presently, the frog appeared again at the top; and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror; after which, he presently retired to his secret hole. The Bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the pike that they might declare what had happened: and the pike was drawn forth; and both his eyes eaten out,—at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to

[1] Janus Dubravius Scala, bishop of Olmutz in Moravia, in the sixteenth century, was born at Pilsen in Bohemia; was sent ambassador into Sicily, and made President of the Chamber which tried the rebels of Smalcald. Besides the above book, (the Latin title whereof is "De Piscinis, et Piscium qui in eis aluntur, naturis,) he wrote in Latin, a "History of Bohemia:" and an oration to Sigismund, king of Poland, exhorting him to make war on the Turks. He seems to have practised the ordering of fish-ponds and the breeding of fish, both for delight and profit. His book "On Fish and Fish-ponds, in which are many pleasant relations, was, in 1599, translated into English, and published in quarto, by George Churchey, fellow of Lion's Inn, with the title of—"A new Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profit, both for gentlemen and yeomen, containing the order and manner of making of fish-ponds," &c.—H.

forbear, and assured them, he was certain that pikes were often so served."[1]

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the first book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be fishing-frogs, which the Dalmatians call the water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you, that 'tis not to be doubted, but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog, usually, swims the fastest of the two.



And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, so there be land and water-snakes.[2] Concerning which, take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs—which become young snakes—in some old dunghill, or a like hot place: but the water-snake, which is not venomous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch but breed her young alive; which she does not then forsake, but bides with them; and in case of danger, will take them all into her mouth, and swim away

[1] Mr. Pennant, in his "Zoology," 4to, Lond. 1766, vol. iv. p. 10, has the following remark on this passage of the "Complete Angler:"—

"As frogs adhere closely to the backs of their own species, so we know they will do the same by fish. Walton mentions a strange story of their destroying Pike; but that they will injure, if not entirely kill carp, is a fact indisputable from the following relation: A very few years ago, on fishing a pond belonging to Mr. Pitt, of Encombe, Dorsetshire, great numbers of the Carp were found each with a frog mounted on it, the hind legs clinging to the back, the fore-legs fixed in the corner of each eye of the fish, which were thin and greatly wasted, teased by carrying so disagreeable a load. These frogs we imagine to have been males disappointed of a mate."—Sir H. Ellis. See more on this subject at p. 210.

[2] This is erroneous. But the common English snake frequently takes to the water, and they have been seen swimming between the Hampshire coast and the Isle of Wight, which may have given rise to an idea of a water-snake.—Ed.

from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we, anglers, sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will, therefore, stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this



Pike.

His feeding is, usually, of fish or frogs: and, sometimes, a weed of his own called pickerel-weed,—of which, I told you, some think some Pikes are bred;[1] for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them; but whether those pikes, so bred, will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisition of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have. And shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for pike, either with a ledger, or a walking bait; and you are to note, that I call that a ledger-bait, which is fixed, or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it,—and I call that a walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait, though a dead one may catch, whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must, take this course.

[1] See note, p. 141.

First, for your live-bait. Of a fish; a roach or dace[1] is, I think, best and most tempting; and a pearch is the longest lived on a hook,—and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him,[2]—you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish, as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming-wire, along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time, and a little experience, will teach you better than I can by words.[3] Therefore I will, for the present, say no more of this: but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

Ven. But, good master! did you not say even now, that some frogs were venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Pisc. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs; that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish-frog. By flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green-frog, which is

[1] Shakspeare was probably an angler; as we conclude from the passage where *Falstaff*, contemplating his future design on the purse of good Master *Shallow*, says, "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him."—2 *Hen.* IV., *act* iii., *sc.* 2.—Ed.

[2] Nobbes, the authority in trolling, recommends (implying, of course, that you should not hurt your fish,) that as the pearch is dark coloured and the pike loves a glittering bait, you should scrape away some of the scales to make it brighter, in which condition, he says, it is best adapted to snap-fishing.—Ed.

[3] For this and other modes of preparing live-bait for trolling, see plate at end.

a small one, is by Topsell taken to be venomous; and so is the padock or frog-padock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large, and bony, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind; yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often; and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs;[1] and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And Cardanus[2] undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs;[3] but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs, for those I think are not venomous, especially the right water-frog, which, about February or March, breeds in ditches by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she-frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog or padock-frog, never does.

Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive.

[1] All frogs deposit their spawn in the water.—Ed.

[2] In his 19th Book "De Subtilitate." Hieronymus Cardanus was an Italian physician, naturalist, and astrologer, well known by his numerous writings: he died at Rome, 1576. He is said to have foretold the day of his death, and that, when it approached, he suffered himself to die of hunger to preserve his reputation. He had been in England, and wrote a character of our Edward VI.—H.

[3] There are many well attested accounts of the raining of frogs: but Mr. Ray rejects them as utterly false and ridiculous; and demonstrates the impossibility of their production in any such manner. See his "Wisdom of God in the Creation," 310. Also Derham's "Phys. Theol." 344.—H. It is, therefore, with considerable diffidence, I relate the following fact:—I had a house, some years ago, at Fulham, with a garden of about half an acre behind the house, which was surrounded by a high wall. I caused the whole of the garden to be deeply trenched, and when this had been done, there was a long and violent rain, which lasted some days. On going into the garden when the rain ceased, I found myriads of very small frogs crawling and hopping about. Now there was only a common pump in the garden, which was covered over. The soil of the garden was a sandy loam; of course no spawn could have vivified in it, especially after the deep trenching. Whence then did these frogs come?—Ed.

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none, but He whose Name is Wonderful, knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.[1]

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used: and it is thus. Having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long, should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough[2] near to a hole where a pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it, or rather more; and split that forked stick with such a nick or notch at one end of it, as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the pike bites, and then the pike having pulled the line forth of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this Ledger-bait to keep at a fixed place, undisturbed by wind or other

[1] It is presumed to be upon this passage that Lord Byron founds his charge of cruelty against Walton in the following well-known lines:—

> "That quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."
> "*Don Juan*," canto xiii.

In extenuation it should be observed that Walton copied this recipe from the "Book of St. Alban's."—Ed.

[2] Or in default of a bough, a stake: you may lay several of these at distances, and this is called trimmer fishing.—Browne.

accidents, which may drive it to the shore-side; for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a pike in the midst of the water, then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast it into the water, with the forked stick, to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the pike come. This I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently if there be any store of pikes: or these live-baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond.[1] And the like may be done with turning three or four live-baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles[2] of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice, for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live-baits.

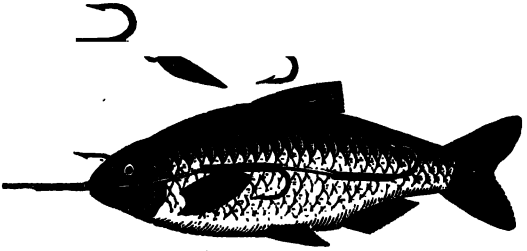
And for your dead-bait for a pike, for that you may be

[1] A rod twelve feet long and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike: but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder,—and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,—
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck;
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
When a Pike suns himself, and a-frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."
Barker's "Art of Angling."

[2] Bottle, Fr. *Botte*, a truss or bundle; in both of which senses it is used by our elder writers—in the latter by Walton. "Methinks," quoth Bottom, "I have a great desire to a *bottle of hay*.—*Mids. Night's Dream*, *a.* iv., *s.* 1. And thus, the Dean of St. Paul's:—

"But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay, that am a *bottle* of grass.—DONNE.

taught by one day's going a-fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead Gudgeon or a Roach, and moving it up and down the



Dead Bait for a Pike.

water,[1] is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it: and yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret. It is this:

Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead-bait for a pike; and then cast it into a likely place, and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water and so up the stream: and it is more than likely that you have a pike follow with more than common eagerness.

And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of an heron, is a great temptation to any fish.[2]

[1] This is called snap-fishing. The best times are February and early in March. Your line should be of whip-cord, tied to a long manageable pole; bait as directed; let your fish-bait sink a very little under water, dropping it down often, so as to make a splash or noise, among rushes or a likely haunt, and raising it slowly up again. As soon as you feel or see a pike touch, strike up, and with a strong jerk throw him on land. The proper hooks are sold at the shops.—BROWNE.

[2] If this be so, it must arise, I think, from the fishy smell of the Heron giving token of a goodly morsel of food, the undoubted cause of salmon-roe being so good a bait.—RENNIE. Another editor says jocosely, that it is perhaps by the influence of instinctive retaliation; for no greater enemy hath the 'habitants of the waters than the heron. It will strike at and wound the largest fish, though unable to carry it off; and it is esteemed more destructive than the Otter. As many as seventeen carp have been taken from the stomach of a single heron; and it is estimated that

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy.[1] But if this

one bird will destroy nine thousand fish in a year. Ephemera says here that "Anointing any fish dead-bait for pike or for perch, or any other fish, is more superfluous, if possible, than gilding the purest Australian gold nugget." But we have nevertheless unequivocal evidence that bait anointed with oil of ivy has, in some instances, proved very efficacious.—ED.

[1] The Pike loves a still, shady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst, or near weeds; such as flags, bulrushes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that sometimes covers standing waters, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. He is, sometimes, caught at the top; sometimes in the middle; and often, especially in cold weather, at the bottom. Their time of spawning, is about the end of February or the beginning of March; and, chief season, from the end of May to the beginning of February. Pikes are called jacks, till they become twenty-four inches long.

THE BAITS FOR PIKE, besides those mentioned by Walton; are a small trout; the loach and miller's-thumb; the head end of an eel, with the skin taken off below the fins; a small jack; a lob-worm; and, in winter, the fat of bacon. Pork is an excellent bait. And, notwithstanding what Walton and others say against baiting with a perch, it is confidently asserted, that pikes have been taken with a small perch, cutting off dorsal fins, when neither a roach nor bleak would tempt them.

Observe that all your baits for pike must be as fresh as possible. Living baits you may take with you in a tin kettle, changing the water often: and dead ones should be carried in fresh bran, which will dry up that moisture that otherwise would infect and rot them.

It is strange that Walton has said so little of TROLLING; a method of fishing for pike, which has been thought worthy of a distinct treatise; for which method, and for the snap, take these directions.

IN TROLLING, the head of the bait-fish must be at the bent of the hook; whereas, in fishing at the snap, the hook must come out at or near his tail. But the essential difference between these two methods is that, in the former, the pike is always suffered to pouch or swallow the bait; but, in the latter, you are to strike as soon as he has taken it. Some use what is called a spring snap-hook, so arranged with a spring that on the line being tightened the hooks spring apart and enter the pike's jaws. [The spring-snap is generally used with a dead-bait, a roach being the best one for the purpose. The snap-hooks are best in the summer months, when pike, finding plenty of fish-food in the rivers are very shy of the angler's lures. If at such periods pike seize your bait, they often reject it without pouching, so that it is necessary to strike immediately.—ED.]

THE ROD FOR TROLLING should be about three yards and a half long, with a ring at the top for the line to run through; or you may fit a trolling-top to your fly-rod, which need only be stronger than the common fly-top. Let your line be of green or sky-coloured silk, thirty yards in length, which will make it necessary to use the winch, as is before directed, with a swivel at the end.

direction to catch a pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good, for I have tried it; and it is somewhat the

THE COMMON TROLLING-HOOK for a living bait, consists of two large hooks, *with a common shank, made of one piece of wire, of about three quarters of an inch long, placed back to back, so that the points may not stand in the right line, but incline so much inwards, as that they with the shank may form an angle little less than equilateral.* At the top of the shank is a loop—left in the bending the wire to make the hook double—through which is put a strong twisted brass wire, of about six inches long; and to this is looped another such link, but both so loose that the hook and the lower link may have room to play. To the end of the line, fasten a steel swivel.

But there is a sort of trolling-hook—different from that already described, and to which it is by some thought preferable—which will require another management: this is no more than two single hooks tied back to back with a strong piece of gimp between the shanks. In whipping the hooks and the gimp together, make a small loop, and take into it two links of chain of about an eighth of an inch diameter; and into the lower link, by means of a small staple of wire, fasten, by the greater end, a bit of lead or a conical figure, and somewhat sharp at the point. These hooks are to be had at the fishing-tackle shops ready fitted up.

This latter kind of hook is to be thus used: put the lead into the mouth of the bait-fish, and sew it up; the fish will live some time, and though the weight of the lead will keep his head down, he will swim with near the same ease as if at liberty.

BUT IF YOU TROLL WITH A DEAD-BAIT—as some do, for a reason which the angler will be glad to know, viz. that a living bait makes too great a slaughter among the fish—do it with a hook, of which the following paragraph contains a description.

Let the shank be about six inches long, and leaded, from the middle as low as the bent of the hook, to which a piece of very strong gimp must be fastened by a staple and two links of chain; the shank must be barbed like a dart, and the lead a quarter of an inch square: the barb of the shank must stand like the fluke of an anchor, which is placed in a contrary direction to that of the stock. Let the gimp be about a foot long, and to the end thereof on a swivel. To bait it, thrust the barb of the shank into the mouth of the bait-fish, and bring it out at his side near the tail: when the barb is thus brought through, it cannot return, and the fish will lie perfectly straight, a circumstance that renders the trouble of tying the tail unnecessary.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER SORT OF TROLLING-HOOK—which is, indeed, no other than what most writers on this subject have mentioned; whereas the others, here described, are late improvements—and this is a hook, either single or double, with a long shank, leaded about three inches up the wire with a piece of lead about a quarter of an inch square at the greater or lower end; fix to the shank an armed wire about eight inches long. To bait this hook, thrust your wire into the mouth of the fish, quite through his belly, and out at his tail; placing the wire so as that the point of the hook may lie

better for not being common: but with my direction you must take this caution, that your pike must not be a small

even with the belly of the bait-fish; and then tie the tail of the fish with strong thread to the wire,—some fasten it with a needle and thread, which is a neat way.

Both with the troll and at the snap, cut away one of the fins of the bait-fish close at the gills, and another behind the vent on the contrary side, which will make it play the better.

The bait being thus fixed, is to be thrown in, and kept in constant motion in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually raised, but not perpendicularly; now drawn with the stream, and then against it, so as to counterfeit the motion of a small fish in swimming. If a pike is near, he mistakes the bait for a living fish, seizes it with prodigious greediness, goes off with it to his haunt, and in about ten minutes, or more, pouches it. When he has thus swallowed the bait, you will see the line move, which is the signal for striking him; do this with two lusty jerks, and then play him. [If the line slackens before that time, it is a signal he has pouched the bait; but if you see a great number of very small bubbles rising from the spot where you know by the direction of the line, the jack is lying, you should forbear to strike, it being a certain sign that he has not pouched.—ED.]

THE OTHER WAY OF TAKING PIKE, VIZ. WITH THE SNAP, is as follows:

Let the rod be twelve feet long, very strong and taper, with a strong loop at the top to fasten your line to. Your line must be about a foot shorter than the rod, and much stronger than the trolling-line.

And here it is necessary to remember, that there are two ways of snapping for pike, viz. with the live and with the dead-snap.

For the live-snap there is no kind of hook so proper as the double-spring hook. To bait it, nothing more is necessary than to hang the bait-fish fast by the back fin to the middle hook, where he will live a long time.

OF HOOKS FOR THE DEAD-SNAP there are many kinds. One, which, after repeated trials, has been found to excel all others hitherto known, the description and use is as follows, viz. whip two hooks, of about three eighths of an inch in the bent, to a piece of gimp, in the manner directed for that trolling-hook. Then take a piece of lead, of the same size and figure as directed for the trolling-hook above-mentioned, and drill a hole through it from end to end; to bait it, take a long needle or wire, enter it in at the side, about half an inch above the tail, and with it pass the gimp between the skin and the ribs of the fish, bringing it out at his mouth; then put the lead over the gimp, draw it down into the fish's throat, and press his mouth close; and then, having a swivel to your line, hang on the gimp.

IN THROWING THE BAIT, remember, that the more you keep it in motion, the nearer it resembles a living fish.

When you have a bite, strike immediately the contrary way to that which the head of the pike lies, or to which he goes with the bait; if you cannot find which way his head lies, strike upright with two smart jerks, retiring backwards as fast as you can, till you have brought him to a landing-place, and then do as before is directed.

one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

First, open your pike at the gills, and, if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter-savory; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three; *both these last whole, for the* anchovies will melt, and the *oysters should not; to these* you must add also a pound of *sweet butter*, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice. These being thus mixed, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the pike's belly, and then his belly so sewed up, as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not,

As the pike spawns in March, and before that month rivers are seldom in order for fishing, it will hardly be worth while to begin trolling till April: after that, the weeds will be apt to be troublesome. But the prime month in the year for trolling is October, when the pike are fattened by their summer's feed, the weeds are rotted, and by the falling of the waters the harbours of the fish are easily found.

Choose to troll in clear and not muddy water, and in windy weather if the wind be not easterly.

Some use, in trolling and snapping, two or more swivels to their line, by means whereof the twisting of the line is prevented, the bait plays more freely, and, though dead, is made to appear as if alive, which, in rivers, is doubtless an excellent way, but those who fish in ponds or still waters will find very little occasion for more than one.

THE PIKE IS ALSO TO BE CAUGHT WITH A MINNOW, for which method take the following directions:

Get a single hook, slender, and long in the shank; let it resemble the shape of a shepherd's crook; put lead upon it, as thick near the bent as will go into the minnow's mouth; place the point of the hook directly up the face of the fish. Let the rod be as long as you can conveniently manage, with a line of the same length. Cast up and down, and manage it as when you troll with any other bait. If, when the pike hath taken your bait, he run to the end of the line before he hath gorged it, do not strike, but hold still only, and he will return back and swallow it. If you use that bait with a troll, I prefer it to any bait that I know.

The pike will not refuse a fly if it be large and gaudy, especially in a warm wind that roughs the water.

In *landing* a pike, great caution is necessary, for his bite is esteemed venomous. The best and safest hold you can take of him is by the head, in doing which, place your thumb and finger in his eyes.—H.

then as much of it as you possibly can: but take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail; and then take four, or five, or six, split sticks or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the pike's body from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret-wine, and anchovies, and butter, mixed together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges: lastly, you may either put into the pike with the oysters, two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the pike is cut off the spit; or to give the sauce a haut-gout, let the dish into which you let the pike fall, be rubbed with it: the using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion. M. B.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust, you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us there are no pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest.[1] Just so doth Sussex

[1] It has been a common notion that the pike was not extant in England till the reign of Henry VIII.; but it occurs very frequently in the "Forme of Cury," compiled about 1390 by the Master-cooks of King Richard II. The old name was Luce, or Lucy. An ancient MS., formerly in the possession of John Topham, Esq., written about 1250, mentions "*Lupos aquaticos sive Lucios*," amongst the fish which the fishmongers were to have in their shops. Three of them were the arms of the Lucy family, so early as the reign of Edward I.

Compare Pennant's "Zoology," vol. iii. p. 280, 4to; Chaucer v., *Luce*, Leland's Collect. vol. vi. pp. 1, 5, 6. That the pike was here in

boast of four sorts of fish; namely, an Arundel mullet, a Chichester lobster, Shelsey cockle, and an Amerly trout.[1]

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some observations of the carp, and how to angle for him, and to dress him: but not till he is caught.

Edward III.'s time is evident from Chaucer's Prol. to the "Canterbury Tales," edit. Tyrwh. p. 351, 352:—

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
"And many a Breme and many a Luce in stewe."

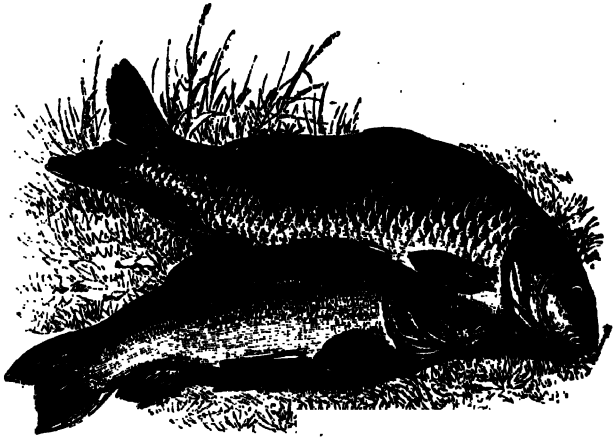
[1] The little river Arun, which rising in St. Leonard's forest, falls into the sea at Little Hampton, still boasts of its trout and its mullet; the latter, carried up by the spring tides, have sometimes been taken at Amberley Castle, ten miles by the river, above Arundel, and twenty from the sea.—K. C.



A disappointment.







Carp and Tench.

THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE CARP, WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Pisc. The Carp is the queen of rivers: a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish, that was not at first bred, nor hath been long, in England, but is now naturalised. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county [1] that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

You may remember that I told you, Gesner says, there are no pikes in Spain; and doubtless, there was a time,

[1] For proof of this fact, we have the testimony of the author of the "Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," Lond. 1590, mentioned before who, though the initials only of his name are given in the title, appears to have been Leonard Mascall, the translator of a book of "Planting and Graffing," 4to. 1589. 1599. and the author of a book "On Cattel," 4to. 1596.

about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose chronicle you may find these verses.

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year.[1]

And doubtless, as of sea-fish the herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh-water-fish the trout, so, except the eel, the carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of his own proper element:[2] and, therefore, the report of the carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.

Carps and loaches are observed to breed several months in one year,[3] which pikes and most other fish do not. And this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits, as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months; and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male-carp without a melt,

[1] From a passage in the book of Dame Juliana Berners, it appears that in her time there were carps, though but few, in England. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Mascall of Plumstead, did not first bring hither carps; but, as the curious in gardening do by exotic plants, he naturalised this species of fish; and that, about the era mentioned in the above distich, "Hops and turkeys," &c., which is elsewhere read thus:—

"Hops, reformation, turkeys, carps and beer,
Came into England all in one year.—H.

[2] Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss in a net, and feeding them with bread steeped in milk; taking care to refresh the animal now and then by throwing fresh water over the net in which it is suspended.—H.

[3] Erroneous: Carp spawn only once a year, towards the end of May or the beginning of June, according to the temperature of the water. On this subject Ephemera, following Blaine, thinks, and with sufficient evidence, that carp do not always deposit the whole of their spawn; that is, do not complete the spawning process at one time: he thinks it not improbable that they eject portions of ova only at several distinct periods, and that some weeks even intervene between the first and last ejectments. He asserts that none of our river fish deposit their ova at a single sitting, any more than hens or other female birds do. The ova are not all mature at the same time. Those near the vent are the first matured and expelled. —Ed.

or a female without a roe or spawn, and for the most part very much; and especially all the summer season: and it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers, are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed, that in some ponds carps will not breed,[1] especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: Aristotle and Pliny say, six times in a year, if there be no pikes nor perch to devour their spawn,[2] when it is cast upon grass, or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The carp, if he have water-room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long.[3] 'Tis said, by Jovius[4] who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian in Italy, carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight; which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short-lived, so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born grows in bigness twenty years; and 'tis observed too that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observed, that the crocodile is very long-lived, and more than that, that

[1] They do not breed in the long canal in Hampton Court Park, though they grow to a large size in it. I caught two there, which weighed thirty-two pounds. In places where they breed freely, they seldom grow to a large size.—ED.

[2] It has been supposed by some that carp will thrive in the same ponds with pike, but there is abundant evidence to the contrary.—ED.

[3] The widow of the late Mr. David Garrick told me, that in her native country, Germany, she had seen the head of a carp served up at table, big enough to fill a large dish.—H. There is the skin of one in the British Museum, which I sent there, which weighed when alive twenty-six pounds. It was caught, out of condition, at Pain's Hill, near Cobham. Pennant mentions a carp of twenty pounds; and in the park of Mr. Ladbroke, of Gatton, a brace was taken which weighed thirty-five pounds. But in general carp in our rivers very rarely reach the weight of six pounds, and as seldom twelve pounds in our ponds. In warmer climates (France, Holland, and Germany) they grow to twenty, thirty, or forty pounds.—ED.

[4] Paulus Jovius, an Italian historian, of very doubtful authority; he lived in the 16th century, and wrote a small tract, "De Romanis Piscibus." He died at Florence, 1552.—H.

all that long life he thrives in bigness: and so I think some carps do, especially in some places; though I never saw one above twenty-three inches,[1] which was a great and goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.

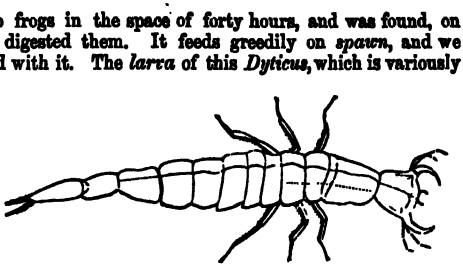
Now, as the increase of carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large carps put into several ponds near to a house, where by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stolen away from him: and that when he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones,—for that they might do so, he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner,—he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almost watched the pond, and at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found of seventy or eighty large carps not above five or six: and that he had forborne longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw in a hot day in summer, a large carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head;[2] and that he upon that occasion caused his pond to be let dry: and I say, of seventy or eighty carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the

[1] The author of the "Angler's Sure Guide" says, that he has taken carp above twenty-six inches long, in rivers; and adds, that they are often seen in England above thirty inches long.—H. The usual length is from twelve to sixteen inches.—Ed.

[2] The same has been said of the Pike in ponds (see p. 194), and, if credible, may hold good of other fish. Water-rats and Newts also do their part, although the latter have been supposed to feed only on Tadpoles, crustacea, and worms. But the finny tribe have even more formidable enemies among the aquatic carnivora, especially *Water-beetles* and their *larvæ*. The *Dyticidæ* are all very voracious, particularly the Dytiscus marginalis, a large beetle about an inch long, which swims in the manner of a frog, and is very destructive to young fish. Burmeister mentions one

head of the said carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing. And the gentleman that

which devoured two frogs in the space of forty hours, and was found, on dissection, to have digested them. It feeds greedily on *spawn*, and we have seen one covered with it. The *larva* of this *Dyticus*, which is variously called the *Water-devil*, or *Water-tiger*, and when full grown is about two inches and a half long, is said to be even more destructive than its parent. Its habit is to hang in



the water, suspended from the surface by its tail, quite motionless, till its prey is within reach, when by a sudden spring it seizes it in an instant, and does not quit its hold till thoroughly gorged. Baker kept one in a jar, which destroyed twenty tadpoles in a day, sucking them till they were exhausted; it killed a Tench three inches long in about a minute; and after some hesitation, attacked and killed a Newt four inches long. The NOTONECTA, or *Boat-fly*, alias *Water-boatman*, "that topsy-turvy imp of darkness," is furnished with a lance which it strikes into its prey, and speedily kills it, apparently from some poisonous property, as it acts on human flesh like the sting of a wasp. The NEPA CINEREA, or *Water-scorpion*, commonly known as the *Toe-biter*, will spear and kill the stickleback of ten or fifteen spines, although he avoids the more formidable, or perhaps less delectable species of three spines. Kirby says, that one of these *Water-scorpions* put into a basin with three tadpoles, killed them all in a very short time; and it is known that they will kill Newts. The HYDROPHILUS PICEUS, or Sleepy Beetle, (the *larva* of which the French call the *Assassin*,) a very large species generally found in carp ponds, is in both its states nearly as destructive as the *Dyticus*, although the latter, scarcely half its size, will kill it and suck out its inside, leaving it apparently whole. The *Libellulidæ* are also very destructive, particularly the DRAGON-FLY in its *larva* state. Many more of these Water-cannibals might be adduced, were there space. But we cannot refrain from introducing the WATER-SPIDER, which spins its filmy web at some distance from the surface of ponds, and very ingeniously fixes a canopy of air about it; this animal in its turn preys, there is little doubt, on the young of the fish-destroying insects, and so brings about nature's balance. There are besides multitudes of fleas and minute animalculæ which work the same end, by infesting the larger insects. We may say with the poet:—

> "Great fleas have little fleas and lesser fleas to bite 'em,
> And these fleas have smaller fleas, and so *ad infinitum*."

The curious reader will do well to pursue his own researches on these subjects in works of entomology. Baker, the microscopist, was among the first in this country to call attention to the havoc committed by water-

did affirm this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other carps that were so strangely lost, were so killed by frogs, and then devoured.

And a person of honour now living, in Worcestershire,[1] assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a pike's neck, and to kill him: whether it were for meat or malice, must be to me a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident; of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his "History of Life and Death," observed to be but ten years, yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a carp has been known to live in the Palatinate above a hundred years:[2] but most

insects, in his interesting chapter on *Fresh-water Squillæ*, published 1764, in his 'Employment for the Microscope.' Since then the subject has occasionally called forth some notice from naturalists, but it is only now attracting the attention it deserves. In consequence of the facility of studying the habits of these creatures in glass aquariums, in a sitting-room, a trade has sprung up in it, and most of the water-insects, as well as newts, toads, and small fresh-water fish of all kinds, are sold by Mr. Leach, near Drury-Lane Theatre.

The reader will find scientific information on the subject in Westwood's 'Classification of Insects,' 2 vols. 8vo. (Bohn), price 18*s.*; and a pleasant paper headed 'Water Devils,' and illustrated with engravings, in 'The Episodes of Insect Life,' a book which cannot be too much recommended.—H. G. B.

[1] Mr. *Fr. Ru.*—This memorandum occurs for the first time on the margin of the fifth edition (published 1676). It refers no doubt to Mr. Francis Rufford, of Sapy, Worcestershire, who died, at the age of 82, about 1678.—N.

[2] Buffon mentions that he had seen in the fosses of the Ponchartrain, Carp which were known to be of the age of one hundred and fifty years; and Sir James Smith says (in his 'Tour on the Continent, 1793'), "that at the Prince of Condé's seat at Chantilly, there were immense shoals of very large carp, 'silvered o'er with age,' like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that when any passengers approached their watery habitation, they use to come to the shore in such numbers as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled." In the preface to the third edition, he says, "they were

conclude, that, contrary to the pike or luce, all carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish, which I told you have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the carp lives but ten years; but Janus Dubravius has writ a book "Of Fish and Fish-ponds,"[1] in which he says, that carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male carps will follow a female; and that then she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds, and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish: and, as I told you, it is thought the carp does this several months in the year; and most believe that most fish breed after this manner, except the eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and

destroyed during the French Revolution." In 1830 Sir James found carp in the ponds at Versailles, which had been placed there in 1690, and were white with age. Sir John Hawkins says, that in one of the daily papers for the month of August, 1782, an article appeared, purporting, that in the basin at Emanuel College, Cambridge, a carp was then living that had been in that water thirty-six years; which, though it had lost one eye, knew, and would constantly approach, its feeder. Carp are certainly a long-lived fish. Those in the long canal in Hampton Court Park, are supposed to have been there since the canal was made by William the Third.—ED.

[1] Vide *ante*, page 193.

costs to make glass-hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and make their honey-combs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all carps are not bred by generation, but some breed other ways, as some pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of carps to be very medicinable. But 'tis not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare, the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and, as may appear in Levit. xi. 10, by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his "Discourse of Fishes;" but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this



Carp.

or of any more circumstances concerning him: but yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtle fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience; especially

to fish for river-carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river-carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour: but you are to remember, that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possessed with that hope and patience, which I wish to all fishers, especially to the carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather,[1] for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for carps.[2]

The carp bites either at worms or at paste; and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow-worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle; and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the tooth-ache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean pastes made with honey or with sugar:[3] which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod: and, doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times and in small pellets, you are the likelier when you fish for the carp to obtain your desired sport. Or in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the

[1] About noon of such a day he will take a lob-worm at top, as a trout does a fly; or between the weeds in a clear place, sink it without a float, about eight inches in the water, with only one large shot on the line, which is to be lodged on the leaf of some weed: then retire, keeping your eye on the spot till you see it taken away, with about a foot of the line, and then you may venture to strike; but keep him tight, and clear of weeds. Great numbers of carp have been taken this way.—BROWNE.

[2] Allowing for the alteration of style, this would now be the 23rd.—ED.

[3] The best sweet paste is bread crumbs and white honey well mixed into an adhesive mass. Salter says "it is a most killing bait for carp during the months of July and August, and as long as the fishing season lasts." As regards carp, this bait has a very peculiar claim on those anglers who cannot be at their posts early and late, as this paste is one of the few baits which carp will take in favourable weather, even at mid-day.—ED.

better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixed with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like; and then some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: Take the flesh of a rabbit or cat cut small,[1] and bean-flour: and if that may not be easily got, get other flour, and then mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better; and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best for your use; but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not much, white or yellowish wool.[2]

And if you would have this paste keep all the year for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a carp with gentles, then put upon your hook, a small piece of scarlet about this bigness , it being soaked in, or anointed with oil of peter, called by some oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be;[3]

[1] Mix this in all pastes to prevent them washing off the hook.—Browne.

[2] The sort of flesh does not seem to be of any importance; though the whiter it be perhaps the better, and therefore veal or pork is good.—R.

[3] It is very difficult to catch carp, especially in large pieces of water, or in a river, with either worms, gentles, or paste. The most effective method of taking them is as follows, and one which I have never known to fail. Select, if you can, a gravelly bottom, in a pond; bait the place, about six

but these, with diligence, and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised, or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste, is a good bait for a carp; and you know it is more easily made.[1] And having said thus much of the carp,[2] my next discourse shall be of the bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But first I will tell you how to make this carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat, as shall make him worth all your labour and patience: and though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a carp, alive if possible, scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not: then open him, and put him with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle;

or eight feet from the bank, with refuse potatoes well boiled, and do this for about a week. If there is no tree close to the spot, have a wattled hurdle placed so that you may conceal yourself behind it, for it is a *sine qua non* to keep out of sight of carp, and to prevent your shadow from falling on the water. Provide yourself with a strong rod, and about forty yards of line on a reel. Get the best and strongest gut you can procure, and a well-tied small Limerick hook at the end, but without shot or float. Bury the hook in a small piece of half-boiled potato, about as big as the end of your little finger. Drop it very gently into the water, about five or six feet from the shore, and strike as soon as you perceive the line to begin to move. Have a landing-net, and land your carp as soon as you can. *Probatum est.* Carp are in season from October to March.—ED.

[1] And see a bait that serves likewise for the Bream, in the next chapter.—H.

[2] The haunts of the river-carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but, in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and reaches, near some scour—and under roots of trees, hollow banks—and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weeds, flags, &c. Pond-carp cannot with propriety be said to have any haunts; only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water.

They breed three or four times a year; but their first spawning-time is the beginning of May. [Erroneous: see note at p. 208.—ED.]

Baits for the carp are—all sorts of earth and dunghill-worms, flag-worms; grasshoppers, though not at top; ox-brains, the pith of an ox's back-bone; green peas; and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out. [Red worms and sweet paste are among the best baits.—ED.]

Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass, or gut next the hook; and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for the carp in a boat; for they will not come near it.—H.

then take sweet-marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory; bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your carp as much claret-wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire, till it be sufficiently boiled: then take out the carp, and lay it with the broth into the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh buter, melted and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up, and much good do you!



Shepperton Deep.—Barbel fishing.



THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE BREAM, AND DIRECTIONS TO CATCH HIM.

Pisc. THE Bream, being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds; but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome: this fish is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to over-store them, and starve the other fish.

He is very broad with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order: he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding.[1] The melter is observed to have two large melts, and the female two large bags of eggs or spawn.

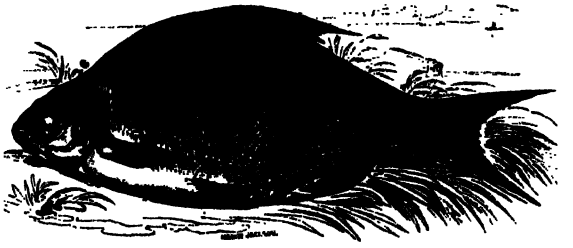
[1] Fish do not grind their food, but swallow it whole.—ED.

Gesner reports, that in Poland, a certain and a great number of large breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms, and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist. But it may win something in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his "History of Life and Death," folio 20, that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly, and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome." And it is noted, that the best part of a bream is his belly and head.[1]

Some say, that breams and roaches will mix their eggs and melt together, and so there is in many places a bastard-breed of breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this



[1] Connoisseurs commend the head of a carp, the back of a tench, the middle of a bream, and the tail of a pike.—BROWNE.

[2] The bream, according to Sir William Dugdale, appears to have been considered a great luxury in England, for in the 7th of Henry V. it was

are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey, gentles, or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough; or there is at the root of docks, or flags, or rushes, in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench[1] will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipped off, in June and July; or at several flies, under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good,[2] but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a carp or bream, in any river or mere;[3] it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler, and, hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red-worm as you can find, without a knot: get a pint or quart of them in an evening in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain, and put them with clean moss well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an

valued at 20*d.*; and he also states, that, in 1454, "A pie of four of them, in the expenses of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire, to the Earl of Warwick, at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvjs ijd."—*Hist. Warw.* p. 668. Whatever our forefathers may have said, there is no doubt that a bream is now held to be the worst, most insipid, and most disagreeable fish that can be met with. It is even worse than a barbel. A French cook might possibly dress a bream so as to make it palatable, but I should be sorry to partake of it.—ED.

[1] Evidently an error; it should read *bream*.—ED.

[2] In a shallow, sandy bottom of a river, which leads into any deep, still hole, throw four or five handsful of marsh worms cut in pieces, which will soon drive down into the hole. Use a long rod, of good strength, a proportionable line, a small hook tied to an Indian grass, without a float; fix a cut shot six inches above the hook, and next to it a small bored bullet. The use of shot is to prevent the bullet slipping lower. Fish with a short well scoured marsh worm; throw into the shallow, and the stream will drive it into the hole. By this method, an experienced angler says, he has caught more bream in two hours than he could carry away. When you find a deep quiet hole, near the bank, plumb it over night, and ground bait it with grains well squeezed. Next morning early choose a stand, out of sight; bait with a large red worm, and drop it gently into the hole. Observe whether the water be risen or fallen since you plumbed it, and make allowance accordingly.—BROWNE.

[3] Mere is old English for a lake, and is still retained for several of our lakes, as Buttermere, Grassmere, Windermere, &c.—ED.

earthen pot or pipkin set dry, and change the moss fresh every three or four days for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods, and as many and more silk, or silk and hair, lines, and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner, and fasten them to the low-ends



of your lines. Then fasten your link-hook also to the lead, and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook; but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill a little under the water, and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the pike or perch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will show you afterwards, before either carp or bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down, as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them to swim in skuls or shoals in the summer-time in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep sentinel: then mark where he plays most, and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river, and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is best. Then consider with yourself whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any water-mills near, and according to your discretion take the depth of the place, where you mean

after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish, to halt an inch; that the lead lying on, or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait; which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

The Ground-Bait.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a halt, according to the greatness of the stream, and deepness of the water, where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley malt, and boil it in a kettle; one or two worms is enough: then strain it through a bag into a tub, the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good; and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before: cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands, it will sink presently to the bottom, and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.[1]

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait near the sporting place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water-side, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook, casting it over your ground-bait; and gently and secretly draw it to you, till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod, and stay the rods

[1] The best way is to put a pebble proportioned to your ball within the middle, closing it well.—BROWNE.

in the ground; but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then, when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water; yet nevertheless be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away; then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good carp or bream, they will go to the farther side of the river, then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will break: and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of; that if the pike or perch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves amongst the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the pike and to take him, if you mistrust your bream-hook,—for I have taken a pike a yard long several times at my bream-hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line,—may be thus:

Take a small bleak, or roach, or gudgeon, and bait it; and set it alive among your rods two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook; then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy, windy day, they will bite all day long. But this is too long to stand to your rods at one place, and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited-place; and as soon as you come to the water-side,

cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off: then, whilst the fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco,[1] and then in with your three rods as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning by four of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St. James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide[2] is the best; when they have had all the summer's food they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days' fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting; then your only way is to desist from your sport about two or three days: and in the meantime, on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten one by one as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf, placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days: and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation.[3]

B. A.

[1] Notwithstanding this suggestion, it is very probable that Walton did not give way to the prevailing fashion for the weed. In his *Life of Wotton*, he says: "his asthma seemed to be overcome in a great degree by his forbearing *tobacco*, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken immoderately." And again, in his Elegy on Dr. Donne:—

"——— Grief conceived and hid, consumes
Man's life insensibly,—*as poison's fumes*
Corrupt the brain."

[2] St. James's tide is the 25th of July; St. Bartholomew's tide is the 24th of August.—Ed.

[3] The haunts of the bream, a fish which the angler seldom meets with, are the deepest and broadest parts of gentle soft streams, with sandy clayey



View on the Lea; Chingford.

THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE TENCH, AND ADVICE HOW TO ANGLE FOR HIM.

Piscator. The Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either; yet Camden observes there is a river in Dorsetshire[1] that abounds with tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.[2]

bottoms; and the broadest and most quiet places of ponds, and where there are weeds.

They spawn about the beginning of July; a little before which time they are best in season, though some think them best in September.

The baits for the bream are: red worms; small lob, or marsh-worms; gentles; and grasshoppers.

In general, they are to be fished-for as carp.—H.

[1] The Stour,—Browne.

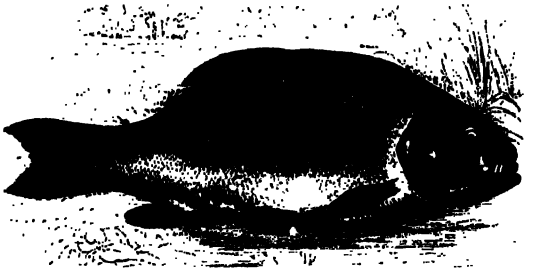
[2] Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," makes mention of a Tench found in draining a stagnant pond, at Thornville Royal, which was shut up in a hole, the shape whereof he had in consequence assumed. It was two feet nine inches from eye to fork, two feet three inches in circumference, and weighed eleven pounds and nine ounces. I saw two taken from an old weedy pond, then nearly dry, which weighed eight pounds each.—Ed.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every tench's head there are two little stones, which foreign physicians make great use of; but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them, for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner by certain Jews. And it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets, yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation without writing; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe: for to do that, they account a profanation. And yet it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us, that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that; my honest humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity, that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any further than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for, I hope, I may be so bold, that the tench is the physician of fishes; for the pike especially, and that the pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the tench.[1] And it is observed, that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.

[1] Camden (in his "Britannica") confirms this: I have seen, he says, the bellies of pikes opened to show their fatness, have their gaping wounds presently closed by the touch of the tench, and by their glutinous slime perfectly healed up.—BROWNE.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet I am sure he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this



Tench,

of which I have given you these observations.[1]

He will bite at a paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixed, and he will bite also at a smaller worm, with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm: and I doubt not but that he will also in the three hot months, for in the nine colder he stirs not much, bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle, but can positively say no more of the tench,[2] he

[1] The Tench is certainly one of our best fresh-water fish, especially when taken from a clear stream, such as the Colne, in which river I have caught them of a large size. An eel-pot, decorated with flowers, and a small bright brass candlestick, attract tench into it. They will remain quietly in the pot for a long time, but if it is lifted out of the water when tench are in it, and placed back again, the fish become restless, and are sure to escape. Tench wander much in the evening, which I have always found the best time of angling for them. The baits recommended by Walton are very good.—Ed.

[2] The haunts of the Tench are nearly the same with those of the carp. They delight more in ponds than in rivers; and lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond heads.

They spawn about the beginning of July; and are best in season from

being a fish that I have not often angled for, but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.

the beginning of September to the end of May. They will bite all the hot months: but are best taken in April and May.

There are no better baits for this fish than a middle-sized lob-worm, or red-worm, well scoured; a gentle; a young wasp-grub boiled; or a green worm shook from the boughs of trees.

Use a strong grass, or gut; and a goose-quill float, without a cork, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred.

Fish very near the ground. And if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fish; which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together.—H.



Ponders End, on the Lea.



Pearch.

(*Fine Specimen, from a Painting by* F. R. Lee, R.A.)

THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE PEARCH, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Pisc. The Pearch is a very good, and a very bold-biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey that, like the pike and trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large; and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked, or hog-back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed or covered over with thick, dry, hard scales; and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the pike will not do so willingly; and you may therefore easily believe him to be a bold biter.

The pearch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus; and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the pearch and pike above the trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says, the Germans have this proverb, "more wholesome than a pearch of Rhine:" and he says the river-pearch is so wholesome, that physicians

allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

He spawns but once a year, and is by physicians held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po and in England, says Rondeletius, than other parts, and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh-water pearch: yet they commend the sea-pearch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, of which they say, we English see but a few, to be a much better fish.

The pearch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two foot long;[1] for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may. This was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a pike of half his own length; for I have told you, he is a bold fish, such a one as, but for extreme hunger, the pike will not devour: for to affright the pike, and save himself, the pearch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

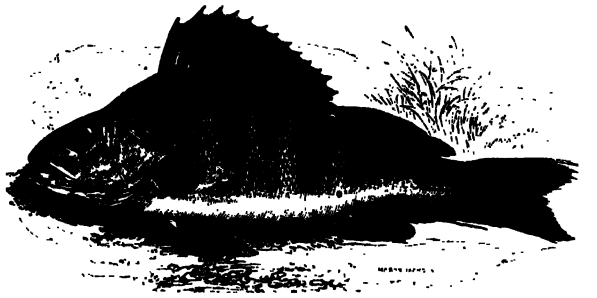
But, my scholar, the pearch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish, yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter, and he hath been observed by some, not usually, to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring: for when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their for-

[1] Pearch do not so much increase in length as in thickness. A pearch was taken in the canal at Brades, near Birmingham, which weighed six pounds. Col. Montagu says he saw a pearch taken in the Leven in Wiltshire, which weighed eight pounds; another was caught in Dagenham Breach of the same weight; and Pennant mentions one caught in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, which weighed nine pounds. Some friends dined with me a few years ago, to whom I gave a pearch weighing five pounds and ten ounces, caught in the Colne at Hampton Common. It was in high season, and in flavour like a John Dory.—Ed.

ward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the pearch's biting.

But bite the pearch will, and that very boldly;[1] and as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary pike; but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.[2]

And the baits for this bold fish,



Pearch.

are not many: I mean he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever; a worm, a minnow, or a little frog,[3] of which you may find many in hay-time: and of worms, the dunghill-worm, called a brandling, I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel: or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung with a bluish head. And if you rove for a pearch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive, you sticking

[1] The Pearch swallows the bait so voraciously that it becomes difficult to dislodge the hook; it is therefore recommended to keep about you a piece of small hollow iron (or strong reed) about six inches long: thrust this down his throat till you feel the hook (keeping your line straight, lest it catch again) and draw out your hook and the instrument, carefully, together.—Browne.

[2] Pearch are gregarious during a great portion of the year.—Ed.

[3] Observe to keep this bait from making to the shore, which it will be always attempting.—Browne.

your hook through his back-fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the pearch, with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it:[1] and lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the pearch time enough when he bites, for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much.[2] And now I think best to rest myself, for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

Ven. Nay, good master, one fish more, for you see it rains

[1] A successful mode of catching Pearch in the Thames is as follows:—Take a large clear glass bottle, such as are seen in chemists' windows, fill it with water, and put a quantity of lively minnows in it. Tie a piece of parchment over the mouth with holes pricked in it to admit air, or a piece of netting. Sink it with a cord tied round the neck in some deep hole in the river. Leave it for a night or two, and then drop a pater-noster by the side of the glass, with three hooks baited with minnows, and you will not wait long for bites. The minnows in the glass attract the pearch around in considerable numbers. (See Hoffland's "Angler," second edition.)—Ed.

[2] Although pearch, like trout, delight in clear swift rivers, with pebbly, gravelly bottoms, they are often found in sandy clayey soils; they love a moderately deep water; and frequent holes by the sides of, or near, little streams,—and the hollows under banks.

The pearch spawns about the beginning of March: the best time of the year to angle for him is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September; he is best taken in cloudy windy weather, and, as some say, from seven to ten in the forenoon, and from two to seven in the afternoon.

Other baits for the pearch are: loaches; miller's-thumbs; stickle-backs; small lob, marsh, and red worms, well scoured; horse-beans, boiled; cad-bait; oak-worms; lobs and gentles.

Many of these fish are taken in the rivers about Oxford; and the author of the "Angler's Sure Guide" says, he once saw the figure of a pearch, drawn with a pencil on the door of a house near that city, which was twenty-nine inches long; and was informed it was the true dimensions of a living pearch.

The largest pearch are taken with a minnow, hooked with a good hold through the back fin, or rather through the upper lip; for the pearch, by reason of the figure of his mouth, cannot take the bait cross-wise, as the pike will. When you fish thus, use a large cork float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the minnow will come to the top of the water: but in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground.—H.

still, and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master.

Pisc. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

Ven. Yes, master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne,[1] and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour: and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing. They be these:

Come, live with me, and be my love:
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks;
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river, whisp'ring, run,
Warm'd by the eyes more than the sun;
And there, the enamel'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray."

When thou wilt swim in that live bath—
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most am'rously, to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loath,
By sun, or moon—thou dark'nest both;
And if mine eyes have *leave* to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds;
Or treach'rously poor fish beset,
With strangling snares, or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes.[2]

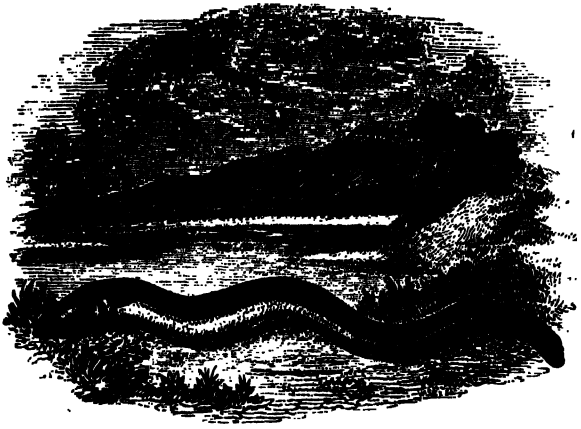
[1] See account of Dr. Donne in the "Life of Walton," *ante*, XIII. page 13.

[2] There is a beautiful glee composed by S. Webbe from these words. —ED.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit;
For thou, *thyself*, art thine own bait—
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I.

Pisc. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the eel, for it rains still; and because, as you say, our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honey-suckle hedge.





Eel.

THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE EEL, AND OTHER FISH THAT WANT SCALES, AND TO FISH FOR THEM.

Piscator. It is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish: the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts, and some the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them to breed by generation as other fish do, ask, if any man ever saw an eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, that they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen them spawn: for they say, that they are certain that eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish,[1] but so small as not to be easily

[1] This is erroneous. Fish have no external organs of generation. And

discerned, by reason of their fatness, but that discerned they may be, and that the he and the she eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that eels growing old, breed other eels out of the corruption of their own age, which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew-drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end; which in a few days are by the sun's heat turned into eels: and some of the ancients have called the eels that are thus bred the offspring of Jove. I have seen in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely in Severn, where they are called yelvers; and in a pond or mere near unto Staffordshire, where about a set-time in summer such small eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people, that inhabit near to it, take such eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets, and make a kind of eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner quotes Venerable Bede[1] to say, that in England there is an island called Ely, by reason of the innumerable number of eels that breed in it. But that eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat

with respect to spontaneous generation what has been said in a note at page 187 regarding the Pike may be repeated here. It has long been in dispute whether Eels are oviparous or viviparous, but Mr. Yarrel seems to have set this question at rest by proving them to be oviparous. Mr. Young, the Duke of Sutherland's salmon-factor, has bred them artificially from spawn.—Ed.

[1] The most universal scholar of his time; he was born at Durham, about 671, and bred under St. John of Beverley. He was a man of great virtue, and remarkable for a most sweet and engaging disposition; he died in 734, and lies buried at Durham. His works make 8 vols. folio, of which the most valuable and best known is his "Ecclesiastical History."—H.

and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees;[1] both which are related for truths by Du Bartas and Lobel,[2] and also by our learned Camden and laborious Gerard[3] in his Herbal.



John Gerard.

It is said by Rondeletius, that those eels that are bred in rivers that relate to or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters, as the salmon does always desire to do, when they have once tasted the salt-water;[4] and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an eel.

[1] All this, though according to the belief of that age, is absurd.—ED.

[2] Matthias de Lobel, or L'Obel, an eminent physician and botanist of the sixteenth century, was a native of Lisle in Flanders. He was a disciple of Rondeletius; and being invited to London by King James the First, published there his "Historia Plantarum," and died in the year 1616. This work is entitled "Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia," and was first published at Antwerp in 1576, and republished at London in 1605. He was author likewise of two other works, the former of which has for its title "Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, et Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice Explanatio" (Lond. 1598); and the latter, "Stirpium Illustrationes" (Lond. 1655).—H.

[3] John Gerard was one of the first of our English botanists; was by profession a surgeon; and published, in 1597, an Herbal, in a large folio, dedicated to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh,—and, two years after, a Catalogue of Plants, Herbs, &c. to the number of eleven hundred, raised and naturalised by himself in a large garden near his house in Holborn. The latter is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh.—H. [The passage referred to is lib. iii. chap. 171, "of the goose-tree, barnacle-tree, or tree bearing geese," of which we have already spoken in note, at page 142. The notion that the barnacle-goose grew out of rotten timber, like a fungus, is found in *Olaus Magnus de Gent. Septent.* folio, 1555, and other early writers.—ED.]

[4] Eels, if they can possibly do so, make their way from rivers, ponds, &c., to brackish water, where they are now generally believed to cluster in the mud in large quantities, and in which their spawn is deposited. The temperature in brackish water is supposed to be two degrees warmer than that of either the sea or the fresh water of a river, and this is pro-

And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his "History of Life and Death," mentions a lamprey belonging to the Roman emperor to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore years: and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this lamprey, that Crassus the Orator, who kept her, lamented her death. And we read in Doctor Hakewill, that Hortensius was seen to weep at the death of a lamprey that he had kept long and loved exceedingly.[1]



Lamprey.

It is granted by all, or most men, that eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up and down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees for those

bably the reason why eels, who are impatient of cold, seek, by their migratory instinct, such localities in which to deposit their spawn. In the spring countless myriads of young eels make their way to pure fresh water. A column of them has been traced in the Thames from Somerset House to Oxford about the beginning of May, and I have watched their progress with much interest. No impediment stops them. They keep as much as possible close along shore, and as they pass water-courses, open ditches, and brooks, &c., some of them leave the column and enter these places, along which they eventually make their way to ponds, smaller rivers, &c. So strong is the migratory instinct of these little eels, that when I have taken some in a bucket and returned them to the river at some distance from the column, they have immediately rejoined in it without any deviation to the right or left. On the banks of the Thames the passage is called *Eel-fare*. Two observers watching their progress at Kingston, calculated that from sixteen to eighteen hundred passed a given line per minute. Rennie saw (on the 13th of May) a column of young eels of uniform size, about as thick as a crow-quill, and three inches long, returning to the river Clyde, in almost military order, keeping within parallel lines of about six inches. He traced it for several hours without perceiving any diminution.—ED.

[1] Crassus was for this reproached in the senate of Rome by Domitius, in these words—"Foolish Crassus! you wept for your Murena" [or Lamprey]. "That is more," retorted Crassus, "than you did for your two wives." Lord Bacon's "Apophthegms."—H.

cold six months: and this the eel and swallow do, as not being able to endure winter-weather: for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, that in the year 1125, that year's winter being more cold than usually, eels did by nature's instinct get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground,[1] and there bedded themselves; but yet at last a frost killed them. And our Camden relates, that in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place.[2] I shall say little more of the eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed that, in warm weather, an eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And lastly, let me tell you that some curious searchers into the natures of fish, observe that there be several sorts or kinds of eels: as the silver eel, and green or greenish eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called grigs; and a blackish eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary eels; and also an eel whose fins are reddish and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kinds of eels are, say some, diversely bred; and namely, out of the corruption of the earth, and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver eel is bred by generation; but not by spawning as other fish do, but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live eels no bigger nor longer than a pin: and I have had too many testimonies of this to doubt the truth of

[1] Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," page 242, mentions certain waters, and a pool, that were stocked by eels that had, from waters they liked not, travelled "in aridо," or over dry land, to these other.—H.

[2] Camden's relation is to this effect, viz. "That, at a place called Sefton, in the above county,—upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water with small fishes therein."—"Britannia, Lancashire." Fuller, who also reports this strange fact, humorously says:—"That the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks;" adding that fishes are thus found in the country about Heraclea and Tius, in Pontus.—H. The fact is, that eels will leave a pond and travel over land to a neighbouring brook or river in order to get to the sea; and eels taken out of a pond when the migratory instinct is upon them and put on a grass field or meadow, will make their way to the nearest point of a river. Eels will also leave a river at night, and get into the adjoining meadows to feed on worms.—Ed.

it myself; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as namely, with powdered-beef; with a lob, or garden-worm; with a minnow; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish; or with almost any thing, for he is a greedy fish.[1] But the eel may be caught, especially, with a little, a very little lamprey, which some call a pride, and may in the hot months be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken, and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits; and a clod or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place, and then take it up with a drag-hook or otherwise.[2] But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of, and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better both for these and many other

[1] To this truth, I myself can bear witness. When I dwelt at Twickenham, a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had from time to time broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took to the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to make advantage of the lowness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family, which, being opened by the cook, surprised us all; for in the stomachs of many of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed. The fact seems to have been, that the water being shallow, they became an easy prey, and were pulled under by the eels, or if you will by the *heels*.—H. They will not only feed on young ducks, as I know to my cost, but also on water-rats. I have also witnessed (and the same thing was observed in one of the Cumberland lakes) a number of small eels drive a shoal of little fish to the side of the canal in Hampton Court Park, and there greedily feed on them.—Ed.

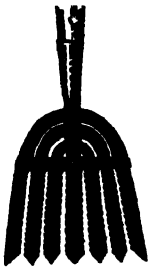
[2] This method will succeed with trout and other fish besides eels; but the genuine angler will not hold this to be good sport.—E.

common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good eel by snigling,[1] and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you that are but a young angler, know not

[1] The best method of *snigling* is this: take an ordinary-sized needle, whip it only about the middle part, to three inches of the strongest fine twine, waxed, and fastened above, to several yards of whip-cord or pack-thread: thrust the end of your needle into the head end of a large lob-worm, and draw him on till you have got it up to the middle of the worm: then in the end of a small long stick, which you may fix in a joint or more of your rod, let there be stuck another needle, fastened well from slipping out, with about half an inch of the point appearing: put this also into the head of the baited worm, and holding the whole length of the cord in your hand, together with the stick, thrust your worm between the cleft of any clods or piles in shallow water, till you have lost sight of it; then gently draw your stick away, laying it aside, keeping the line still in your hand, till you perceive it to draw, and after some time strike as directed. The needle which before this lay buried straight in the worm, will, by your stroke, be pulled quite across the throat of the eel, and hold him fast. When he is landed, you may, by squeezing one of the points through his skin, draw that and the whole line after it.

Bobbing for Eels is thus performed: String a large number of worms with a needle, on a fine but strong pack-thread; running them from head to tail, till you have strung about a pound; then wrapping them about a dozen times round your hand, tie them fast with the two ends of the thread, that they may hang in hanks or links: fasten these to a strong cord, about two yards long; and about eight inches above the worms tie a knot; upon this let a plummet of lead rest, being bored through, that it may easily slip to and fro: it is made in shape of a pyramid, of about half a pound weight: let the broad end hang downward. Tie the cord to a strong taper pole, about three yards long. Angle with this in a muddy water, in the deeps or sides of streams. You will find the eels tug at it eagerly: then draw up worms and eels, not with a jerk, but with a steady, swift, and even hand; and giving it a smart twitch, shake them suddenly off on land, or into your boat, and turn your baits directly over into the water again. You may take in this way three or four usually at a time.—BROWNE.



Spearing for Eels is a practice resorted to very generally during the cold months, when eels lie, almost torpid, deeply embedded in the muddy banks of streams or pounds. Eel-spears have usually six or seven prongs, with long handles, and need only be jammed into the mud in likely places and immediately pulled out again.—ED.

what snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told you that eels do not usually stir in the day-time, for then they hide themselves under some covert, or under boards or planks about flood-gates, or wears, or mills, or in holes in the river-banks: so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong, small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an eel may hide or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently: and it is scarce to be doubted, but that if there be an eel within the sight of it, the eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it: and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you how to make this Eel



The Eel.

a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him

not: then give him three or four scotches with a knife; and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixed with good butter and salt: having done this, then pull his skin over him all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a spit, and roast him leisurely, and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter: and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce.

S. F.

When I go to dress an eel thus, I wish he were as long and big as that which was caught in Peterborough river in the year 1667, which was a yard and three-quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King-street in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the eel thus dressed be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the eel dangerous meat; I will advise you therefore, as Solomon says of honey, Prov. xxv. 16, "Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us, "give eels, and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention to tell you, that Aldrovandus and divers physicians commend the eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation; that the eel is never out of season, as trouts and most other fish are at set times; at least most eels are not.[1]

[1] The haunts of the eel are—weeds; under roots, stumps of trees; holes and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud; where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are also found under great stones, old timber, about flood-gates, weirs, bridges, and old mills. They delight in still waters, and in those that are foul and muddy; though the smaller eels are to be met with in all sorts of rivers and soils.

Although the manner in which eels, and indeed all fish, are generated,

I might here speak of many other fish whose shape and nature are much like the eel, and frequent both the sea and

is sufficiently settled, as appears by the foregoing notes, there yet remains a question undecided by naturalists, and that is, whether the eel be an *oviparous* or a *viviparous* fish? Walton inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from Bowlker, may go near to determine the question:

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dressing of eels, I asked her, whether she had ever found any spawn or eggs in those eels she opened? She said she had never observed any; but that she had sometimes found living eels in them, about the bigness of a small needle; and particularly that she once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, and found them to be alive—which was confirmed to me by the rest of the family. The time of the year when this happened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three weeks after Michaelmas; which makes me of opinion that they go down to the sea, or salt-water, to prepare themselves for the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I must add another observation of the same nature, that was made by a gentleman of fortune not far from Ludlow, and in the commission of the peace for the county of Salop; who, going to visit a gentleman, his friend, was shown a very fine large eel, that was going to be dressed, about whose sides and belly he observed a parcel of little creeping things, which at first made him suspect it had been kept too long; but, upon nearer inspection, they were found to be perfect little eels or elvers. Upon this, it was immediately opened, in the sight of several other gentlemen; and in the belly of it they found a lump about as big as a nutmeg, consisting of an infinite number of those little creatures, closely wrapped up together, which, being put into a basin of water, soon separated, and swam about the basin. This he has often told to several gentlemen of credit in his neighbourhood, from some of whom I first received this account; but I have lately had the satisfaction of having it from his own mouth; and therefore I think this may serve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be sufficient to prove that eels are of the viviparous kind."—[Notwithstanding this deliberate evidence, it is now generally agreed by naturalists, that eels are *oviparous*. See note at page 288. Mr. Yarrell thinks that the notion of their being *viviparous* probably arose from the worms, or *Entozoa*, with which they are infested, and of which Rudolphi has enumerated eight different species.—ED.]

Eels, though never out of season, are best in winter and worst in May. And it is to be noted, that the longer they live the better they are.

OF BAITS FOR THE EEL, the best are lob-worms, loach, minnows, small pope, or perch, with the fins cut off; pieces of any fish, especially bleak, as being very lucid, with which I have taken very large ones.

As the angling for eels is no very pleasant amusement, and is always attended with great trouble and the risk of tackle; many, while they angle for other fish, lay lines for the eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, &c., with marks to find them by. Or, you may take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard distance

fresh rivers; as, namely, the lamprel, the lamprey, and the lamperne; as also of the mighty conger, taken often in Severn about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport, therefore I will let them alone as the Jews do,[1] to whom they are forbidden by their law.



The Flounder.

And, scholar, there is also a flounder, a sea-fish, which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself, and dwell, and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long; a fish without scales, and most excellent meat: and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any

from each other; fasten one end to the flags, or on the shore, and throw the lead out, and let the line lie some time. And in this way you may probably take a pike.

The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, Irk in Lancashire, and Ankham in Lincolnshire, are famed for producing excellent eels, the latter to so great a degree, as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:—

Ankham eel, and Witham Pike,
In all England is none sike.

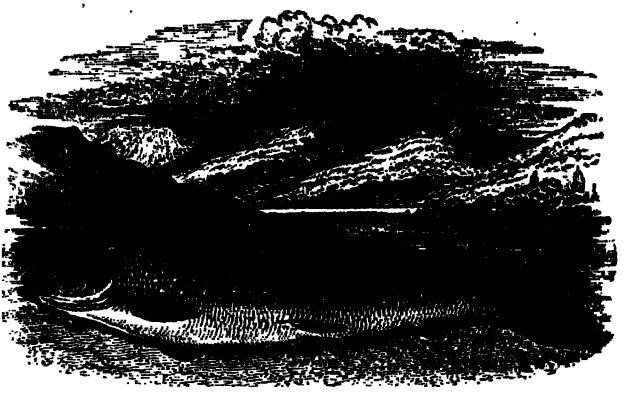
But it is said, there are no eels superior in goodness to those taken in the head of the New River near Islington; and I myself have seen eels caught there, with a rod and line, of a very large size.

Eels, contrary to all other fish, never swim up, but always down the stream.—H. [This is a mistake, as any one living on the banks of the Thames must know. Eels ascend the river on their return from the sea in the spring, when the eel-bucks or eel-pots are turned down stream, and the contrary way, towards the sea, in the autumn.—Ed.]

[1] We are indebted to Leeuwenhoeck for the discovery of scales on eels, so that Jews may now eat them as legitimate food. When the skin of an eel is perfectly dry, the scales are more observable.—Ed.

small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground or meadows, which should be well scoured.[1] But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a Char, taken there, and I think there



The Char, or Alpine Trout.

only, in a mere called Winander-Mere;[2] a mere, says Camden, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say, as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved

[1] The taking of flounders with a rod and line is a thing so accidental, that it is hardly worth the mention. The same may be said of smelts, which, in the Thames, and other great rivers, are caught with a bit of any small fish, but chiefly of their own species. In the month of August, about the year 1720, such vast quantities of smelts came up the Thames, that women, and even children, became anglers for them; and, as I have been told by persons who well remember it, in one day, between London-bridge and Greenwich, not fewer than two thousand persons were thus employed.—H. Hawkins is mistaken in saying that flounders are seldom caught by angling. The author of "Angling in the Trent," published in 1801, says, "I have known ten pounds weight taken by two anglers in one afternoon, and a much greater quantity by flounder-lines. I have caught them with lob-worms nearly a pound weight each, and with a minnow one that weighed twenty-three ounces."—Ed.

[2] This is now known to be incorrect. The char is found in the deepest waters of many of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as well as in Winander-mere, and among them Keswick, Crummock-water, Ul-

with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and 'tis spotted like a trout, and has scarce a bone but on the back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

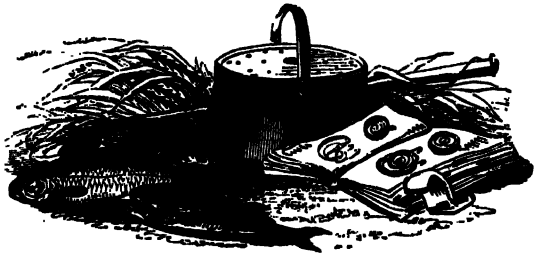
Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a Guiniad,[1] of which I shall tell you what Camden, and others speak. The river Dee, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs toward Chester, it runs through Pemble-Mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with salmon, and Pemble-Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any salmon caught in the mere, nor a guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.

water, and especially in Coniston and Buttermere. Leigh says it is found in Connington-mere, in Lancashire, and Yarrell that it occurs in several of the lakes of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Thomson, in his "Natural History of Ireland" (*the volume just published*), gives an account of the many loughs in which it is found in Ireland.

The char is nearly twice the size of the herring. The back is of an olive green; its belly of a light vermilion, softening in some into white, and changing into a deep red at the insertion of the fins. They are caught only in the winter season, when twenty dozen a-day are sometimes taken by a single boat. In summer they retire to the rocky caves below, some of which are said to be unfathomable: nor do they breed in any lake in which such deep recesses are not found.—Ed.

[1] The Gwyniad, called the Schelly in Cumberland, is very numerous in Ulswater, and other large lakes in Cumberland. It is gregarious. I had some sent me from Bala Lake, in North Wales. The fish is not unlike a herring in appearance.—Ed.





THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE BARBEL, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Pisc. The Barbel is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattels at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked: but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.[1]

But the barbel, though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste: but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn, but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water, and in summer they love the shallowest and sharpest streams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel against a rising ground, and will root and dig in the

[1] The average size of barbel caught in the river Thames or Lea, is from one to three pounds, but they are occasionally found of eight or ten pounds' weight. Mr. Yarrell says, the largest he finds on record weighed fifteen and a half pounds. They are very abundant about Shepperton and Walton, where as many as from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty have been taken in one day.—Ed.

sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself: yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or floodgates, or wears, where he will nest himself amongst piles, or in hollow places, and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun; but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and by degrees retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper: in which places, and I think about that time, he spawns; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel; and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says, they may in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken by those that dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time.[1] He says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August, but it is found to be otherwise in this nation: but thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May; which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius[2] declare, it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.[3]

[1] In winter they assemble under roots of trees, or a sunken boat, &c., and are then so torpid, that the fishermen tell me they can push them about with a punt-pole. Darcy, a music-seller at Oxford, is mentioned in the "New Monthly Magazine," (1820, p. 11,) as having taken barbel by diving in a deep hole near the Four Streams. He said that many of these fish lay with their heads against the bank in parallel lines, like horses in their stalls. They were not disturbed at his approach, but allowed him to come close, and select the finest of them. Barbel of fourteen or sixteen pounds in weight have been taken in the Thames.—Ed.

[2] Antonius Gasius, of Padua, a physician, who wrote a treatise "De Conservatione Sanitatis," in which there is a chapter on the qualities of river fish as food. It was first published at Venice, 1491. He died in 1530. See Jöcher, Moreri, &c.—Ed.

[3] Though the spawn of the barbel is known to be of a poisonous nature, yet it is often taken by country people medicinally, who find it at once a

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner, and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery, they being reputed the worst or coarsest of fresh-water fish. But the barbel



The Barbel.

affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank; and then striking at the line, to break it off with his tail, as is observed by Plutarch, in his book "De Industria Animalium;" and also so cunning to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

most powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithstanding what is said of the wholesomeness of the *flesh*, with some constitutions it produces the same effects as the *spawn*. About the month of September, in the year 1754, a servant of mine, who had eaten part of a barbel—though, as I had cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn—was seized with such a violent purging and vomiting, as had like to have cost him his life.—H. The spawn of most fish, particularly sea fish, is found to become poisonous at times; but the cause has never been discovered.—Rennie. Ephemera, however, doubts the noxious properties of either the roe or the flesh of the barbel, when in season, which is from July to October, inclusive; and quotes Bloch, who says that he and his family had eaten the roe without inconvenience.—Ed.

The barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well scoured lob-worm, he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially, if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces:[1] and note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a barbel. And the barbel will bite also at gentles, which not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him; and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or too in a wet linen cloth to make it tough: with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store: and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it, and then tie it on the hook with fine silk: and some advise to fish for the barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese beaten or worked into a paste, and that it is choicely good in August, and I believe it: but doubtless the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough;[2] and I think will serve in any month; though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a barbel, your rod and line be both long, and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal, yet he seldom or never breaks his hold if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the umber or barbel,[3]

[1] Graves, which are the sediment of tallow melted for the making of candles, cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for barbel, gudgeons, and many other fish, if thrown in the night before you angle.—H.

[2] Moses Browne mentions having caught a barbel of three pounds' weight with a bit of rusty bacon.—Ed.

[3] Of the haunts of the barbel, the author has spoken sufficiently. Barbel spawn about the middle of April; and grow in season about a

get into favour with Doctor Sheldon,[1] whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience. And now let's go and see what interest the trouts will pay us for letting our angle-rods lie so long, and so quietly, in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?



Abp. Sheldon.

Ven. Which you think fit, master.

Pisc. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain by

month after. Baits other than what Walton has mentioned, are, the young brood of wasps, hornets, and humble bees.

In fishing for him, use a very strong rod, and a silk line with a shot and a bullet, as directed for the trout; some use a cork float, which, if you do, be sure to fish as close to the bottom as possible, so as the bait does not touch the ground. In angling for lesser fish, the angler will sometimes find it a misfortune to hook a barbel, a fish so sullen, that with fine tackle it is scarcely possible to land one of twelve inches long.

A lover of angling told me the following story. He was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners with their horses were passing; they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses and rode off. The fact was, that angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too big for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him, and to that end suffered himself to be led, to use his own expression, as a blind man is by his dog, several yards up, and as many down, the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above-mentioned—who had been at Walthamstow, and dined—were returned; who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, master!

[1] Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, warden of All Souls' College, chaplain to King Charles the First, and after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury. He founded the theatre at Oxford, died in 1677, and lies buried under a stately monument at Croydon, in Surrey.

viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! Well done! Come now, take up the other too; well! Now you may tell my brother Peter at night, that you have caught a leash of trouts this day. And now let's move

another large fish?" "No," says *Piscator*, "it is the very same." "Nay," says one of them, "that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river;" and not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before; he made one vigorous effort to land his fish, broke his tackle, and lost him.

[Salter knew of a barbel in Hampton Court Deeps, in 1816, that had several times broken away from the hook, and weighed, it is supposed, about thirty pounds. From his bold and piratical practices, he was nicknamed Paul Jones.]

Fishing for barbel is, at best, but a dull recreation. They are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait, the bullet at the bottom of the line fixes it to one spot of the river: tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and exercising the patience of a setting dog, waits till he sees the top of his rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which he calls his sport; and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays in for another.—H. [This is somewhat overdrawn. After liberal ground-baiting over night, they will often bite eagerly in the morning at gentles, brandlings, or paste. The writer has seen them taken to the extent of twenty or thirty in two or three hours.—Ed.]

Living some years ago in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used in the summer months to be much in a boat on the river. It chanced that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat; who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to inquire of him what diversion he had met with. "Sir," says he, "I have had but bad luck to-day, for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons." "It is very true," answered I; "but what you want in tale, I suppose you make up in weight." "Why, sir," says he, "that is just as it happens; it is true, I like the sport, and love to catch fish, but my great delight is in *going after them*. I'll tell you what, sir," continued he; "I am a man in years, and have used the sea all my life" [he had been an India captain], "but I mean to go no more; and have bought that little house which you see there," [pointing to it] "for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat" (which he was then mopping) "on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for barbel as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for a month together, and, in all that while, have not had one bite."—H.

[The barbel-angler has, however, sometimes occasion to exult at the sport which he finds. As recently as August 9th, 1807, at one of the deeps near Shepperton, which had been prepared by baiting the preceding night, a party of four gentlemen, named Emes, Atkinson, Hall, and Moore, separated

toward our lodging, and drink a draught of red-cow's milk[1] as we go, and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of trouts for their supper.

Ven. Master, I like your motion very well; and I think it is now about milking-time, and yonder they be at it.

Pisc. God speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a-fishing this day, that we resolved to give you and Maudlin a brace of trouts for supper, and we will now taste a draught of your red-cow's milk.

Milkw. Marry, and that you shall with all my heart, and I will be still your debtor when you come this way: if you will but speak the word I will make you a good syllabub, of new verjuice, and then you may sit down in a hay-cock and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the "Hunting in Chevy Chace," or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them. Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

Ven. We thank you, and intend once in a month to call upon you again, and give you a little warning, and so good night! Good night, Maudlin. And now, good master, let's lose no time; but tell me somewhat more of fishing, and if you please, first something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

Pisc. I will, honest scholar.

into two boats, began fishing between ten and eleven in the forenoon; in about five hours they caught the following quantity:—

Emes and Atkinson.		Hall and Moore.	
2 Fish, weighing	20 lb.	2 Fish, weighing	15 lb.
6 ,, ,,	32 ,,	20 ,, ,,	23 ,,
30 ,, ,,	28 ,,	23 ,, ,,	32 ,,
4 thrown over			
42	80	45	70

Total, 87 fish, weighing 150 lb.—Ellis.]

[1] The milk of a red cow, fed on sweet grass, was formerly in great repute in cases of consumption.



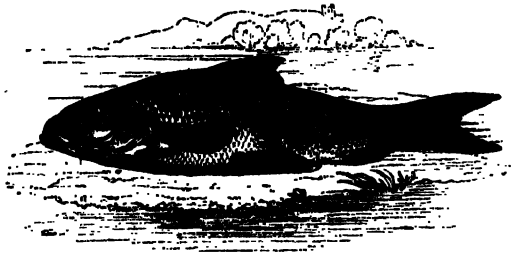
THE FOURTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XV.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE GUDGEON, THE RUFFE, AND THE BLEAK, AND HOW TO FISH FOR THEM.

Pisc. The Gudgeon is reputed a fish of excellent taste



The Gudgeon.

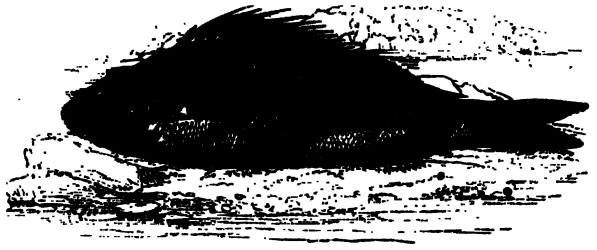
and to be very wholesome: he is of a fine shape, of a silver colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail.[1] He breeds two or three times in the year, and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment;[2] the Germans call him groundling, by reason

[1] The average size of the gudgeon is from six to eight inches, and its weight from two to three ounces. But Pennant records one taken at Uxbridge which weighed half a pound.—Ed.

[2] Many persons think the gudgeon as good a fish as the smelt. Few fish bite more eagerly than gudgeons, and this, perhaps, is the reason why so many persons may be seen patiently seated in punts from morning to night, on the river Thames, employed in catching these fresh-water smelts. They may be fished for with gentles and small worms, but the most killing bait is the blood-worm.—Ed.

of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself in sharp streams, and on the gravel. He and the barbel both feed so, and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do: he is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red-worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost from off the hook if he be once strucken. They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer; but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour or rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float, or with a cork. But many will fish for the gudgeon by hand, with a running-line upon the ground, without a cork, as a trout is fished for, and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod and as gentle a hand.[1]

There is also another fish called a Pope, and by some a Ruffe; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers; he is much



The Ruffe.

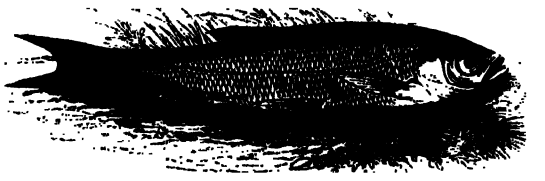
like the pearch for his shape, and taken to be better than the pearch, but will not grow to be bigger than a gudgeon:

[1] In fishing for gudgeons, have a rake, and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fish will flock thither in shoals.—H. Gudgeons appear to swim instinctively towards disturbed waters, and are therefore generally found in mill-streams, and at the tail of sluices and in gravelly scours. Raking the ground, as Sir John Hawkins recommends, as often as the sport slackens, and baiting with a small bright red worm (on one hook or more), seldom fails of success, and we have seen

he is an excellent fish, no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste, and he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter, and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep, and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm, and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a Bleak, or Fresh-water Sprat, a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the River-Swallow: for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies in the air, by which he lives, so does the Bleak at the top of the water.[1] Ausonius would have him called BLEAK, from his whitish colour: his



Bleak.

back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water green, his belly white and shining as the mountain-snow. And, doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot-salt, and the skill that the Italians have to turn them into Anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line;[2] that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have

hundreds caught at one standing. The small blood-worm, two on a hook, is one of the most attractive baits.—ED.

[1] Of all the fish confined in a *Vivarium* I had at Bushy Park, the Bleak were the most amusing and playful. Their activity could not be exceeded, and in a still summer's evening they would dart at every little fly that settled on the water; appearing always restless yet always happy.—ED.

[2] A line with many hooks placed at small distances. Though it little

seen five caught thus at one time, and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks[1] in a boat, or on a bank in the swift water in a summer's evening, with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins, this Bird-Angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of; and let me tell you, Scholar, that both Martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Hern that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong, and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it; a line not exceeding two yards.

resembles a string of beads, is yet said to have been so named, from the rosary used by Roman Catholics in counting their prayers or pater-nosters. —H.

[1] That is, throwing your line out before you, over your head, in the manner of a coach whip.—BROWNE.



Newts.



Boat House, Sion House.

THE FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS OF NOTHING; OR THAT WHICH IS NOTHING WORTH.

Pisc. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish, which make the angler excellent sport, for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear at this time to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter, and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come hostess, where are you? Is supper ready? Come, first give us drink, and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, To you both! come drink, and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three; look, here's eight, and a brace we gave away; we have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home

both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Pet. And Coridon and I have had not an unpleasant day, and yet I have caught but five trouts: for indeed we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board[1] half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped let us have your song, Piscator, and the catch that your scholar promised us, or else Coridon will be dogged.

Pisc. Nay, I will not be worse than my word, you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

Ven. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your song, for we have fed heartily. Come hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire, and now sing when you will.

[1] Variously called shovel-board, shuffle-board, shove-board, shove-groat, &c. Strutt says that in former times the mansions of the rich were not thought complete without a shovel-board-table, which was generally placed in the great hall; and we know that Henry VIII. used to play at it and lose his money. Dr. Plott, in his History of Staffordshire, informs us that in the hall at Chartley, the shuffle-board-table, though ten yards one foot and an inch long, was made up of about two hundred and fifty pieces. Strutt (who describes the board minutely) says, that he saw a shuffle or shovel-board-table at a low public-house in Benjamin-street, near Clerken-well-green, which was about three feet in breadth, and thirty-nine feet two inches in length. The game was played by pushing a smooth piece of money along the board to reach certain marks or divisions, which counted according to their nominal value, as in the "Royal Game of Goose." Groats were customarily used at this game, and hence it is found entitled "Shove Groat." Taylor, the water poet, says, Edward the Sixth's shillings were for the most part used; and thus laments the "beardless face," worn still more "smooth and plaine;"

> But had my stamp been bearded, as with haire,
> Long before this it had been worne and bare;
> For why, with me the thriftless every day,
> With my face downward do at Shove-board play.
>
> *Travels of Twelve Pence*, p. 68.

Pisc. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many:
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping:
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too:
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too.
None do here
Use to swear,
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
And watch our quill:
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier-hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where in a dike
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow;
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.—JO. CHALKHILL.[1]

Ven. Well sung, master! This day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me, that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?

Pisc. Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it: and, having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify: but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean by discommending it to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

Ven. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would

[1] The name is affixed for the first time to the third edition. It appears from the statement of Piscator, which immediately follows, that though this song was chiefly written by Chalkhill, yet that Walton having forgotten some parts of it, had himself supplied the deficiencies; hence it affords another specimen of his poetical talents.—SIR H. NICOLAS.

have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you that, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me: that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields:[1] for I could there sit quietly; and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeyes and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These, and many other field-flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the "Meek possess the earth;" or rather, they enjoy what the other possess and enjoy not: for anglers, and meek, quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say as the poet has happily expressed it—

[1] There is so much fine and useful morality included in this sentiment, —that to let it pass would be inexcusable in one who pretends to illustrate the author's meaning, or display his excellencies. The precept which he, evidently, meant to inculcate, is that some of the greatest pleasures human nature is capable of, lie open, and in common, to the poor as well as the rich. It is not necessary, that a man should have the fee-simple of all the land, in prospect from Windsor terrace, or Richmond hill, to enjoy the beauty of those two delightful situations; nor can we imagine that no one, but lord Burlington, was ever delighted in the view of his most elegant villa at Chiswick.—H.

Hail! blest estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyments of such minds,
As, rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher,[1] an excellent divine, and an excellent angler, and the author of excellent "Piscatory Eclogues," in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind; and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants, his middle-fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent;
His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor estate ne'er torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch,[2] and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, master, you can sing well; you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper,
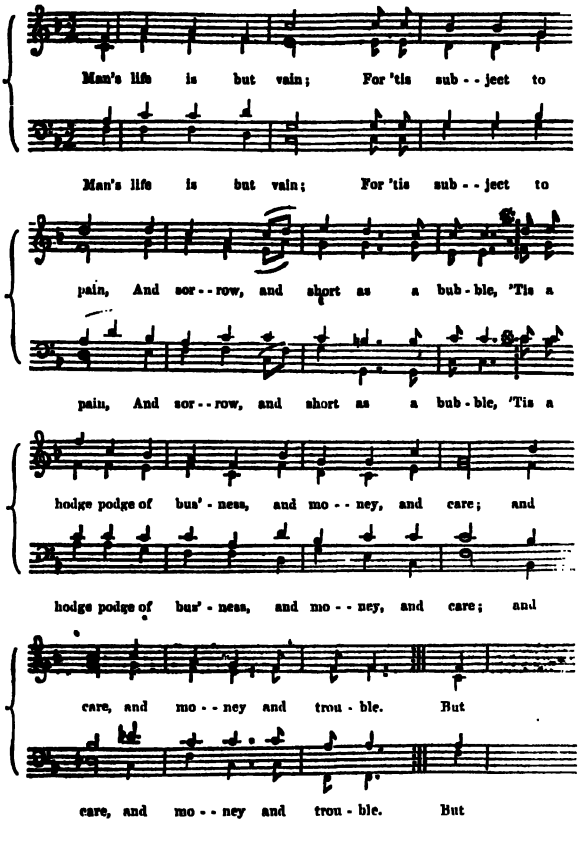
[1] Phineas Fletcher was the son of Giles Fletcher, LL.D., and Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Duke of Muscovy. He is said to have been born about 1584, was educated at Eton, and in 1600 became Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He was author of "Piscatory Eclogues," and an allegorical poem of considerable merit, entitled "The Purple Island," which, with other of his poems, were printed at Cambridge in 1633. He died about 1650.—Ed.

[2] The song here sung can in no sense of the word be termed a *catch*: It was probably set to music at the request of Walton, and is to be found

[*Continued at* p. 268.]

THE ANGLER'S SONG,*
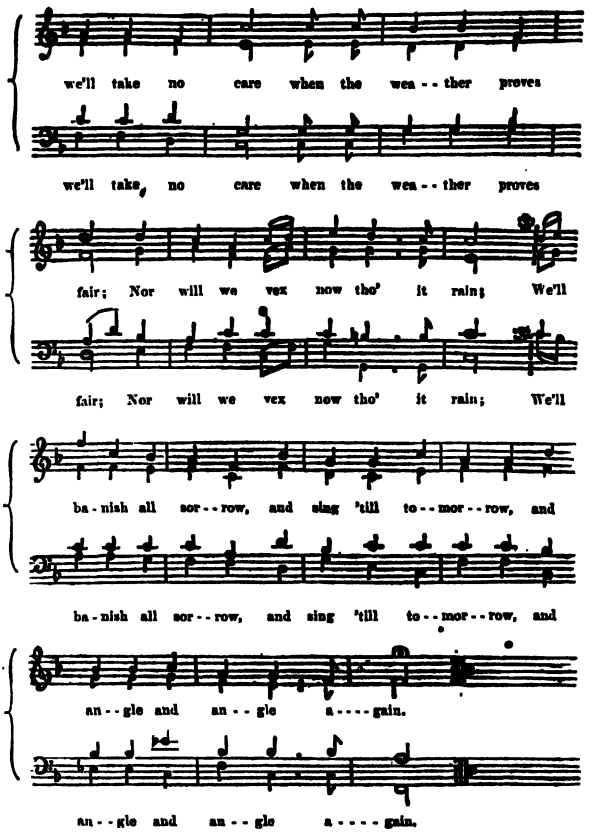
SET BY H. LAWES, 1653.



* Walton himself calls this a "Catch"—Hawkins styles it a Song—probably from the nature of the words, although the music is perfectly that of the Madrigal so much in the fashion of the time, and now again revived by persons of the best musical taste. The above version is

HARMONISED FOR FOUR VOICES.

BY J. S. MAJOR, 1844.



harmonised for four voices, the Alto and Tenor being now first added. For the convenience of publication, the four parts are given on two staves instead of a stave for each voice—a *double tail* being added where two voices sing the same note.

Pet. I marry, sir, this is music indeed! This has cheered my heart, and made me to remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly.

Music! miraculous rhetoric! that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd!
But though dull souls neglect,
And some reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.

Ven. And the repetition of these last verses of music,



Edmund Waller.

in a book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces; to the Theorbo-Lute and Basse Viol.* By John Wilson and Charles Coleman, doctors in music, Henry Lawes and others. Fol. London, 1659. Lawes will be remembered as the friend of Milton, and composer of the music to his *Comus*. The verses in praise of Music are taken from the end of the same book of songs, where they are signed W. D., Knight, meaning perhaps Sir William Davenant.

The reader is not to wonder at this motion of *Venator's*, nor that *Piscator* so readily accepts it. At the time when Walton wrote, and long before, Music was so generally well understood, that a man who had any voice, or ear, was always supposed to be able to sing his part, in a madrigal or song, at sight. Peacham requires of his gentleman only to be able "to sing his part sure, and at the first sight; and, withal, to play the same on the viol or lute." *Compl. Gent.* 100. And Philomathes, in Morley's excellent



J. T. Willmore A.

St. Angelo's Siena.

have called to my memory what Mr. Edmund Waller,[1] a lover of the angle,[2] says of love and music.

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my heart decay;
That powerful voice
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace; or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Pisc. Well remembered, brother Peter; these verses came

"Introduction to Practical Music," fol. Lond. 1597, thus complains; [at the banquet of master Sophobulus] "Supper being ended; and music-books, according to custom, being brought to table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly, that I could not,—every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I go, now, to seek out mine old friend, master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar." At that period a lute was considered a necessary part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers.

In an old comedy of Dekker's, entitled, "The second part of the honest Whore," Matheo, speaking of his wife, terms her 'a *barber's citterne* for every serving-man to play upon.'—H.

[1] Edmund Waller was born in 1605, at Coleshill, in Buckinghamshire, and received his education at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge. At the age of eighteen he was in parliament, and took part against the king: in 1643, however, he was sentenced to be hanged for a plot on his behalf; but saved himself by submission to the ruling power, and the weighty influence of the pocket. He afterwards wrote an elegant panegyric in favour of *Cromwell*, and subsequently another, on the *king*, at his Restoration! He died in 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield. His poems are easy, smooth, and generally elegant.—JOHNSON.

[2] As the author's concern for the honour of angling induced him to enumerate such persons of note as were lovers of that recreation,—the reader will allow me to add Mr. JOHN GAY to the number. Any one who reads the first canto of his Georgic, entitled "Rural Sports," and observes how beautifully and accurately he treats the subject of fly-fishing, would conclude the author a proficient: but that it was his chief amusement, I

seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again, and then each man drink the t'other cup and to bed, and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

Pisc. Well now, good night to everybody.
Pet. And so say I.
Ven. And so say I.
Cor. Good night to you all; and I thank you.

Pisc. Good morrow, brother Peter! and the like to you, honest Coridon. Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings; that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The motion is liked by everybody, and so hostess, here's your money: we anglers are all beholden to you: it will not be long ere I'll see you again. And now brother Piscator, I wish you and my brother, your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come Coridon, this is our way.

have been assured, by a friend who has frequently fished with him in the river Kennet, at Amesbury in Wilts, the seat of his grace the Duke of Queensberry.—H. Many other distinguished men have been fond of angling: Lord Nelson was so devoted to the sport that he continued it with his left hand; Thomson, Coleridge, Dr. Paley, Dr. Wollaston, Sir Benjamin West, Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, Sir Humphrey Davy, Professor Wilson, Sir Francis Chantrey, and that fine painter, the late Mr. Turner,—a goodly array of heroes, poets, philosophers, and artists—were all confirmed disciples of the angle. The list might be greatly extended; but it need only be added that "glorious John Dryden" was of the number, as appears from the edition of his prose works by Malone, 8vo: London, 1800, vol. 1, part 1, page 520, and part 2, page 42. He and D'Urfey must have found a pleasant relief from the excitement of their London life in the pursuit of this quiet sport in the Wiltshire streams. An amusing essay might be written on the subject of this note, including examples of how well and wisely our poets have loved rivers. Burns, an ardent angler, should not be forgotten:—

"The muse, nae poet ever found her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trolling burn's meander,
And nae think lang." ED.



Toddington Weir.

THE FIFTH DAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF ROACH AND DACE AND HOW TO FISH FOR THEM; AND OF CADIS.

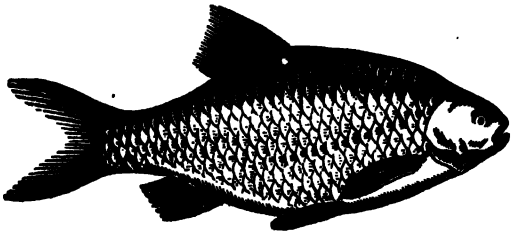
Venator. Good master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions, for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Pisc. Well, scholar, that I will: and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the roach is so called from *rutilus*, which, they say, signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the carp is accounted the water-fox, for his

cunning, so the roach is accounted the water-sheep for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted that the roach and dace recover strength, and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the barbel and chub in a month; the trout in four months; and the salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea and after into fresh-water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small roach that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size, which some say is bred by the bream and right roach, and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing men that know their difference call them *Ruds*:[1] they differ from the



The Rudd.

true roach as much as a herring from a pilchard. And these bastard-breed of roach are now scattered in many rivers,

[1] The Rudd (or *red eye*) is believed to be a distinct species, and is found in many of the English rivers, and abundantly in Lough Neagh in Ireland. There is no well authenticated instance of a hybrid fish, and Mr. Yarrell doubts their existence. Moses Brown says, in his note on this passage, "The rudd differs very much from Walton's description: it is reckoned preferable to the roach, and inferior to none of the first rank. He is of a golden colour, like the carp, with scales as large; his tail a light, and his belly fins a dark red; and is from twelve to sixteen inches long; the largest weigh two pounds: he is broad, thick, strongly made; struggles hard; feeds usually near the top of the water, and is therefore taken with a fly or small red worm; and is always in season, excepting in April, spawning time. It has been said this fish is peculiar to the Yare, in Norfolk; but other streams have them, as the Rudder, in Essex, above Ilford Bridge; and the Ouse, in Buckinghamshire, in plenty, where he is called a shallow; Witham, in Buckinghamshire, and the Thames upward. In some places he is called a finscale."

but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London-bridge.[1] The roach is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the roach makes the angler excellent sport, especially the great roaches about London, where I think there

[1] I know not what roaches are caught below bridge, but, above, I am sure they are very large; for on the 15th of September, 1754, at Hampton, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds. [Roaches of three pounds have been caught in the Thames, and Pennant records one of the great weight of five pounds, though not caught in the Thames.—ED.]

The season for fishing for roach in the Thames begins about the latter end of August, and continues much longer than it is either pleasant or safe to fish. It requires some skill, to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the summer long they live on the weed, which they do not forsake for the deeps till it becomes putrid, and that is sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry; for you are to know, that much rain hastens the rotting of the weed. I say it requires some skill to hit the time; for the fishermen who live in all the towns along the river, from Chiswick to Staines, are, about this time, nightly upon the watch, as soon as the fish come out, to sweep them away with a drag-net; and our poor patient angler is left, baiting the ground, and adjusting his tackle, to catch those very fish which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to Billingsgate.

The Thames, as well above as below London-bridge, was formerly much resorted to by the London anglers; and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing-tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked-lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person, not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex-stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat; his method was to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes the fish settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the Chalk hills, near London-bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was, "Himself, with an angler, in his boat;" and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730. [There is now no good fishing in the Thames nearer than the Twickenham Meadows, just above Richmond-bridge, owing to the filthy state of the river.—E[illegible]

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats; at each there is a large deep, to which roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is oppo-

be the best roach-anglers;[1] and I think the best trout-anglers be in Derbyshire, for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

site the church-yard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose grave-stone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines:—

In memory of Mr. Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London, who departed this life Aug. 12th, 1758, aged 53 years.

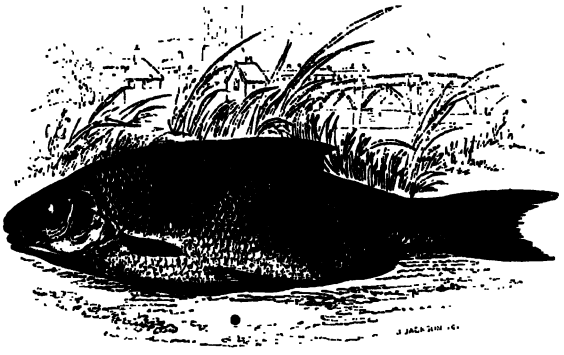
Each brother Bob! that, sportive, passes here,
Pause at this stone; and drop the silent tear,
For him who loved your harmless sport;
Who to this Pitch * did oft resort;
Who in free converse oft would please,
With native humour, mirth and ease;
His actions form'd upon so just a plan,—
He lived a worthy,—died an honest, man.

Before I dismiss the subject of Thames fishing, I will let the reader know, that formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the Thames, were used to enclose certain parts of the river with what they called "stops," but which were in effect wears or kidels, by stakes driven into the bed thereof; and to these they tied weels, creating thereby a current which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against Magna Charta, and is expressly prohibited by the 23rd chapter of that statute. In the year 1757, the Lord Mayor, Dickenson, sent the Water-Bailiff up the Thames in a barge well-manned and furnished with proper implements, who destroyed all those inclosures on this side of Staines, by pulling up the stakes, and setting them adrift.—H. [The nefarious practices of which Sir John Hawkins complaints have, of late years, been prevented by the establishment of the 'Thames Angling Society,' which, under the sanction of the Lord Mayor, *ex officio* Conservator, preserves the river from Isleworth to Staines. From Staines to the Maidenhead Weir it is preserved by the Thames Boat Club. These societies are maintained by the subscription of one guinea annually. —Ed.]

[1] There are *no* roach-anglers equal to the Londoners for taking this fish, who may be seen in punts near Richmond-bridge and other parts of the Thames. The season for roach fishing in that river begins about the middle of August, and continues throughout the winter, but it is best in October, when immense numbers are taken. So eager are some persons for the sport, that no weather, however cold, seems to deter them from following it. I have heard of a gentleman who would get up as soon as it was light, and fish all day till it was dark, when the wet was freezing on his line!—Ed.

* A particular spot, called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastoning a boat there.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this



Roach.

in winter with paste or gentles, in April with worms, or cadis: in the very hot months with little white snails, or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the dace will. In many of the hot months, roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a weir,—I mean any deep place where roaches lie quietly,—and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a roach will follow your bait to the very top of the water and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley-bridge, and great store of roach taken; and sometimes a dace or chub. And in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet;[1] and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time and labour, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must

[1] The finest white rolls.—*Nares.*

have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost and the fish too—if one may lose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the roach and the DACE or DARE,[1]



Dace.

for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of. They will bite almost at any fly, but

[1] When you angle for dace in the deeps, with a float, it must be a very small one, that will require but one shot to poise it. Your hook and line must be fine. Bait either with house-flies, cadis, small red worms, or grasshoppers with their legs off, and fish not deeper than two or three feet at most: conceal yourself as much as possible if you expect any sport, for the dace is most like the trout of any fish in his shyness and fear. Strike nimbly as soon as he bites. On a shallow gravelly scour use the running line, with paste, worms, or gentles. If you angle in a river where two mill streams are going at the same time, let it be in the eddy between them. If the water prove deep, put within a foot of the bottom; but if shallow, which is best (not exceeding three feet), then bait with three large gentles; use a cork float, and place it a foot and a half at most from the hook: have a quick eye, and strike at the very first bite. If any large dace are in the mill-pond, you will be sure to meet with them here.

At top water use a flesh fly, (none equal to this), or the small house fly. Have a cane rod, seventeen feet in length, your line somewhat longer, to which fasten three or four hooks, with single hair links, not above four inches long. In a summer evening go to the smoothest part at the end of a mill-stream, where they will rise freely, especially in that part where the sun does not shine. This sport will continue as long as you have light to see your flies; and you may take two or three at a time. The ant-fly is advised here in a morning, or on a scour, before the sun comes on the water.

When the stream is high, and rises almost to the bank of the river, put on an artificial fly, called a caterpillar-fly, with the yellowest gentle you can get, drawn on your hook up to the tail of your fly; whip with it (as for bleak) on the surface; and if you are expert, you may satisfy yourself. you will have good sport.—*Browne.*

especially at ant-flies; concerning which take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then doubtless you may find them in July, August, and most of September. Gather them alive, with both their wings, and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle: but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it, and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising, will live there a month or more, and be always in a readiness for you to fish with: but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better; then wash your barrel with water and honey, and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass-roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year. These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for roach or dace, or for a chub; and your rule is, to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter-bait for a roach, a dace, or chub; and it is choicely good. About All-hallontide, and so till frost comes, when you see men ploughing up heath-ground, or sandy ground, or green swards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head; you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close; it is all soft, and full of whitish guts: a worm that is in Norfolk, and some other counties, called a *grub*, and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse-dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes first to be a red, and then a black beetle: gather a thousand or two of these, and put them with a peck or two of their own earth into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost, or cold air or winds, kill them not: these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey a day before you

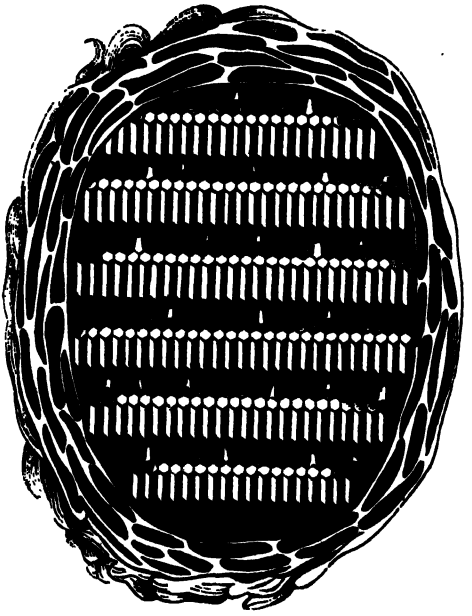
use them, you will find them an excellent bait for bream, carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter, which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross stick hang it in some corner over a pot or barrel, half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel, and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft, moist earth, but as free from frost as you can, and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water, and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it: then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout-end of the corn upward, with the point of your knife take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marred; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear, and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter; and, if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the roach and dace, a good bait is the young

brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood;



Wasp's Nest.

especially good for bream, if they be baked or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half-dried on a trencher, that so you may cut into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much. But I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings to Sir Henry Wotton, they were both chemical men, as a great present: it was sent, and received, and used, with great confidence; and yet,

upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have but little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think fishes both smell and hear, as I have expressed in my former discourse: but there is a mysterious knack, which, though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians,[1] will not yet reveal it. But let me, nevertheless, tell you that camphor, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much mistaken, a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils, and fishes smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for roach and dace, and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time,[2] and tell you in the next place

[1] The title of the Rosycrucians, or the Brothers of the Rosy-Cross, was first assumed by a sect of Hermetic Philosophers in Germany, about the commencement of the fourteenth century. They professed to have a knowledge of all the Occult Sciences, as the making of gold, the prolongation of human life, the restoration of youth, from which they were also called Immortales, and the formation of the Philosopher's Stone; but all these secrets they were bound by a solemn oath to reveal only to the members of their own fraternity, and it is to this custom, in particular, that Walton allŭdes. Their founder was a German gentleman, named Christian Crux, who had travelled to Palestine, where, falling sick, he was cured by Arabian physicians, who, he asserted, revealed to him their mysterious arts. He died in 1484; and the name of his society was composed of the word Ros, Dew, and his own name, Crux a Cross, the old chemical character for light.—See "Tennemann's Manual of the History of Philosophy." (Bohn). 1854.

[2] Roach delight in gravelly or sandy bottoms: their haunts, especially as winter approaches, are clear deep and still waters; at other times, they lie in and near the weeds, and under the shade of boughs. They spawn about the latter end of May, when they are scabby and unwholesome: but they are again in order, in about three weeks. The largest are taken after Michaelmas; and their prime season is in February or March. The *Baits for Roach*, not already mentioned, are: cad-bait and oak-worms, for the spring;—in May, ant's eggs; and paste, made of the crumbs of a new roll,—both white, and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water wherewith you moisten it;—this paste will do for the winter also. The largest Roach in this kingdom are taken in the Thames: but Roach of any *size* are hardly to be come at without a boat.

THE HAUNTS OF DACE are: gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms; deep

how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which I will, for sport-sake, give you an old rhyme out of an old fish-

holes that are shaded; water-lily leaves; and under the foam caused by an eddy: In hot weather they are to be found on the shallows; and are, then, best taken with an artificial fly, grasshoppers, or gentles, as hereafter directed. Dace spawn about the latter end of March; and are in season about three weeks after; they are not very good till about Michaelmas,—and are best in February. BAITS FOR DACE, other than those mentioned by Walton, are: the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt-tail, and indeed any worm, bred on trees or bushes, that is not too big for his mouth; almost all kinds of flies and caterpillars. Though Dace are often caught with a float, as Roach, yet they are not so properly float-fish; for they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or, indeed, almost any other small fly in its season; but in the Thames, above Richmond, the largest are caught with a natural green or dun grasshopper, and sometimes with gentles; with both which you are to fish as with an artificial fly. They are not to be come at till about September, when the weeds begin to rot; but when you have found where they lie, which, in a warm day, is generally on the shallows, 'tis incredible what havoc you may make. Pinch off the first joint of the grasshopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head and bring it out at the tail, and in this way of fishing you will catch chub, especially if you throw under the boughs. But this can be done only in a boat; for the management whereof, be provided with a staff, and a heavy stone fastened to a strong rope of four or five yards in length; fasten the rope to the head of the boat, which, whether it be a punt or a wherry, is equally fit for this purpose, and so drive down with the stream: when you come to a shallow, or other place where the fish are likely to lie, drop the stone, and, standing in the stern, throw right down the stream, and a little to the right and left; after trying about a quarter of an hour in a place, with the staff push the boat about five yards down, and so throw again. Use a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a strong single hair next the hook. It is true there is less certainty of catching in this way than with a float or ground-bait; for which reason I would recommend it only to those who live near the banks of that delightful river between Windsor and Isleworth, who have or can command a boat for that purpose, and can take advantage of a still, warm, gloomy day; and to such it will afford much more diversion than the ordinary inartificial method of fishing in the deeps for roach and dace.

In fishing at bottom for roach and dace, use, for ground-bait, bread, soaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran; knead them to a tough consistence, and make them up into balls, with a small pebble in the middle, and throw these balls in where you fish; but be sure to throw them up the stream, for otherwise they will draw the fish beyond the reach of your line.

Fish for roach, within six, and for dace, three inches of the bottom [or even touch the bottom.—ED.]

Having enumerated the baits proper for every kind of fish in their respective places, it may not be amiss here to mention one which many authors speak of as excellent for almost all fish, and that is the spawn of

book, which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,

salmon or large trout. Barker, who seems to have been the first that discovered it, recommends it to his patron in the following terms :—

"Noble Lord, I have found an experience of late, which your may angle with, and take great store of this kind of fish. First, It is the best bait for a trout that I have seen in all my time ; and will take great store, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, It is a special bait for dace or dare, good for chub or bottlin, or grayling. The bait is the roe of a salmon or trout; if it be a large trout that the spawns be any thing great, you may angle for the trout with this bait as you angle with the brandling, taking a pair of scissors, and cut so much as a large hazel-nut, and bait your hook ; so fall to your sport, there is no doubt of pleasure. If I had known it but twenty years ago I would have gained a hundred pounds, only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that men of quality should have it that delight in that pleasure. The greedy angler will murmur at me: but for that I care not.

"For the angling for the scale-fish : They must angle either with cork or quill, plumming their ground, and with feeding with the same bait, taking them [the spawns] asunder, that they may spread abroad, that the fish may feed, and come to your place : there is no doubt of pleasure angling with fine tackle, as single hair lines, at least five or six lengths long ; a small hook, with two or three spawns. The bait will hold one week : if you keep it on any longer you must hang it up to dry a little ; when you go on your pleasure again, put the bait in a little water, it will come in kind again."

Others, to preserve salmon spawn, sprinkle it with a little salt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool, and another of spawn. It is said to be a lovely bait for the winter or spring, especially where salmon are used to spawn, for thither the fish gather, and there expect it.—"Ang. Vade Mecum," 53. [Preserved salmon roe is now regularly sold in all the principal fishing-tackle shops.—ED.]

To know at any time what bait fish are apt to take, open the belly of the first you catch, and take out his stomach very tenderly, open it with a sharp penknife, and you will discover what he then feeds on.—VENABLES, 91.

To these long notes we will add something of present practice from Blaine and others, although at the expense of repeating much of what has already been said :—

The best season for roach fishing is from autumn until the following spring. (In the Thames, the fence months against angling are March, April, and May.) In May they usually spawn; occasionally earlier or later : after they have spawned, they continue out of season for several weeks, hardly recovering until the latter end of July, which is not to be wondered at when we consider the debilitating effect of such a quantity of

My basket, my baits both living and dead,
My net and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green and small,
With mine angling-purse, and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more, with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself;[1] and to that purpose I will go with you either to

ova, the grains of which, in a single fish, have been reckoned, and were found to amount to fifty-four thousand, which must consequently require a very copious supply of milt from the male to fecundate. The roach, contrary to Walton's notion, requires considerable skill to deceive it, while its game qualities are such, that it contests the matter with the angler to the last, so as to yield no small triumph when landed. We have seen a roach of a pound weight in a strong current in the Thames, raise the blood to the face of an angler of fair fame. From the bottom of the water, every inch of the way up to the surface, they may be fished for in various manners; and when they are sunning themselves at the top, they will take a fly with the best.

The professed London Roach-fishers use a very light tolerably stiff rod; of considerable length, to command a sufficient swim without exposing the angler to the view of the fish. *With regard to the line*, expert artists will seldom use any but single hair; others the finest gut procurable, especially for the lower portion. Some again prefer two hairs twisted for the upper portion, and a single hair for two or three feet of the lower; by which, should a fish break away, the hook only is lost and not the float. But the majority use fine gut only, from the uncertainty of retaining with hair the fish which may be hooked; it is, however, certain that he who fishes finest for roach and dace will be most successful.

The hook should be as fine as the line; when of single hair it may be No. 9 or 10; Salter even recommends No. 11; and in the depth of winter, when the bitings amount to little more than a nibble, this will not be too small. If a gut-line be used, the hook may be No. 8 or 9; but to take off the glare of the gut, it would be well to stain it a very pale blue. The *float*, of prepared quill, should yield to an almost imperceptible nibble: and the *shotting* of the line should engage as much attention as the rest, that the lead may not scare these timid gentry.

The baits used in roach angling among the professed London roach fishers, are principally clean small gentles and pastes; but worms well-scoured (the marsh, the brandling, the blood, and the red) are all taken with eagerness when the fish are on the feed. Worms may be considered as the early spring bait; but as the season advances they may be alternated with cadises, larvæ, and pupæ, or bobs and grubs of all sorts. Salmon-roe is a favourite bait, particularly in the still deeps of rivers. Towards and during the autumn gentles and pastes are among the most efficient. Roach will also take *artificial flies*, both in summer and autumn; little red, brown, and black hackles, small duns, the black gnat, &c.—H. G. B.

[1] I have heard that the tackling hath been priced at fifty pounds in the inventory of an angler.—WALTON.

Mr. Margrave, who dwells amongst the booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard, or to Mr. John Stubbs, near to the Swan in Golding-lane; they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.

Ven. Then, good master, let it be at ——— for he is nearest to my dwelling, and I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

Pisc. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Ven. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what baits more you remember, for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham High-Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

Pisc. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: Take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft, and then fry it very leisurely with honey and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk; and you will find this a choice bait, and good I think for any fish, especially for roach, dace, chub, or grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river-carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

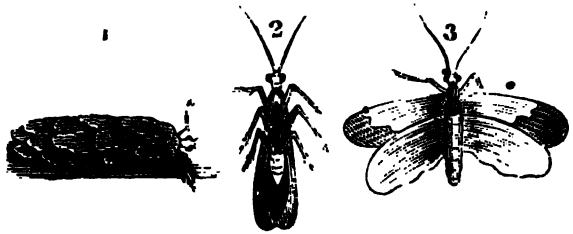
And you may also note, that the spawn of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries and those black-berries which grow upon briars, be good baits for chubs or carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruit customarily dropped into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can be well named; which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of cadis or case-worms, that are to be found in this nation in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to

bigger rivers: as namely one cadis, called a *Piper*, whose husk or case is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence.[1] These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the chub or chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a *Cockspur*, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end, and the case or house in which this dwells is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at; but not to be made by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest[2] can, which is made of little fishes' bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection, as the like is not to be done by the art of man. This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered; and these may be so preserved ten, fifteen, or twenty, days, or it may be longer.

There is also another cadis, called by some a *Straw-worm*, and by some a *Ruff-coat*: whose house or case is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case,



Cadis, in the husk. The Fly. On the wing.

[1] The half-groat of sterling silver, coined for the last time in the currency of Charles I.

[2] Walton here mistakes for a kingfisher's nest, the round crustaceous shell of the sea urchin (*Echinus.*) The kingfisher does not appear to make any nest, except the flooring of fish bones derived from his prey.—RENNIE.

not unlike the bristles of a hedgehog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise.[1] I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself and tire you by such a discourse: I shall, therefore, but remember you, that to know these and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search over; and, if he had, is not capable of learning.

I'll tell you, Scholar, several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do: that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills or ditches that run into bigger rivers; and, I think, a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but, doubtless, they are the death of many Trouts: and this is one killing way.

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis: pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will show like the cadis-head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still

[1] Cadis-worms are found against the sides of posts or boards, or rushes, about a foot under water, where they cling, and look like bits of rotten sticks or reeds. They lie thick by the sides of shallows, on the sand, in any little creeks or ditches nigh the river. Use a cleft stick as directed in the text.—BROWNE. The habits of the cadis-worm are very curious and interesting. It spins round itself a sort of silken sheath, to which it agglutinates very various materials, forming a case, in which it is well protected from its enemies. No worm presents so singular an appearance. Some of the cases are composed of minute shells, especially the small water-snail; some of fragments of wood, straw or twigs; some of aquatic and vegetable refuse. The *piper-cadis*, or *straw-worm*, encases itself within two pieces of reed or rush, from which it protrudes its head and feet, and thus crawls along the bottom of the water. Figures of the various sorts of cadis will be found in Westwood's "Classification of Insects," 2 vols. 8vo.—ED.

hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied; and that the bait first touch the water, before the line: and this will do best in the deepest stillest water.

Next let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these and consider the curiosity of their composure; and if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel or willow; cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may with ease take any of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest Scholar, are some observations told to you as they now come into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an Angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art that must do it.[1] I will tell you,

[1] The author has now done describing the several kinds of fish, excepting the few little ones that follow, with the methods of taking them; but has said little or nothing of float-fishing; it may, therefore, not be amiss here to lay down some rules about it.

Let the rod be light and stiff, and withal so smart in the spring as to strike at the tip of the whale-bone; from fourteen to fifteen feet is a good length.

In places where you sometimes meet with barbel, as at Shepperton and Hampton, in Middlesex, the fittest line is one of six or seven hairs at top, and so diminishing for two yards; let the rest be strong Indian grass, to within about half a yard of the hook, which may be whipped to a fine grass or silk-worm gut. And this line will kill a fish of six pounds weight.

But, for mere roach and dace-fishing, accustom yourself to a single-hair line, with which an artist may kill a fish of a pound and a half weight.

For your float: In slow streams, a neat round goose-quill is proper: but for deep or rapid rivers, or in an eddy, the cork, shaped like a pear, is indisputably the best; which should not, in general, exceed the size of a nutmeg; let not the quill, which you put through it, be more than half an inch above and below the cork; and this float, though some prefer a swan's quill, has great advantage over a bare quill; for the quill being defended from the water by the cork, does not soften, and the cork enables you to lead your line so heavily, as that the hook sinks almost as soon as you put [it] into the water; whereas, when you lead but lightly, it does not go to the bottom till it is near the end of your swim. And in leading your lines, be careful to balance them so nicely, that a very small touch will sink them; some use for this purpose lead shaped like a barley-corn; but there is nothing better to lead with than shot, which you must have, ready cleft,

Scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats "better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears "better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him "only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an Angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young Anglers.

always with you; remembering, that when you fish fine, it is better to have on your line a great number of small, than a few large, shot.

Whip the end of the quill, round the plug, with fine silk, well waxed; this will keep the water out of your float, and preserve it greatly.

In fishing with a float, your line must be about a foot shorter than your rod; for if it is longer, you cannot so well command your hook when you come to disengage your fish.

Pearch and chub are caught with a float, and also gudgeons; and sometimes barbel and grayling.

For carp and tench, which are seldom caught but in ponds, use a very small goose, or a duck, quill float; and, for ground bait, throw in every now and then a bit of chewed bread.

For barbel, the place should be baited the night before you fish, with graves, which are the sediment of melted tallow, and may be had at the tallow-chandler's. Use the same ground-bait while you are fishing as for roach and dace.

In fishing with a float for chub, in warm weather, fish at mid-water; in cool, lower; and in cold, at the ground.—H.



Hampton Bridge.



Near Edmonton, on the Lea; a rural bit by T. Creswick.

THE FIFTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE MINNOW OR PENK, OF THE LOACH, AND OF THE BULL-HEAD, OR MILLER'S-THUMB.

Piscator. There be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot, that all are without scales;[1] and may for excellence of meat, be compared to any fish of greatest value, and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the months of summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents

[1] The minnow is covered with numerous serrate scales, so that Walton is in error in saying they are without them. Indeed several fishes supposed to be without scales have them. The eels have scales, though they are so minute as to require the aid of a magnifying glass to see them; but it is curious that some allied genera, as the congers, &c., are destitute of them.—ED.

of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the MINNOW, or PENK.[1]



The Minnow hath, when he is in perfect season and not sick, which is only presently after spawning,—a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on his sides, inclining to a greenish and sky-colour, his belly being milk-white, and his back almost black or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and, in hot weather makes excellent sport for young Anglers, or boys, or women that love that

[1] A writer in the fifth volume of Mr. Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History," relates that, crossing a brook, he "saw from the foot-bridge something at the bottom of the water which had the appearance of a flower. Observing it attentively," he proceeds, "I found that it consisted of a circular assemblage of minnows: their heads all met in a centre, and their tails diverging at equal distances, and being elevated above their heads, gave them the appearance of a flower half-blown. One was longer than the rest; and as often as a straggler came in sight, he quitted his place to pursue him; and having driven him away, he returns to it again, no other minnow offering to take it in his absence. This I saw him do several times. The object that had attracted them all was a dead minnow, which they seemed to be devouring."

recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-Tansies; for, being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after,—they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips, and of primroses, and a little tansie; thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The Loach is, as I told you, a most dainty fish:[1] he breeds



The Loach.

and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. This Loach is not unlike the shape of the eel: he has a beard or wattels like a barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots; his mouth is Barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn, and is by Gesner, and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm at the bottom; for he

[1] The term Loach, or Loche, is said to be derived from the French *locher*, "to be uneasy," alluding to the restless habits of the species of this genus, and their almost constantly moving from place to place. The Loach has six barbules about the mouth; and fish thus provided are known to feed at or near the bottom of the water. The flesh is accounted excellent and delicate food; and Linnæus says that Frederick I. thought so highly of them, that he had them brought from Germany and naturalized in his own country. They are extremely susceptible of electrical changes in the atmosphere, always indicating the approach of storms by extreme restlessness; on which account they have sometimes been preserved in glass vessels, like the leach, as living barometers. A continental naturalist calls it *Thermometrum vivum*. See Yarrell.—Ed.

very seldom or never rises above the gravel, on which, I told you, he usually gets his living.

The MILLER'S-THUMB, or BULL-HEAD, is a fish of no



The Miller's-Thumb, or Bull-Head.

pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the sea-toad-fish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head, big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide and usually gaping. He is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly; two on the back; one below the vent; and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer.[1] And in the winter the minnow, and loach, and bull-head, dwell in the mud, as the eel doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow, and other half-year-birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This bull-head does usually dwell and hide himself in holes, or amongst stones, in clear water: and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an Angler to put a hook baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be

[1] I have been assured that when the Miller's-Thumb has deposited its spawn, it keeps near the spot till the spawn has vivified, contrary to the habits of any other fish.—ED.

caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus[1] commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a STICKLEBAG: a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good



Catching Sticklebacks.

for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey; as trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him; for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a windmill, will make him turn more quick than any penk or minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that, or the minnow, is the perfection of minnow fishing. To which end, if you put

[1] Petrus Andreas Matthiolus was born at Sienna in 1501, and died of the plague, at Trent, in 1577. He was an eminent physician, and particularly famous for his Commentaries on Dioscorides, of which there were numerous editions in Latin, besides several in Italian and French. The best is thought to be that printed at Venice, 1565, in one very large folio, and illustrated with 1500 finely executed wood-cuts of medical plants and animals.

your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with a white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any trout; but if he does not turn quick, then turn his tail a little more or less towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the minnow or sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast: and then doubt not but to tempt any great trout that lies in a swift stream.[1] And the loach that I told you of, will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.[2]

Ven. But, master, you have, by your former civility, made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in

[1] The minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of ——— told me, that, in the month of June last, at Kimpton Hoo, near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, he caught, with a minnow, a Rud, which—inasmuch as the rud is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey—is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir George Hastings, in Chap. IV., of a Fordidge Trout (of which kind of fish none had ever been known to be taken with an angle), which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness.—H.

[2] Since Walton wrote, there has been brought into England from Germany a species of small fish, resembling carp in shape and colour, called Crucians; with which many ponds are now plentifully stocked.

There have also been brought from China those beautiful creatures Gold and Silver Fish; the first are of an orange colour, with very shining scales, and finely variegated with black and dark brown; the silver fish are of the colour of silver tissue, with scarlet fins, with which colour they are curiously marked in several parts of the body. These fish are usually kept in ponds, basins, and small reservoirs of water, to which they are a delightful ornament. And it is now a very common practice to keep them in a large glass vessel like a punch-bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom; frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for than in beholding them—which, I confess, I could never do—may catch them with gentles; but though costly, they are but coarse food.—H.

this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it, I pray, good master, for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing, the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.



Land and Water Shrews.

[These little creatures have a very rank musky smell, which has given them the reputation of being venomous, but this is not the case. Our forefathers thought that if the Shrew ran over the bodies of cattle, its touch was fatal, unless cured by an application of the Shrew-ash; which it was customary to "medicate" by burying the animal alive in a hole made in the body of the tree. They feed generally by the sides of rivers, on worms and the grubs of beetles, and having a very small mouth, cannot, as has been supposed, do any harm by their bite. That beautiful little creature, the WATER-SHREW, has its tail and feet adapted to paddling in the water, in which it swims and dives with great agility, its black velvety fur repelling the water like the feathers of a water-fowl. They renew their coats both in spring and autumn, and in a somewhat peculiar manner, beginning the change at the head and proceeding by degrees to the tail, showing the successive progress by a strong line of demarcation.—H. G. B.]



The Thames at Hampton.

THE FIFTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIX.

OF SEVERAL RIVERS, AND SOME OBSERVATIONS OF FISH.

Pisc. Well, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we yet see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation: there be, as you may note out of Doctor Heylin's Geography[1] and others, in number three hundred and twenty-five; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is Thamisis,[2] compounded of two rivers, Thame

[1] Dr. Peter Heylin was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, November 29th, 1600. In 1619 he was made fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1621 he published his "Microcosmos," quoted in the text. He was stedfastly attached to King Charles I., and wrote for him the weekly paper entitled, *Mercurius Aulicus*, though his loyalty reduced him to great poverty. He died on May 8th, 1662.—Ed.

[2] The Thames may be the chief of rivers in some respects; but had Walton seen the Shannon, he must have retained a lasting impression of a river which is really wonderful for so small an island as Ireland. The



and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the Thamisis, or Thames. Hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent and Essex, and so weddeth himself to the Kentish Medway in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing twice a-day more than sixty miles: about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German poet thus truly spake:

Tot campos, &c.

We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens, dress'd with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.[1]

2. The second river of note, is Sabrina or Severn. It hath its beginning in Plinilimmon-Hill in Montgomeryshire, and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

solemn still deeps of the Shannon Loughs, their beautiful islets, the majestic serene sweep of its broad swelling streams, their surface ruffled only by a gentle ground swell, or by the passing breeze, and the grand turbulent rapids at Castle Connell, must create delightful emotions of surprise in the mind of the beholder. In the outlets of many of the Irish lakes, as the river Erne at Bally Shannon, there may be as picturesque points, and equal beauty; but the Shannon alone has the magnitude of sublimity, and that pleasing variety which its great extent only could give. There is a peculiar interest, scarcely equalled in any other part of the United Kingdom, in the mediæval remains scattered about the banks and islands of this noble stream, as any traveller must feel who lingers, as I did, among the mysterious round towers and the crosses of Clonmacnoise.—Ed.

[1] Who this German poet was is not known, but the verses, in the original Latin, are in Heylin's "Cosmography," page 240, and are as follow:—

"Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos
Artifici exultos dextra, tot vidimus arces;
Ut nunc Ausonio, Thamisis cum Tibride certet."—H.

3. Trent, so called from thirty kind[1] of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who, having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river, having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth, or *æstuarium*, of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together; namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent: and (as the Danow, having received into its channel the rivers Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers others) changeth his name into this of Humberabus, as the old geographers call it.

4. Medway, a Kentish river, famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. Tweed, the north east bound of England, on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. Tyne, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits. These, and the rest of principal note,[2] are thus comprehended in one of Mr. Drayton's sonnets.

> Our flood's queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd;
> And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd;
> The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd;
> And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd.

[1] I never could reckon up more than twenty-two different sorts of fish in the Trent, assisted as I was by a person residing on the banks of that river. The tradition, however, of there being thirty species of fish in the Trent, is, at least, as old as Spenser. Thus, in the "Faerie Queene," book iv. canto xi.:—

> "And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames,
> Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames."

ED.

[2] It would have been beside the author's purpose, and, indeed, inconsistent with the brevity of his work, to have given such a description and history of the rivers of this kingdom as some readers would wish for. Such, however, may be found in Selden's Note on the Polyolbion, with a great variety of curious and useful learning on the subject.—H. [Since this there have been many accounts of rivers. Among those of the Thames, Murray's "Pictorial Tour," is the most convenient. "Rambles by Rivers," in 6 small vols. published by Mr. Charles Knight, comprises pleasing accounts of some of the principal rivers of England. But the most useful to the

Carlegion-Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extoll their Willy's fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.[1]

These observations are out of learned Dr. Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say, you love such discourses as these of rivers and fish and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you: nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr. Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me.

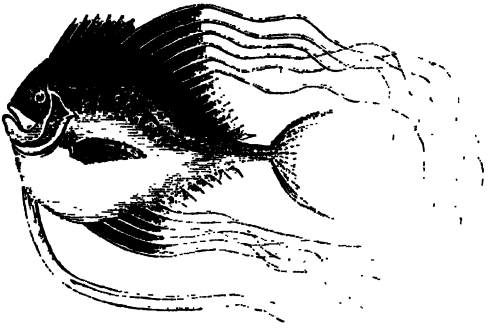
"The fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his mouth wide enough to receive or take into it the head of a man; his stomach seven or height inches broad. He is of a slow motion, and usually lies or lurks close in the mud, and has a moveable string on his head about a span, or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."[2]

angler is that given by Hofland in his elaborate chapters on the Rivers and Lakes of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. See *Angler's Manual*, pp. 275—442.]

[1] The Danes in their invasion of Britain, in the time of King Alfred, came up the river Lea, in their ships, as far as *Durelitum* (Low Layton); some say to Ware. See Drayton's Polyolbion, Song xii. and note thereon; and Lamborde's Top. Dict., *voce* Lee.

[2] This is no doubt meant for the Sea-frog, or Sea-angler (*Lophius Piscatorius*, figured at our page 75). Cuvier records one six feet in

And, scholar, do not wonder at this, for, besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes, which are of the like, and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt; where 'tis known the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but, by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks, when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to, as Grotius,[1] in his "Sophom," and others, have observed.



Zeus Opah, a supposed Sea-Angler.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse? I will end

length, but the usual size is three feet, and not exceeding five. Mr. Yarrell says that when this fish is couching close to the ground, it stirs up the sand or mud by means of its ventral and pectoral fins. Hidden by the obscurity thus produced, it elevates its tentaculæ, turns them in various directions by way of attracting as a bait, and the small fishes approaching, either to examine or seize them, immediately become the prey of the angler. The voracity of this fish is very great. There is an instance on record of its engulphing a Conger-eel on the hook of a fisherman, and so being drawn up with it; and it is said to have swallowed the cork buoy of a ship's deep sea line. Colonel Montague tells us, that while captured in a net it will devour some of its fellow-prisoners. In some parts of Scotland it is called *Wide-gape*, from the size of its mouth. But see Mr. Yarrell's interesting account, in his "History of British Fishes."—Ed.

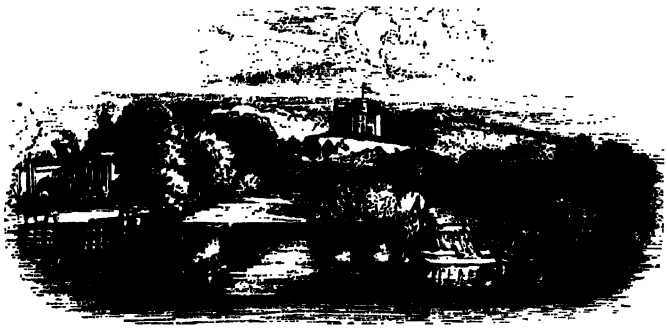
[1] Hugo Grotius, a celebrated scholar, statesman, and theologian, was born

it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of our's, herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk, and in the west-country, pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his "Britannia," p. 178, 186.

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

at Delft in Holland, on April 10th, 1583. He was at first an advocate, and about 1613 became Grand-Pensionary of Holland; but, in 1618, for adhering to the doctrines of Arminius, he was confined for nine months in the castle at the Hague. He died at Rostock in Pomerania, August 28th, 1645. His works were very numerous; that alluded to in the text is "Sophompaneas, or Joseph," a tragedy, translated with annotations by Francis Goldsmith, Esq. Lond., n. d. (1634) 8vo. The passage will be found at pages 29, etc. in the speech of the Chorus, and in the notes to the third Act, pages 84, etc. The title of the tragedy, "Sophompaneas," signified, in the Egyptian language, the Saviour of the World; and was given to Joseph, Pharoah's minister, because he delivered so many nations from destruction by famine.—Ed.





Virginia Water.[1]

THE FIFTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

OF FISH-PONDS, AND HOW TO ORDER THEM.[2]

Pisc. Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*,[3] gives this direction for making of fish-ponds. I shall refer you to him to read it at large; but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must

[1] *Virginia Water*, which covers nearly 1000 acres, is well stocked with fish of all kinds, and used to afford his Majesty George IV. ample scope for his favourite recreation. He had a most magnificent set of fishing tackle, made by Ustonson, which was publicly exhibited for several days, in May, 1828. The daily papers of the time teem with its sparkling grandeur; gold, velvet, and even diamonds, being among its decorations.—H. C. B.

[2] On this subject, the Hon. Roger North wrote an accredited work entitled "A Discourse on Fish and Fish Ponds," 1712, which underwent repeated editions; and of late years we have had an admirable treatise "On the Management of Fish in Rivers and Streams," by Gottlieb Boccius; 8vo. Lond.—Ed.

[3] This book, translated into English by Richard Surflet in 1600, and corrected and enlarged in a second edition by Gervase Markham, is extant, under the title of the "Countrey Farm." London, 1616, folio.

be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay faggots or bavins[1] of smaller wood betwixt them; and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile, is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond, in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of the pond-dam.

Then he advises that you plant willows or owlers[2] about it, or both: and then cast in bavins in some places not far from the side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at watch to destroy them; especially the spawn of the carp and tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others, advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain-water running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large, and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring-place;[3]

[1] Small faggots of light brushwood. Thus Shakspere:—

> ——— he ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters, and rash *bavin* wits
> *Soon kindled, and soon burnt.*—1 *Hen.* IV. iii. 2.

[2] *Owler*, derived from the Welsh, *Ow*, a moan, is a provincial name of the Poplar, particularly of the Aspen, whose leaves, waving one against the other, even when scarcely any wind, make a dreary sound of lamentation.—WRIGHT'S *Gloss.*

[3] A small square pit is best, about three feet deep, dug in the middle of a pond, with four strong stakes driven into the ground, and a cover of wood fastened over. This affords the fish a convenient retreat, and will tear any net cast in to take them.—BROWNE.

as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger; and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer; as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

'Tis noted that the tench and eel love mud, and the carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, especially some ponds, and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks,[1] reate,[2] and bull-rushes, that breed there: and also that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which carps will eat greedily in all the hot months if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry and sowing oats in the bottom is also good, for the fish feed the faster: and, being sometime let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens, or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says that frogs and ducks[3] do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the carp: and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs[4] to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat: but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman, and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country:

[1] A species of dog-grass growing in rivers.—ED.

[2] The sedge or water-flag.—ED.

[3] Ducks most certainly destroy much spawn, and therefore they should be kept out of ponds in which fish are intended to breed freely.—ED.

[4] Angling for frogs a common French sport and profitable, for frogs sell high in the market, a dish of frogs being very expensive. I never saw the edible frog in Britain, though it is said to be native. Only the hind quarters are used.—RENNIE.

however, he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wild-fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys, the fish.

Note, that carps and tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond: for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond, feed any carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond, recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken, whether there be most male or female carps.

It is observed, that the best ponds to breed carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow-trees, and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that carps do more usually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay-bottoms, or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter-season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.

Well, scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault hath told me: not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician, that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse, and we will here sit down and rest us.





Bishop Dubravius, from a rare print.

THE FIFTH DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING OF A LINE, AND FOR THE COLOURING OF BOTH ROD AND LINE.

Pisc. Well, scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience: but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right-grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

But first for your line. First, note, that you are to take care, that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls,

or scabs, or frets; for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven, scabby hairs, that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so, shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest at the first fishing with it; which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus. Take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum: put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie: it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass-colour or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose: for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair, is the most choice and most useful for an angler: but let it not be too green.

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus. Take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry: and, having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marygolds, and cover it with a tile, or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil

again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted; and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it: and you are to observe, that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best. But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in the more marygolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigrise instead of it. This for colouring your hair.

And as for painting your rod,[1] which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush, or pencil, whilst it is hot. That being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as all together will make an ash-colour; grind these all together with linseed-oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a Green: Take pink and verdigrise, and grind them together in linseed-oil, as thin as you can well grind it; then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin: once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met

[1] Rods are no longer painted, but stained or varnished. Walton has said little or nothing about rods, and what he says about lines is superseded by modern improvements. Sir John Hawkins has given a long note on the subject, which, though very sufficient a century ago, is now comparatively obsolete. The best modern information is given in the elaborate and complete treatise on angling contained in the late Mr. Blaine's "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," to which we have been considerably indebted in compiling the note given at the end of this chapter. But when the angler has access to respectable fishing-tackle makers of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the great provincial towns, he cannot do better than consult and be advised by them.

together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness, to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," for our happiness. And, that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy: and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that 'tis not in the power



of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days, and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be *like the silk-worm, that,* when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself.[1] And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country-fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks: and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair; he said to his friend, "Lord! How many things are there in this world, of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a

[1] This is inaccurate: the silk-worm does not consume herself by spinning her own bowels, but, out of a reservoir of silk gum on each side of the throat, spins a warm covering for protection during the torpidity preceding a change of state.—RENNIE.

man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it





would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health, and plenty; but a wife, that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it; and, at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit, lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment; because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend, Why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If

he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for, content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel: for he there says,—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs *is the kingdom of* heaven. And, Blessed be the *meek*, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the mean time he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour, or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness; such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness: and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins: yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praise Him because they be common: let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind, could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and

should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too-long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin,[1] "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of: a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that

[1] Nicholas Caussin, a Jesuit and Confessor to Louis XIII., was born at Troyes in Champagne, in 1580. He was esteemed a person of great probity, and of such a spirit, that he attempted to displace Cardinal Richelieu, but that minister proved too powerful for him, and procured his banishment to a city of Lower Bretagne. He returned to Paris after the Cardinal's death, and died in the Jesuits' Convent there in July, 1651. —H. He wrote a book called the "Holy Court," of which there is an English translation in folio, 1663.

there is no necessity of being rich: for, I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful, heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a *grave Divine*[1] say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

Ven. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray now let's rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers; 'tis such a contexture of woodbine, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And, being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any body but us anglers. And so, master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor; and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses which I promised you: it is a copy printed amongst some of Sir Henry Wotton's,[2] and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles[3] are glosing still,
And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will:
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

[1] Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, in his Sermons.—H.

[2] Printed in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," Lond. 1651, near the end of the volume.—H.

[3] Meaning feigned or forced smiles, from the word Sardon, the name of an herb, resembling smallage, and growing in Sardinia, which being eaten by men, contracts the muscles, and excites laughter, even to death.—H.



Fly, from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty:
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque, nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother:
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten too, too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek:
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass:
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves! Oh may you be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains.
Which we may every year
Meet when we come a-fishing here.

Pisc. Trust me, scholar, I thank you heartily for these verses; they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a Farewell to the Vanities of the World, and some say, written by Sir Harry Wotton,[1] who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

Farewell ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo;—Gold, pure clay;—
Honour, the darling but of one short day;—
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds:—Embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins:—
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood, and Birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great,—but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high,—but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich,—but see men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:[2]
I would be wise,—but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair,—but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud:

[1] They are said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, while prisoner in the tower, a short time before his execution. See his Life.—BROWNE. The last stanza seems hardly consistent with the situation of Sir Walter Raleigh; though it may not unaptly apply to the happy retreat of Sir Henry Wotton, at Eton, after a life of great experience in court-intrigue, falsehood, and disappointment.—C.

[2] Mine.—H.

I would be poor,—but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich hated:—Wise suspected:—Scorn'd if poor:—
Great fear'd:—Fair tempted:—High still envy'd more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, High, Rich, Wise, nor Fair; Poor I'll be rather.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauty's queen entitle me the fair;—
Fame speak me fortune's minion;—could I vie
Angels[1] with India;—with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be called great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster:
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! Welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A pray'r-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t'affect an holy melancholy:
And, if Contentment be a stranger, then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.[2]

Ven. Well, master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank

[1] Angel, a coin of the value of ten shillings. The words to "vie angels" are a metonomy, and signify to "compare wealth." In the old ballad of *The Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some relations, who urge the poverty of her father; the beggar challenges them to "drop angels" with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all.

The neighbourhood of Bethnal Green is seldom without a public house with a sign representing the beggar, and the dissuaders of the match, dropping gold; the young woman and the knight, her lover, standing between them.—H.

[2] To the many short poems, abounding with fine moral sentiments, contained in this book, I here add the following lines of Mr. Cowley,

you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget. And as St. Austin in his Confessions,[1] book iv. chap. 3, commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country-house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves free from the troubles of the world; so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like: for indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that I may truly say I have only lived since I enjoyed them, and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you, here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May, for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously, as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes. And my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavour to do so, and to live like those many worthy men of which you

translated from Martial, lib. ii. epig. 53, which, far surpassing the original, exhibit a lovely picture of a contented mind: and for the manly spirit of independence that breathes in them, I have never yet seen equalled by any in our own language:

Would you be *free*? 'Tis your chief wish, you say:
Come on, I'll show thee, friend! the certain way:
If to no beasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow,
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize,
By thine own use, and not by other's eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell,
In a small house—but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish:
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave, compar'd with thee.

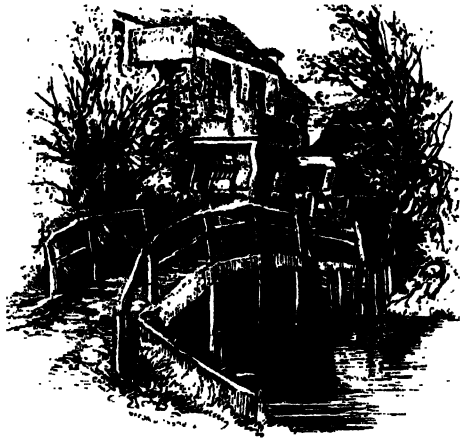
[1] The passage to which Walton alludes will be found in a translation of the "Life of St. Augustine," folio, Lond. 1660.—N.

made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bones Time had piled up at the gates of Death: So when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord:" And let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.

Pisc. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling.

"STUDY TO BE QUIET."[1]

[1] 1 Thess. iv. 11.



Fishing House on the Lea, by T. Creswick.



Walton-on-Thames.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

APPENDIX

ON

RODS, LINES, HOOKS, AND OTHER TACKLE,

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST AUTHORITIES.

By H. G. B.

RODS.

The General Rod, which is usually from 14 to 18 feet in length with four, five, or six joints, and made of hickory, is a very convenient one for the young practitioner, or for use in places where it is uncertain what fish may present themselves. It is so extensive in its capabilities, that nothing comes amiss to it; and, if it does nothing in the best manner, it will at least act very respectably in most kinds of fishing, except that of throwing the fly, which, notwithstanding its fly-top, it executes very indifferently. In this rod the various tops three, four, or five, are contained in a hollow within the butt or stock, which is closed by a cap, made to receive a spike. The butt has also winch fittings, and the various joints, or pieces, are furnished with rings throughout. In fact, the tyro cannot do better than provide himself with one of these factotum articles, which are made very portable; and it is equally desirable to the traveller who has not an opportunity of carrying more than one rod with him. The Londoners generally use one 18 feet long, made of South Carolina cane. Ephemera says that with a good general rod, having several tops, so that you may shorten or lengthen it as occasion requires, you may successfully angle for any species of river fish; roach perhaps excepted, which require a specific rod. As the aspirant advances, he will find the advantage of providing himself with distinct rods for different kinds of fishing, it being impossible to adapt one rod satisfactorily to all sorts of work.

The Bag Rod, properly so called, is little more than a light general bottom rod, from 16 to 20, but usually about 19 feet, consisting of six or seven pieces, including spare tops, packed in three cases, and made either of bamboo or cane, the latter being preferable for roach and light fishing, the former where more strength is required. It generally has a strong top that fits into the fifth or sixth joint and forms a trolling rod; and sometimes a whalebone top, about ten inches long, to fit in the small joint (instead of the roach top), for perch-fishing and spinning a minnow.

POCKET ROD. This is similar to the *bag-rod*, but made shorter, in from nine to twelve joints of 18 inches each—compact enough to be carried in an inside coat-pocket, or to pack in a portmanteau. It is well fitted for any fine fishing, as for roach, dace, gudgeons, bleak, &c.

THE WALKING-STICK ROD (a yard long), for bottom fishing, consists of three or four, but sometimes six joints, received within each other, extending in all to 9, 12, 15, or even 18 feet, varying in price from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*l.* 2*s.* As might be expected, it is not a very efficient article; it, however, promises little, and seldom does a great deal. Walking-stick rods are also made for *fly-fishing*, and are then more expensive, usually from 1*l.* 1*s.* to 2*l.* 2*s.*

To the professed angler distinct rods are necessary for each kind of fishing, and these we shall now proceed to describe.

THE LIGHT BOTTOM ROD (for *bank-fishing*), for roach, dace, gudgeon, smelt, and other fine fishing, varies in length according to the extent and nature of the fishing-ground, and ranges from 12 to 16 feet, but with professed roach anglers often extends to 18, 20, and even 21 feet or more. It can be neither too light nor too stiff, that is, must taper stiffly, not be top-heavy, and have just elasticity enough to strike a fish quickly, without the delay which too much play in the top pieces would cause. It is often made either of bamboo or Spanish WHITE CANE (the latter, though rather more expensive at first, being preferable), with a bamboo top. To compensate for its want of strength, it is sometimes ringed throughout, and furnished with a reel and running line; by which means, if a heavy fish should take the bait, the rod will not suffer. A small reel is no encumbrance to a rod; it adds but little to its weight; and when placed on the upper surface of the butt, a very light rod will kill a very heavy fish.

A STRONG ROD for pearch, chub, bream, carp, tench, and eels, and also for minnow-spinning, may be from 12 to 16 and even 18 feet long. Such a rod should be altogether stouter and stiffer than the last, and may be either of hickory or cane; if of cane, the upper joints should be of the very best bamboo. Besides the running line and winch, it should be also furnished with a spike to screw into the butt; indeed, a butt-spike may be considered a necessary appendage to every variety of rod beyond the very lightest, and it may even prove useful with that.

THE BARBEL ROD, which may also be used for pike-fishing with live bait, or angling with ledger bait, should be stiff. It is generally made of hickory, and its length 11 to 15 feet, proportioned to the extent of the water fished in; but 12 feet seems to be the favourite length. If it be weak, particularly in the middle joints, a heavy fish will surely distress, and perhaps break it; it should be strong in the top also, and ringed throughout, and should never be used without running tackle.

THE PUNT ROD does not require to be so long as the bank rod, and is usually only 10 or 11, and sometimes 12 feet long, made of hickory, East India cane, or bamboo. Some are made of white cane, with silver mountings, for ladies. They should be strong, and stiff enough to strike from the point, being used principally in the Thames, and adapted for roach and barbel fishing with a float.

THE TROLLING ROD.—There is no kind of rod with which a good

troller will not kill pike. It varies from 10 to 16 feet in length, made of hickory and East India cane. (Ephemera says it should not be longer than 11 feet, Hofland not less than 12.) A strong top in the hands of a good troller may be adjusted to any rod for this purpose, and there is usually such a one to the *general rod*. A professed trolling rod, of whatever length, should be stiff and straight as an arrow, and so formed as to permit the line to run freely without chance of interruption; its rings should therefore be sufficiently large to allow slight obstacles on the line to pass, and not too numerous; and they must be fixed and motionless, of the improved make, and placed very exactly to secure the easy passage of the line, and to avoid all chance of entangling it.

THE FLY ROD is commonly considered under two varieties, *the Salmon rod* and *the Trout rod;* for although the salmon rod might kill a trout, a salmon of ten or twelve pounds would be apt to carry away the whole material of the trout rod. Fly rods are best in *four*, though sometimes extending to *five*, and occasionally to *six* joints, made of hickory, excepting the top joint which should be of solid bamboo, and the butt which should be of ash. The material cannot be too well seasoned. Lance-wood is by some preferred to hickory, but it is heavier and less elastic. Some recommend that the top joint should terminate with about six inches (not more) of whalebone; but if the top be made of fine-grained bamboo, the rod is not so likely to be top-heavy. *Rennie* recommends lance-wood for the top joint in preference to whalebone, but real bamboo of good quality is preferable to either. Others recommend bamboo for the top joint, and lance-wood for the next. Mr. Chitty strongly advocates spliced tops and whalebone tips. In fact, there is such a variety of opinion in respect to the tops of a fly-rod, that we must beg to leave the reader where we found him. The rings should not be too small, and gradually diminish from the butt to the top. Every rod used in fly-fishing should taper regularly from the bottom to the top, except for about 18 to 24 inches of the lower portion or butt-joint, which, in trout rods that are tolerably fine, may be slightly enlarged to give firmness to the grasp. On the regularity of its taper will depend that uniformity of bend, or play, which is required to produce a certain mechanical action on the line, by which the thrower is enabled to deliver it to its fullest extent with precision and lightness. A good fly rod should never be, as some recommend, pliable quite down to the hand, neither should it be overstiff. Its pliability should be barely perceptible till about the middle: but the hand will soon acquire the practice of determining, by waving the rod, what is right. There should be a moveable spike to screw into the ferrule at the base of the butt-end, to fasten in the ground when occasion requires.

The Trout Fly rod should have a fine top, and be more pliant than that used for the salmon, and consist of either three or four joints. When it does not exceed the usual average of 13 feet (a favourite length is 12 feet), and is made moderately light, it can be used with either hand, and will enable the angler to direct the fly to any spot with precision. Bainbridge thinks 12 feet a proper length for use in small

rivers and brooks, and 14 feet the extreme length for the generality of streams. Shipley thinks 13 feet 6 inches should in any case be the utmost length; and Pulman prefers 11 feet as the only size which can be conveniently used in windy weather. *Col. Hawker gives the following description of what should constitute a trout rod:*—"About 12 feet 3 inches long, and about 14 oz. in weight. It must not be top-heavy, nor have too much play in the lower part; but the play should be just in proportion to the gradual tapering, by which there will be very little spring till after about the third foot of its length. A rod too pliable below is as bad as being too stiff, and from being too small at that part, is of course more liable to be top-heavy, which nine rods in ten are: the consequence is, they tire the hand, and do not drop the fly so neatly." Theophilus South (Ed. Chitty) used a trout rod 14 feet 3¼ inches, weighing 1 lb. 2 oz., generally throwing from 20 to 30 yards of line, from five in the morning till nine at night, without experiencing fatigue.

The Salmon Fly Rod usually ranges between 16 and 18 feet in its length; but some few prefer 20, although unpleasantly heavy and unmanageable, excepting by very tall and strong men. The intermediate length of 17 feet is a favourite size, and suits either grilse, sea-trout, or salmon-fishing. It should be made of the very best materials, well seasoned, and of not more than four joints. "Ours," says Chitty, "is ash for the butt, hickory for the next two joints, and lance-wood and whalebone spliced for the top; but many prefer a bamboo top." It need have no spike, but the extreme end of its butt should be rounded, as in working the fly through the water it is constantly necessary to press the butt-end of the rod against the lower part of the abdomen. *Burnt or mottled East India cane* is coming into repute for salmon as well as for trolling rods, and is praised by several writers. THE DOUBLE-HANDED ROD is of considerable length and strength, and requires both hands to use it. Such a rod can kill very heavy fish and command a great length and strength of line, which in very wide rivers is certainly a great advantage. It can seldom, however, be used with such precision in throwing the fly as the single-handed rod.

FLY RODS are also made as *Spliced rods and Split cane rods.*

SPLICED RODS are commonly made in two or three lengths, which fit together with great nicety, and are secured at each extremity of the splice with a broad flat ring, and then well bound round with strong silk line well waxed, or with waxed cord. Such rods are generally kept in fishing-houses and halls where they can be conveniently stowed away without taking to pieces. The advantage of them seems to be admitted by common consent: they are lighter by the weight of the brass ferrules; there is not that stiffness about them which ferrules inevitably cause, and they are stronger in the joints. They may be of any length, and, on account of their lightness, are often 20 feet, though 15 is generally preferred. The splices must be quite plain, without the least notch or groove, and the longer the splice the less liable to shift, but the shorter the stronger. *In medio tutissimus ibis.* Bainbridge says, "*Spliced rods*, made of two pieces only, certainly throw a fly in a neater manner than those encumbered with ferrules can possibly do, as the spring from the hand is uninterrupted, consequently more regular: and they are

admirably adapted for the use of an angler whose residence is near his diversion, but awkward companions if to be carried any distance."

The SPLIT-CANE *or glued-up rod* is difficult to make well, and very expensive; it is made of three pieces of split cane (which some say should have the bark inside, some outside, nicely rounded), and is said to have the advantage of not warping through wet. But improvements in salmon and trout rods are constantly in the mind of the manufacturers, and whilst we are writing, we learn that a "green-heart wood" is assumed to be superior even to hickory in its spring and lightness, and in maintaining its straightness. But more experience will be necessary to determine its qualities.

Besides all these rods, there are many others made of hazel or bamboo, at very low prices, which answer well enough for common purposes. Two-jointed hazel, with tin ferrules, are sold as low as 6*d.*, and four-jointed ditto, ringed for trolling, for 5*s.*

The Jointings of Fly Rods in general have occupied the attention of many, and numerous inventions have appeared. Every fly rod, except the spliced, should be ferruled; otherwise the joints expanded by damp, will swell so as to be difficult to separate, and shrink in dry weather so as to part company. The best fly rods are now manufactured with a brass ferrule and cappings entire, each of which is received into a complete socket of brass, accurately let into the receiving joint. To any other kind a powerful salmon or a heavy trout will be very likely to cause mischief. *Tongue fittings*, says Ephemera, are the best for all fly rods, and will not work out of place if made to fit exactly.

Screwed Joints are said to be a more certain security against the pieces of the rod loosening from each other, and are very generally applied to Irish and Scotch salmon rods, but they are heavy, and liable to get out of order. After a little use, they are apt to screw beyond the mark, and carry the rings out of a straight line. They are used chiefly in Ireland to very heavy rods.

The Bayonet-Joint has the merits of readiness, simplicity, and durability. It obviates the alleged inconveniences of the screw-joints, which are not so quickly put together, and it appears to present equal security. In this method the upper joints are brassed throughout, the lower ones socketed with brass, and the collar of the ferrule bridged to admit the pin of the joint under it, which by a turn of the piece becomes locked. We are told, however, that the joints are apt to loosen and rattle after a little wear.

All the different makers of rods have their partisans. In the English metropolis, where every manufacture is carried to great perfection, there is certainly an assortment of Rods for bottom-fishing unequalled perhaps in the world; and the same may be said of trolling and spinning rods. The practice of fly-fishing, whether for trout or salmon, has become so prevalent of late years amongst persons residing in London and its vicinity, that fly rods and flies are made there with greater care and finish, and as well, if not better, than anywhere else in the empire. The best workmen in the provinces have come to London, and the consequence is, that Scotch and Irish fly-tackle has lost much of its ancient prestige.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON RODS.—As a general rule, the fewer pieces a rod consists of the better for use, and should not, if it can be avoided, consist of more than four joints.

When the rod is in the bag, the brass sockets ought always to be kept plugged with what are called *stoppers*, to prevent their being pressed together. In the best rods these stoppers are usually brass bound, or of ivory.

When the rod is laid by for the winter, it should be kept in a moderately dry place until the return of the angling season, when it will be found in excellent order. A coat of varnish in the course of the season, if the rod be much used, is very desirable, and, if sent to the dealer, costs but a mere trifle.

LINES.

There are about half a dozen different materials of which lines are now usually composed; *e.g.* horse-hair, cow-hair, silkworm-gut, silk, Indian grass or weed, China twist, watercord, &c. Some are made of one of these articles only, others of two or more twisted together, of different degrees of strength according to the purpose for which they are intended. The variety of combinations is so great, that the angler cannot do better than take a fishing-tackle catalogue and choose for himself. We will subjoin only a few particulars collected from the best authorities.

THE SINGLE-HAIR LINE.—This is so delicate as usually to be limited to the foot length, or about as much as may be supposed within the vision of the fish. Mr. Salter gives hair the preference for very fine fishing, and says: "In respect to the advantages arising from lines made of single horse-hair over those made of fine gut, some difference of opinion exists. The advocates of gut say that when it is equally fine, and of the same colour with horse-hair, it is not more likely to alarm the fish than horse-hair, and being much stronger it certainly deserves the preference. This seems plausible; but I know from practice that in angling with a single hair-line, fish (especially roach) may be taken that will not touch the bait when offered with a gut-line, though it be as fine and of the same colour as the hair. To ascertain the fact, I have several times taken off my hair-line when roach have been well on the feed, and put on one of gut; I could then hardly take a fish: again I have changed for the hair-line, and again had excellent sport. Such has invariably been the case with me and many experienced anglers of my acquaintance; therefore I should certainly recommend single-hair to those who fish for roach, dace, bleak, and gudgeons; and assert without fear of contradiction that they will kill two for one to others who angle with gut however fine. The only reason I can assign for this difference is, that gut swells and ever retains a shining glossy appearance in the water, and also that small beads or bubbles accumulate about it, which increase its apparent bulk and probably alarm the fish."

THE GUT LINE (made of silkworm-gut) is, next to hair, the most esteemed article for foot-lengths or *Casting-lines*, and being of great strength, durability, and transparency, and of every required fineness

or thickness, has many advantages; indeed many give it a very distinct preference. It is used by anglers in roach and other fine fishing as well as by all fly-fishers, whether for trout or salmon; and for spinning tackle, or, where fish run large, is twisted to the necessary strength. From two to four yards are commonly used as lengths to be added to the reel-line, either for bottom or fly fishing. Sometimes in fine fishing a line is formed entirely of gut; but more frequently it has a spun-hair or silk line added to the upper or rod-end.

Gut is distinguished according to its thickness into salmon-gut and trout-gut. The salmon-gut when best is as thick as a large pin, and the part fit for use about twelve inches long. The trout-gut is of the thickness of sewing silk, or finer, and from nine to fifteen inches long. To be good, it should be round, smooth, and clear, and may be tested by drawing it through the hand. Gut should be thoroughly wet before any attempt is made to bend it into a knot, as more fish are lost from the gut *cutting itself* than from its breaking. The same care should be taken, on coming to the water-side, before a cast is made. Gut is apt to fray, which may be partially prevented by waxing it.

In both hair and gut lines the black whippings with shoemaker's wax, usual in purchased lines, are apt, when fish are shy, to attract their attention as much as the bait, and so prevent sport. In fly-fishing these black specks are often the cause of false rises, both from large and small fish, but particularly the latter, which mistake the black whipping for a gnat. Many anglers, therefore, to avoid this inconvenience, either use clear wax, or content themselves with the water-knot; but this is neither so neat or so strong, and the ends of the gut are apt to catch every small straw on the water.

Silk and Hair-Running Lines, for trout, salmon, and fly-fishing generally. These, which are called by the dealers "patent taper silk and hair lines," are of different degrees of strength and thickness, and are wove together with great evenness, and therefore run very freely on the reel; and being besides, with ordinary care, very durable, they are generally preferred. For trout, they should not be less than twenty yards long, and where heavy fish resort, and the waters are wide, thirty or forty are not too many.

Lines are also made of platted silk and hair, which do not twist, and are said to have all the advantages of the spun line, but dearer. They are usually of a brown tint.

For salmon, the running line should never be less than sixty yards, and where large fish may be expected, eighty or a hundred are not too much. They are even made to the length of two hundred. When of these lengths, it is not usual to taper the line until within a few (say twenty) yards of the end.

All such lines require a foot or bottom length, which is a very important adjunct. Unless where very fine fishing with one hair is required, silkworm-gut (twisted for salmon) is the general article used.

Indian Weed is made from a grass peculiar to the shores of the Mediterranean, and was formerly much used by fly-fishers, but is now pretty well superseded, and only used for sea-fishing. It is very strong at first, but does not keep well, and is apt to get brittle and break

without very good management. It requires at least an hour's soaking before sufficiently elastic for use. Gut is more transparent, not so thick, and otherwise preferable.

The Horse-hair Running Line is now manufactured of every length, with the requisite taper, and being without silk, is obtained at an easy expense. By means of spinning instead of platting, it is made uniform, and without knots; and by recent improvement, is perfectly free from projecting ends. As it preserves its firmness and elasticity better in the water than silk, which, after being soaked, is apt to get heavy, it is thrown with more steadiness and precision. But it is not pliant enough to pass the reel or the rod-rings so pleasantly as the spun silk and hair.

Platted Silk Lines without Hair are often used as running lines by bottom fishers. They are manufactured of every colour, and being durable, flexible, and very tough, are well calculated for running lines in trolling, minnow-spinning, barbel, and carp fishing, &c.; in which cases, 20 or 30 yards of this line being on the reel, one end of the gut line is attached to it. But however sufficient for bottom fishing, the silk plat is wholly unfit for fly-lines from its weight and great absorption of water; but when mixed with hair, it is very good.

The Prepared Eight Plat Silk Line, called "patent," is a new manufactured running line, which bids fair to supersede the platted silk line heretofore in use for trolling. It is perfectly round and firm, much more so even than the silk and hair line, and forms excellent salmon fly lines. It has the advantage, when well made, of neither kinking nor ravelling, and is, therefore, well calculated for trolling and minnow-spinning. It is sold at about 3*d.* a yard, and the small, as of more difficult manufacture, as well as the extra stout, at 4*d.*

The compound called India-rubber Line, which is made of platted silk, prepared with caoutchouc, and not liable to clink, is perhaps the best and strongest which can be used for a rod-line, especially for trolling.

The Derby Silk Line, which is used chiefly for common purposes, is the cheapest, being sold at from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* for lengths of forty yards. It is chiefly in use as boys' lines.

Water Cord is used for eels, trout, pearch, and other night-roving fish; and as the largest fish are usually on the feed at night, the materials of which such lines are made must be proportionably strong, particularly for eels, whose powerful struggles require great strength. Platted hemp (which does not kink, and may be had waterproofed), is preferable, as water cord is very apt to kink or tangle.

The Paternoster Line, for pearch-fishing, is made of strong gut or gimp, on which are suspended at intervals of eighteen or twenty-four inches, three or more hooks; the whole connected with the reel line by a fine steel swivel.

The Chain Line is also a night line, and must be of still stronger manufacture, requiring not less than from 10 to 20 yards of strong water cord, or platted hemp, having pendant from it, at every two or three yards, half a yard of platted line, whipcord, or gimp, with proper single eel-hooks.

General Observations on Lines.—Lines should be dried well before

putting away, or they will be pretty sure to rot. Uncoil the wetted part on your return from fishing, and wind it thinly over the back of a chair, or spread it about in large coils.

HOOKS.

The principal varieties now in use are :—

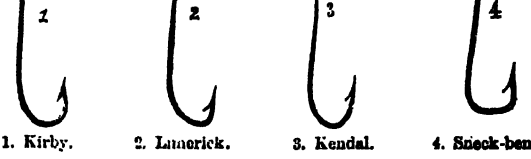
1. KIRBY. 2. LIMERICK. 3. KENDAL. 4. SNECK-BEND.

THE KIRBY HOOK is the [illegible] which is principally used by English anglers. The circular form of its bend inclining slightly to an angular flexure about its centre, seems peculiarly favourable for *retaining* a fish when hooked. This hook has now been a general favourite for nearly two centuries, during which period it has undergone gradual improvement; and as its 13 sizes are registered in many of the treatises on angling, and the numbers are still recognised, we think it as well to annex Salter's figures of them, the original cut happening to be in our possession.—(See *Angling Apparatus*, Plate 1.)

THE LIMERICK HOOKS are commonly well manufactured, and some anglers prefer them to all others for their temper; and among them the distinguished author of "Salmonia," who says, "I never use any hooks for salmon-fishing except those that I am sure have been made by O'Shaughnessy of Limerick."

THE KENDAL HOOK has also its admirers. In our early angling we always used them; and if we could procure them somewhat shorter in the shanks, there are some sorts of fine fishing in which their acuteness of angle in the barb would be an advantage. We are disposed to think, also, that for the gristly-mouthed fish, they would, if shortened, be less liable to be retracted than barbs which project; but in leather-mouthed fishes they are decidedly objectionable. Their butt, and the part to which the *barb* is attached, forming nearly parallel lines, render them preferable to the *Limerick* hooks in not retreating from the bite, —a superiority which admits of mathematical proof.

THE SNECK-BEND projects laterally in its *barb* from the parallel of the *butt*, diverging gradually from the bend about the eighth of an inch to the right or left of the shank, commonly the left. The angular form of the bend gives an unnatural appearance to the worm, which makes it objectionable (although not so for gentles); nor is it adapted for paste, the square corner bend being difficult to cover, and the paste liable to be soon washed bare.



1. Kirby. 2. Limerick. 3. Kendal. 4. Sneck-bend.

There are many other kinds of hooks, but the pretended advantages

of one hook over the other are very problematical: the great object is to get them well made, neither so soft as to draw like a pin, nor so brittle as to snap on a slight pressure.

A good hook should be well tempered, and, for some purposes, be long in the *shank*; whatever portion is superfluous in dressing a short-bodied fly can easily be taken off with a pair of nippers. Some flies, as the dragon-fly, the stone-fly, and the spider-fly, require to be dressed very long in the body, and therefore call for long-shanked hooks. A long shank is likewise necessary for worm-fishing; and if it taper off a little, it offers a neater dress for a fly, and a neater whipping for any other bait. There should be small indentations on the shank to sustain the whipping.

BARBEL HOOKS differ from other hooks only in being made of much stronger wire, by which they gain an increase of strength without a corresponding increase of linear dimensions; in other words, the capacity for resistance in a No. 3 barbel-hook is equal to that of a No. 1 of the common sort; and this is evidently of much consequence on some occasions, where the fish, though large, strong, and violent, is very wary, and has a small mouth.

EEL HOOKS form also a separate variety, and are made either double or single.—(See Plate 1 of *Angling Apparatus*, figs. 3, 4.) These, like the barbel hooks, are made massive, and are less highly tempered than the usual hooks, that they may not snap by the struggles of these fish. The bend is usually rather square, the shank short, and the point bent inward, to avoid scratching the eel in its suction of the bait.

As on the material of which a hook is made the angler's success so much depends, it is very necessary that each hook be tried before it is appended to the line. Every fish-hook should resist all ordinary force applied without snapping. To try the points apply the thumb-nail to them, and if they neither bend nor break they are fit for the purpose wanted. The general strength of the whole hook may be judged by inserting the point of one in a cork, or piece of soft wood, and forcing it.

THE GAFF-HOOK, which may or may not be barbed, is an instrument used in landing large fish.—(See Plate 1 of *Angling Apparatus*.) As it is somewhat inconvenient to carry when attached to its rod or staff, various ways to render it portable have been devised. It is sometimes slung across the shoulders attached to a short staff, 2 feet 6 inches or 3 feet, and sometimes affixed to a telescope-handle, which sliding into a very short length can be carried in a side-pocket. Some adopt the plan of having the gaff-stick in two or three pieces, about 18 inches each, to screw together similar to a gun-cleaning stick, which can be carried detached in pockets made for the purpose, inside the left front of the fishing-jacket. The time when the gaff, mounted on its rod, proves particularly convenient, is in pike or salmon-fishing, when the angler is alone. When portability is not an object, the gaff should be fixed on a rod, about 5 feet 6 inches long, of hickory, as fir is hardly to be depended on where much stress is to be laid on it. The gaff rod is eminently useful in wading streams, and it may be used as a landing-handle, with the portable or hinged landing-net. Of late years

a *double gaff-hook* has been invented, which differs from the single hook in being furnished with a cutting instrument, on a lateral hinge, at the back of it, by which weeds and even boughs may be severed. It folds up securely.

In concluding this paper on hooks, we think it may be convenient to give such illustrations as we have at hand of gorge, snap, salmon, and other hooks, baited in the usual manner; the figures will speak for themselves. See Plates 3, 4, 5, of *Angling Apparatus*.

FLOATS.

Floats differ according to the nature of the water fished in, the kind of fish angled for, and the state of the weather; and are commonly made of cork, reed, wood, or quills. In deep and rapid streams where the line has to be much shotted, and especially where live bait is used, CORK FLOATS are the best. These are made of all shapes and sizes, and are variously fitted with swan, porcupine, or goose quill, or with wood, made waterproof. For trolling they are generally merely bored. They should swim critically true, and not project unnecessarily above the level of the water.

Reed floats are sometimes used in fine fishing for roach and dace in deep waters, on account of their lightness and buoyancy. They are made of pieces of reed or cane, cemented in the manner of a telescope, and require to be carefully stopped at the joints. But they are liable to crack and get water-logged.

Plugged floats, or single quill floats, with wood ends, are the most common and the cheapest; but when well made (which they often are not) they are very durable and convenient. (See Plate 2 of *Angling Apparatus*, fig. 4.) Although goose-quill floats, when properly prepared, seem to answer the purpose fully, yet the SWAN-QUILL obtains a general preference.

The double quill or *tip-capped float*, called also *the patent taper quill float*, is a great favourite among professed bottom-fishers, particularly for roach and other fine-biting fish, as carp, tench, &c. (See Plate 2 of *Angling Apparatus*, fig. 5, *but our representation of it is not thick enough in the centre.*) It should be thick in the centre and taper at both ends; the central portion being made of the largest *swan-quill*, graduated with lesser swan-quills, the ends fitted with goose-quill, and sometimes ivory or tortoise-shell. Its advantages are that it sinks at the slightest possible nibble, enables you to strike with greater precision than a plugged float, and, owing to its form, disturbs the water less than any other kind.

The Porcupine quill, merely used with caps, is a very universal float, and for fine fishing in still waters is as good perhaps as any. As a general rule, the smaller the float, the fewer the number of shot, and the finer your bottom tackle, the greater will be your success.

WINCHES, OR REELS.

Winches or *reels* are indispensable to the angler, unless he chooses to fish only when there are to a certainty no large fish. The four principal kinds of reels are the plain, the check, the multiplying, and the multiplying check. They fasten to the rod by means of a longitudinal groove and a collar or ring of brass or leather which slips over and secures it, or by a brass hoop and screw. (See *Angling Apparatus* Plate 2.)

Opinion is divided as to the merits of the check and the multiplying reel. The fly-fishers north of the Tweed still prefer the single reel, as in playing salmon and very large fish, the multiplier has the disadvantage of a want of power when any resistance is offered beyond that of a very moderate-sized fish, and is found greatly to increase the strain and incommode the action. And of late, the single reel has been improved by increasing the diameter of the wheel without enlarging the frame, which adds materially to its speed.

The multiplying reel however possesses, under ordinary circumstances, great advantages, particularly for moderate resistance, and is desirable in trout, grayling, and other fly-fishing. An important one is the increased velocity with which it veers out or takes in the line. The addition of the check (a kind of break) to the reel is desirable, as it prevents the line from entangling.

There are two varieties of the multiplying reel, one *with the crank or winch in the centre of the box*, and the other with it *at the side*. There is also a reel, called *Chesterman's self-winding reel*, containing a spiral spring, which acts like the spring of a window-blind, in winding up the line by its own force. It has the advantage of winding up with great speed, but there is a difficulty in modifying it at will.

An improvement has lately been introduced in respect to the handle of the winch, which shuts down with a spring, so as to prevent the running-line getting foul of it, an accident very liable to happen in the old form. There are sundry other improvements, real or imaginary, which we have no inclination or space to record.

We have spoken of winches and reels as one and the same thing, and they are so regarded by all the writers on Angling. But the dealers in fishing-tackle catalogue those made of *brass* as *Winches*, and those made of *box* as *Reels*. The latter are only used in pike-fishing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It seems desirable to notice a few novelties in the way of artificial baits, which have been invented of late years.

THE CANADIAN SPOON BAIT (for salmon-fishing), made of all sizes, from one to six inches long, concave and convex, shaped in other respects like a fish, coppered on one side and silvered on the other. This remarkable bait is used with a swivel, and assumes the appearance of a brilliant glittering fish, and has been found very effective.

ARCHIMEDIAN MINNOWS, GUDGEONS, and DACE, which have bent or screwed tails to make them spin.

PECTORAL MINNOWS AND GUDGEONS, having projecting pectoral fins.

GLASS, BRASS, PEARL, SILVER, AND GILT MINNOWS, GUDGEONS, &c.

FLEXIBLE FLY-MINNOW, made of INDIA-RUBBER, painted and gilt.

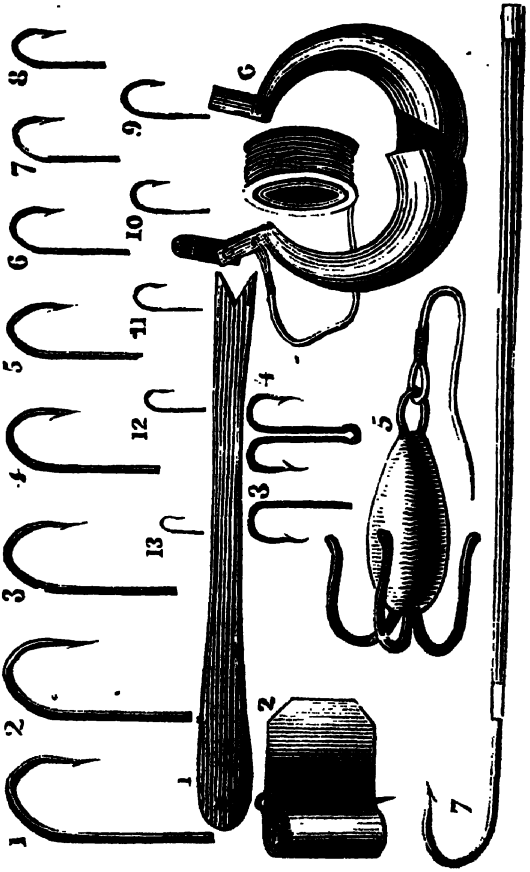
FLEXIBLE INDIA-RUBBER AND GUTTA-PERCHA MINNOWS AND GUDGEONS.

ARTIFICIAL WATER-RATS, FROGS, MICE, WORMS, GENTLES, BEETLES, &c.

KILL-DEVILS (as mentioned at page 137.)

*** We have endeavoured to give rules and directions for the guidance of the tyro living at a distance from the means of personal selection and inquiry. Our advice is, *notwithstanding any printed instructions*, to consult and rely upon some respectable tradesman, especially if he be a practical angler; in which case "he is sure (as a writer has it) to be an honest man." Several of the principal dealers publish a detailed catalogue of their wares, which will be found both convenient and suggestive.

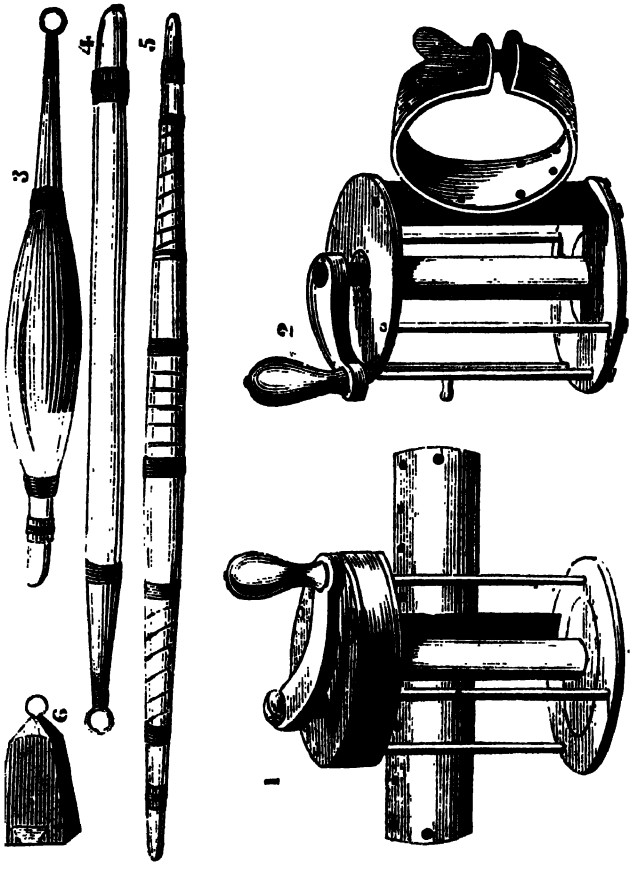
ANGLING APPARATUS.—PLATE I.



Kirby-hooks.—Sizes from No. 1 to 13.

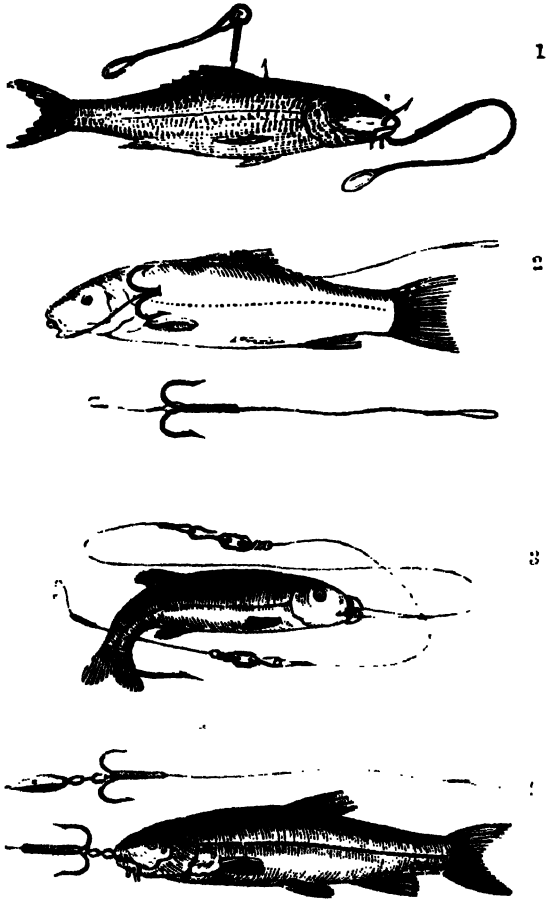
1. Disgorger: for disengaging the hook when gorged.
2. Folding-plummet, to take the depth.
3. 4. Eel-hooks.
5. Drag-hooks, for extricating the line from weeds.
6. Brass Clearing-ring. Line and Thumb-winder.
7. Gaff, or Landing-hook, with Rod of 5 ft. 6 in. attached.

ANGLING APPARATUS.—PLATE 2.



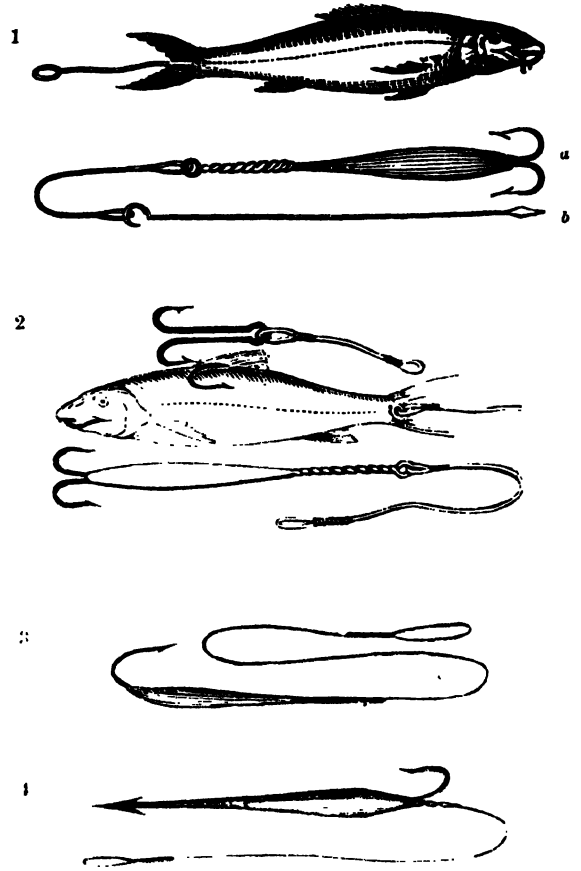
1. Multiplying Winch, with groove fitting.
2. Single or Common Winch, with brass hoop and screw.
3. Cork Float (small).
4. Plug Float (goose-quill and wood).
5. Tip-capped or taper quill Float (too thin in centre).
6. Plummet to take the depth.

ANGLING APPARATUS.—PLATE 3.



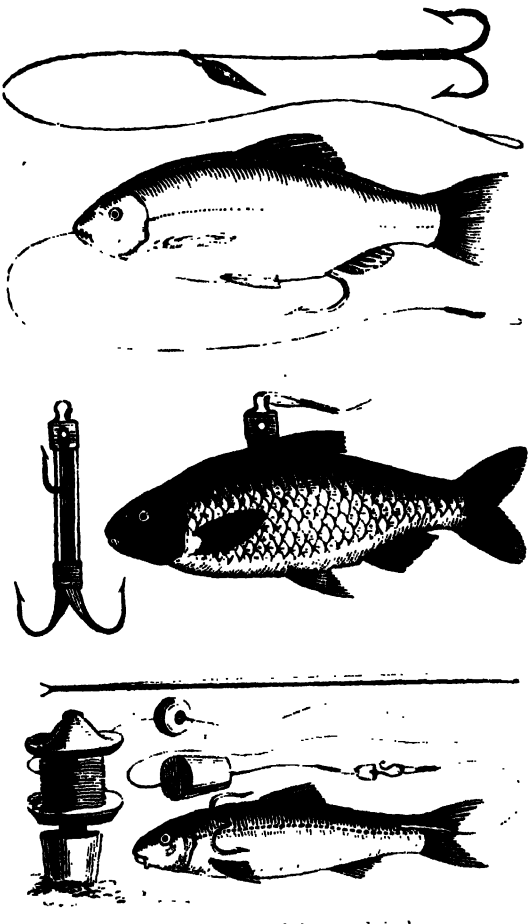
1. Single-hooks for Live-bait; two different modes of baiting.
2. Double-hooks, with Gut-hook attached, for Live-bait.
3. Minnow baited for Spinning; with swivels.
4. Bead-hook, and same baited.

ANGLING APPARATUS.—PLATE 4.



1. Gorge-hook, baited. *a* Gorge hook. *b*. Baiting-needle.
2. Dead-snap, with Gorge-hook and Double-hook.
3. Minnow hook; the shank leaded for Trolling.
4. Barb, or Spear-hook.

ANGLING APPARATUS.—PLATE 5.



1. Dead-snap, with two hooks, and the same baited.
2. Spring-snap, and the same baited.
3. Bank-runner Trimmer, baited with a live bait; and Rod to place and take up Trimmers &c.



THE COMPLETE ANGLER:

PART II.

BEING

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM:

By CHARLES COTTON,

OF BEREsFORD IN THE PEAK, ESQ.



Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

COMPILED FROM THE MEMOIR OF

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

CHARLES COTTON, Esq., was descended from an honourable family, of the town and county of Southampton. His grandfather was Sir George Cotton, Knight; and his grandmother, Cassandra, the heiress of a family named MacWilliam. The issue of their marriage was a daughter, named Cassandra, who died unmarried; and a son, named Charles, who settling at Ovingden, in the county of Sussex, married Olive, the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, Knight, half brother to Philip, the first Earl of Chesterfield, and ancestor of the present Earl of Harrington,—and by her had issue, Charles, the author of the ensuing Dialogues.

Of the elder Charles, we learn from unquestionable authority, that he was, even when young, a person of distinguished parts and accomplishments; for in the enumeration of those eminent persons whom Mr. Hyde, afterwards the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, chose for his friends and associates, while a student of the law, we find Mr. Cotton mentioned; together with Ben Jonson, Mr. Selden, Mr. John Vaughan, afterwards Lord Chief Justice; Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr. Thomas May, the translator of Lucan, and Thomas Carew, the poet. The characters of these several persons are exhibited, with the usual elegance and accuracy of

their author in the "Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," written by himself, and lately published: that of Mr. Cotton here follows:—

"Charles Cotton was a gentleman, born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation: the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge,—and then in France,—and conversing always with learned men,—his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities, which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which—being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgencies to himself which naturally attend those afflictions—rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long."

Our author was born on the 28th day of April, 1630. And having, as we must suppose, received such a school education as qualified him for an university, he was sent to Cambridge, where also his father had studied: he had for his tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson, once a Fellow of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, but who had been ejected from his fellowship by the Parliament visitors, in 1648. This person he has gratefully celebrated in a translation of an "Ode" of Johannes Secundus.

What was the course of his studies; whether they tended to qualify him for either of the learned professions, or, to furnish him with those endowments of general learning and polished manners, which are requisite in the character of a gentleman, we know not: it is however certain, that in the university he improved his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, and became a perfect master of the French and Italian languages.

But whatever were the views of his father in placing him at Cambridge, we find not that he betook himself in earnest to the pursuit of any lucrative profession; it is true, that, in a poem of

his writing, he hints that he had a smattering of the law, which he had gotten

> "More by practice, than reading;
> By sitting o' th' bench while others were pleading."

But it is rather probable, that, returning from the university to his father's, he addicted himself to the lighter kinds of study, and the improvement of a talent in poetry, of which he found himself possessed: and also, that he might travel abroad,—for, in one of his poems,[1] he says he had been at Roan. His father having married a lady of a Derbyshire family, and she being the daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford and Enson in Staffordshire, and of Bentley in the county of Derby, it may be presumed that the descent of the family seat at Beresford to her might have been the inducement with her husband to remove, with his family, from their first settlement at Ovingden to Beresford, a village near the Peak in Derbyshire, and in the neighbourhood of the Dove,—a river that divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and of which the reader will be told so much hereafter.

And here, we may suppose, the younger Mr. Cotton, tempted by the vicinity of a river plentifully stored with fish of the best kinds, to have chosen angling for his recreation; and, looking upon it to be, what Walton rightly terms it, an art, to have applied himself to the improvement of that branch of it, fishing with an artificial fly. To this end, he made himself acquainted with the nature of aquatic insects, with the forms and colours of the several flies that are found on or near rivers, the times of their appearance and departure, and the methods of imitating them with furs, silks, feathers, and other materials; in all which researches, he exercised such patience, industry, and ingenuity, and succeeded so well, that having, in the following Dialogues, communicated to the public the result of his experience, he must be deemed the great improver of this elegant recreation, and a benefactor to his posterity.

There is reason to think, that, after his leaving the university, he was received into his father's family: for we are told that his father, being a man of bright parts, gave him themes and authors whereon to exercise his judgment and learning, even to the time of his entering into the state of matrimony; the first fruit of which exercises was, as it seems, his "Elegy on the gallant Lord Derby."

In 1656, being then twenty-six years of age, and before any patrimony had descended to him, or he had any visible means of

[1] "The Wonders of the Peak."

subsisting a family, he married a distant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, Knt. The distress in which this step might have involved him, was averted by the death of his father, in 1658, an event that put him into the possession of the family estate: but, from the character of his father, as given by Lord Clarendon, it cannot be supposed but that it was struggling with law-suits, and laden with incumbrances.

The great Lord Falkland was wont to say, that he "pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather:" Mr. Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for, in this situation, we find that his employments were—study, for his delight and improvement, and fishing, for his recreation and health; for each of which several employments, we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons.

In 1663, he published the "Moral Philosophy of the Stoics;" translated—from the French of Monsieur de Vaix, President of the Parliament of Provence—in obedience, as the Preface informs us, to a command of his father, doubtless with a view to his improvement in the science of morality; and this, notwithstanding the book had been translated by Dr. James, the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, above three score years before.

His next publication was "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie," being the first book of Virgil's "Æneis," in English burlesque; 8vo, 1664. Concerning which, and also the fourth book, translated by him, and afterwards published: it may be sufficient to say, that, for degrading sublime poetry into doggrel, Scarron's example is no authority; and that, were the merit of this practice greater than many men think it, those who admire the wit, the humour, and the learning of "Hudibras," cannot but be disgusted at the low buffoonery, the forced wit, and the coarseness of "Virgil Travestie,"—and yet the poem has its admirers, is commended by Sir John Suckling, in his "Session of the Poets," and has passed fourteen editions.

Soon after, he engaged in a more commendable employment; a translation of the "History of the Life of the Duke d'Espernon," from 1598, where D'Avila's history ends, to 1642—in twelve books: in which undertaking he was interrupted by an appointment to some place or post, which he hints at in the Preface, but did not hold long; as also by a sickness that delayed the publication until 1670, when the book came out in a folio volume, with a handsome Dedication to Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the same year, being the fortieth of his age,—and, having been honoured with a captain's commission in the army,—he was sent to Ireland: which event he has recorded, with some parti-

cular circumstances touching the course of his life, in a burlesque poem, called "A Voyage to Ireland;" carelessly written, but abounding in humourous description. He thus describes his journey to the place of his embarkation in Wales:—

"A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales,
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is:
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear charges:
And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast
The worst that ere went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,—
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal.
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall:
For his colour,—my pains, and your trouble, I'll spare;
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane and a sprig of a tail.
Now, such as the beast was such was the rider,—
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider:
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat;
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat.
Even such was my guide, and his beast: let them pass,
The one for an horse, and the other an ass."

In this poem he relates, with singular pleasantry, that, at Chester, coming out of church, he was taken notice of by the mayor of the city, for his rich garb, and particularly a gold belt that he then wore; and by him invited home to supper, and very hospitably entertained.

In the following year he published a translation of the tragedy, entitled "Les Horaces," *i. e.* the "Horatii," from the French of Pierre Corneille; and in 1674, "The Fair One of Tunis," a novel, translated also from the French, as also a translation of the "Commentaries" of Blaise de Montluc, Marshal of France, a thrasonical Gascon (as Lord Herbert has shown in his "History of Hen. VIII.") far better skilled in the arts of flight than of battle.

In 1675, Mr. Cotton published two little books; "The Planter's Manual, being instructions for Cultivating all sorts of Fruit-trees," 8vo; and a burlesque of sundry select Dialogues of Lucian, with the title of "Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoffed," 12mo, which has much the same merit as the "Virgil Travestie."

Angling having been the favourite recreation of Mr. Cotton, for many years before this, we cannot but suppose, that the

publication of such a book as the "Complete Angler" of Mr. Walton had attracted his notice, and probably excited in him a desire to become acquainted with the author; and that, setting aside other circumstances, the advantageous situation of Mr. Cotton, near the finest trout-river in the kingdom, might conduce to beget a great intimacy between them. Certain it is, that by the year 1676 they were united by the closest ties of friendship: Walton, as also his son, had been frequent visitants to Mr. Cotton, at Beresford; who for the accommodation of the former, no less than of himself, had erected a fishing-house on the bank of the river, with a stone in the front thereof, containing a cipher that incorporated the initials of both their names.[1]

These circumstances, together with a formal adoption, by Walton, of Mr. Cotton for his son,[2] were doubtless the inducements with the latter—to the writing of a Second Part of the "Complete Angler," and, therein, to explain more fully the art of fishing either with a natural or an artificial fly, as also the various methods of making the latter. The book, as the author assures us, was written in the short space of ten days: and first came abroad, with the fifth edition of the First Part, in the above year 1676; and ever since, the two parts have been considered as one book.

The Second Part of the "Complete Angler" is, apparently, an imitation of the First. It is a course of dialogues; between the author, shadowed under the name of Piscator,—and a traveller, the very person distinguished in the First Part by the name of Venator, and whom Walton of an *hunter* had made an *angler*: in which—besides the instructions there given, and the beautiful scenery of a wild and romantic country therein displayed—the urbanity, courtesy, and hospitality of a well-bred country gentleman, are represented to great advantage.

This book might be thought to contain a delineation of the author's character; and dispose the reader to think that he was delighted with his situation, content with his fortunes, and in short one of the happiest of men. But his next publication speaks a very different language: for—living in a country that abounds, above all others in this kingdom, in rocks, caverns, and subterraneous passages: objects that, to some minds, afford more delight than stately woods and fertile plains, rich inclosures, and other, the milder, beauties of rural nature—he seems to have been prompted, by no other than a sullen curiosity, to explore the secrets of that nether world; and, surveying it rather with wonder than philo-

[1] As given on our title-page.

[2] Explained in a note on a passage in the first chapter of this second part. See page 358.

sophical delight, to have given way to his disgust, in a description of the dreary and terrific scenes round and beneath him, in a poem (written, as it is said, in emulation of Hobbes's "De mirabilibus Pecci") entitled "The Wonders of the Peak." This he first published in 1681; and afterwards, with a new edition of the "Virgil Travestie" and the "Burlesque of Lucian."

But a greater, and, to the world a more beneficial employment, at this time solicited his attention. The old translation of "Montaigne's Essays," by the "resolute" John Florio, as he styled himself, was become obsolete; and the world were impatient for a new one. Mr. Cotton not only understood French with a critical exactness, but was well acquainted with the almost barbarous dialect in which that book is written: and the freedom of opinion, and general notions, of men and things which the author discovers, falling in perhaps with Mr. Cotton's sentiments of human life and manners, he undertook, and in 1685 gave to the world, in a translation of that author in three volumes 8vo, one of the most valuable books in the English language; in short, a translation that, if it does not (and many think it does, in some respects, transcend,) is yet nothing inferior to, the original. And, indeed, little less than this is to be inferred, from the testimony of the noble marquis to whom it is dedicated: who concludes a letter of his to Mr. Cotton, with this elegant encomium: "Pray believe, that he who can translate such an author, without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad, but proud of being his very humble servant, HALIFAX."

These are the whole of Mr. Cotton's writings published in his life-time. Those that came abroad after his decease, were: "Poems on several Occasions," 8vo, 1689, a bookseller's publication, tumbled into the world without preface; and a translation, from the French of the "Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis," published in 1694, by his son, Mr. Beresford Cotton, and by him dedicated to the then Duke of Ormond, as having been undertaken, and completed, at the request of the old duke, his grace's grandfather.

It is too much to be feared, that the difficulties he laboured under, and in short the straitness of his circumstances, were the reasons that induced Mr. Cotton to employ himself in writing; and, in that, so much more in translation than original composition. Whether through misfortune, or the want of economy, or both, it may be collected from numberless passages in his writings, that Mr. Cotton's circumstances were narrow; his estates encumbered with mortgages; and his income less than sufficient for his maintenance in the port and character of a gentleman. Why, else, those querulous exclamations against the clamours of creditors, the high rate of interest, and the extortions

of usurers, that so frequently occur in his poems? From which several particulars, it seems a natural, and at the same time a melancholy inference, that he was an author and translator for hire.

It is of all employments, one of the most painful, to enumerate the misfortunes and sufferings of worthy and deserving men; and, most so, of such as have been distinguished for either natural or acquired endowments: but truth, and the laws of biography, *oblige us to relate as well adverse as prosperous events*; else, we would gladly omit that Mr. Cotton was during the whole of his life involved in difficulties. Lord Clarendon says, of Cotton's father, that "he was engaged in law-suits, and had wasted his fortune;" and it cannot be supposed but that the son inherited, in some degree, the vexation and expense of uncertain litigation, together with the paternal estate; and might, finally, be divested of great part of it: farther we may suppose, that the easiness of his nature, and a disposition to oblige others amounting even to imbecility, laid him open to the arts of designing men, and gave occasion to those complaints of ingratitude and neglect which we meet with in his eclogues, odes, and other writings.

It is true, that he was never reduced by necessity to alienate the family estate: nor were his distresses, uniformly, extreme; but they were at times severely pungent. It is said, that the numerous pecuniary engagements into which he had entered, drew upon him the misfortune of personal restraint; and that during his confinement in one of the city prisons, he inscribed, on the wall of his apartment therein, these affecting lines:

"A prison is a place of cure,
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone, sure, to try a friend;
A grave, for men alive."

And to aggravate his afflictions, he had a wife whom he appears to have tenderly loved, and of whom, in an ironical poem, entitled the "Joys of Marriage," he speaks thus handsomely:

"Yet with me 'tis out of season,
To complain thus without reason,—
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so,
That my love creates my woe:
For if she be out of humour,—
Straight, displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so;

Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her,
That I have unhappy made her;
But, if sick,—then I am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying."

This lady, the delight of his heart, and the partner of his sorrows, he had the misfortune to lose: but at what period of his life is not certain.

We might flatter ourselves that his sun set brighter than it rose; for his second marriage—which was with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of fifteen hundred a-year, and survived him—might suggest a hope, that he would thereby have been enabled to extricate himself from the greatest of his difficulties, and in reality to enjoy that tranquillity of mind which he describes with so much feeling in his "Irregular Stanzas." But this supposition seems to be contradicted by a fact, which the act of administration of his effects upon his decease discloses, viz. that the same was granted "to Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditrix: the honourable Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, his widow, Beresford Cotton, Esq., Olive Cotton, Catherine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

The above act bearing date the 12th day of September, 1687, fixes, perhaps, within a few days, the day of his death: and describes him as having lived in the parish of St. James, Westminster: it also ascertains his issue, which were all by his first lady.

There is a tradition that he had, by some sarcastic expression in his writings, so offended an aunt, that she revoked a clause in her will, whereby she had bequeathed to him an estate of five hundred pounds a-year: but as two unlikely circumstances must concur to render such a report credible, great imprudence in himself, and want of charity in her, and there is no such offensive passage to be found in any of his writings; we may presume the tradition to be groundless.

Of the future fortunes of his descendants little is known, save that, to his son Beresford Cotton, was given a company in a regiment of foot, raised, by the Earl of Derby, for the service of King William; and that one of his daughters became the wife of that eminent divine Dr. George Stanhope, dean of Canterbury, who —from his name being the same with that of Mr. Cotton's mother— is conjectured to have been distantly allied to the family.

The above are the most remarkable particulars, that at this time are recoverable, of the life of Mr. Cotton. His moral character is to be collected, and indeed does naturally arise, out

of the several sentiments contained in his writings. But the collected edition of his poems, consisting as it does of all such verses as the publishers could get together (eclogues, odes, and epistles to his friends, and translations from Ausonius, Catullus, Martial, Corneille, Benserade, Guarini, and others), if pursued with a severe and indiscriminating eye may, perhaps, be thought to reflect no great credit on his memory,—for some of them are inexcusably licentious.

Mr. Cotton was both a wit and a scholar, of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper, endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman, and was withal a great lover of angling. These qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his adopted father Walton, could not but endear him to the good old man; whose charitable practice it was, to resolve all the deviations from that rule of conduct which he had prescribed himself, not into vicious inclination but error.

There are in his "Poems on several Occasions" verses, to ladies in particular, of so courtly and elegant a turn, that, bating their incorrectness, they might vie with many of Waller and Cowley;—others there are, that bespeak him to have had a just sense of honour, loyalty, and moral rectitude, and in sundry parts of his writings, and even in his poems, the evidences of piety are discernible: among them is a paraphrase on that noble and sublime hymn, the eighth psalm. And in the poem entitled "Irregular Stanzas," are the following lines:—

"Dear solitude; the soul's best friend;
That man, acquainted with himself, dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders, to intend:
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou, alone, that keep'st the soul awake."

And lastly, in the following book, he, in the person of Piscator, thus utters his own sentiment of a practice which few that love fishing, and have not a sense of decorum, not to say of religion would in these days of licence forbear: "A worm is so sure a bait at all times that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid [me] a thousand pounds that I did not kill fish, more or less, with it—winter, or summer—every day in the year; *those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account always ought so to be;*" from which it is but just to infer, that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the Sabbath. J. H.

TO MY MOST WORTHY FATHER AND FRIEND,

MR. IZAAK WALTON, THE ELDER.

SIR,

Being you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and observing you never retract any promise, when made in favour even of your meanest friends, I accordingly expect to see these following *particular directions for the taking of a Trout*, to wait upon your better and more general *Rules for all sorts of Angling:* and, though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couched, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted; yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared too in something a neater dress, but that I was surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your "Complete Angler;" so that, having but a little more than ten days' time to turn me in, and rub up my memory,—for, in truth, I have not, in all this long time (done so), though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it,—I was forced upon the instant to scribble what I here present you: which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest Brothers of the Angle readily to understand, which is the only thing I aim at, then I have my end, and shall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring, if I were master of any such thing, any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it. So that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour, if the *Cypher*, fixed and carved in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained: and permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be, Sir,

Your most affectionate Son and Servant,

BERESFORD,
10th of March, 1675-6.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

SIR,

You now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of *the Art of Fly-fishing*, printed just as it was sent me: for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And, when I have thanked

you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love; then, let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me; if there were no other reason, yet, for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation, both of your Fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him *a copy of verses*,—that you were pleased to send me, now some years past;—in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence, that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour; and till then will live, Sir,

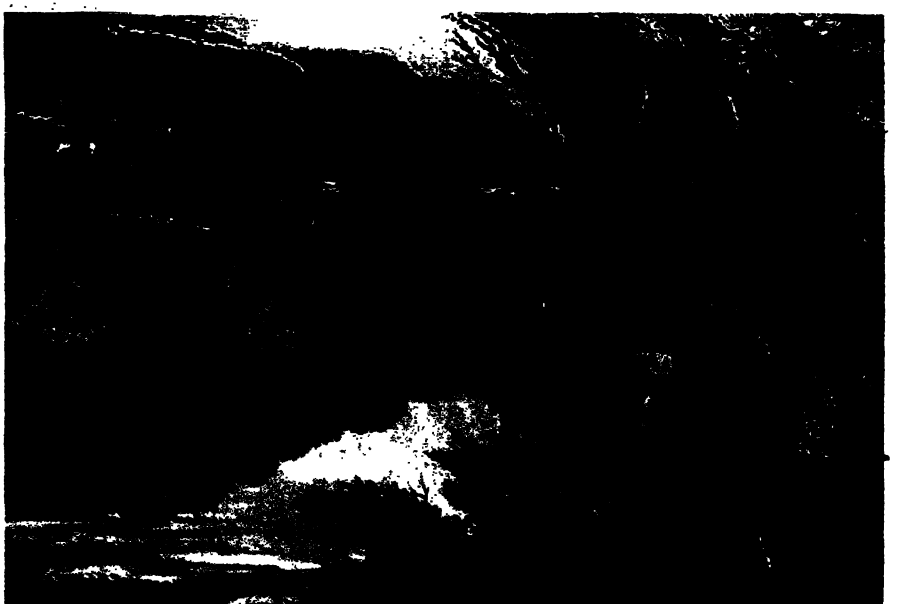
Your most affectionate Father and Friend,

Izaak Walton

London,
April 29th, 1676.



De vedale



THE RETIREMENT.

IRREGULAR STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL, thou busy world! and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he, who his whole age out wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice do reign.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

III.

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye valleys! Oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and crystal fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turns, to come and visit ye!

IV.

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And, all his Maker's wonders to entend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For, it is thou alone, that keep'st the soul awake.

V.

How calm, and quiet a delight,
Is it, alone
To read, and meditate, and write;
By none offended, and offending none?
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease!
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

VI.

Oh, my beloved Nymph! fair Dove!
Princess of Rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it, all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And, with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd industriously to try.

VII.

Such streams, Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po:
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all, compared with thine:
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority:
Nay, Thame and Isis when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh, my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies:
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
 How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
 And from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
Oh, my beloved caves! from Dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In th' artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft when grief has made me fly
To hide me from society,
Ev'n of my dearest friends, have I
 In your recesses' friendly shade,
 All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes, entrusted to your privacy!

IX.

Lord! would men let me alone;
What an over-happy one
 Should I think myself to be,
Might I, in this desert place,
Which most men in discourse disgrace,
 Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
 Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old![1]
And, all the while,
 Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then—contented die.

C. C.

[1] This he did not, for he was born 1630 and died 1687.



Brailsford Well.

THE FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER I.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN PROFICIENT IN FLY-FISHING, AND A TRAVELLER WHO BECOMES HIS PUPIL.[1]

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

Pisc.



OU are happily overtaken, sir: may a man be so bold as to enquire how far you travel this way?

Viat. Yes, sure, sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashbourn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

Pisc. Why then, sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brels-

[1] The contents to the chapters of this Second Part were first added by the editor of the seventh edition (*Bagster*, 1808), who also supplied the

ford,[1] it is five miles; and you are not yet above half a mile on this side.

Viat. So much! I was told it was but ten miles from Derby; and, methinks, I have rode almost so far already.

Pisc. O, sir, find no fault with large measure of good land; which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

Viat. It may be so; and good land, I confess, affords a pleasant prospect: but, by your good leave, sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

Pisc. True, sir; but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way:" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country-town you came from: which is also very observable by the fulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet everywhere upon the way.

Viat. Well, sir, I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire. And I shall have a good deal of reason both to think and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the forementioned place; provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander further out of my own knowledge.

Pisc. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage, and I am ready to attend you; my way lying through that town; but my business, that is my home, some miles beyond it; however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the mean time, may I be so bold as to enquire the end of your journey?

word Junior after Piscator, the first time that designation of Cotton occurs in each of the following chapters. The time at which these dialogues are supposed to take place is the beginning of March.

[1] Brelsford or Brailsford, a township in the hundred of Appletree, in Derbyshire, situated about six miles N.W. of Ashbourn, and thirteen miles from Derby. Brailsford-brook was once celebrated for its trout, but is in no great reputation now.—Ed.

Viat. 'Tis into Lancashire, sir, and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine: for I assure you, I do not use to take so long journies, as from Essex, upon the single account of pleasure.

Pisc. From thence, sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles, and the foulness of the way; though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon: for, believe me, sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

Viat. Why truly, sir, for that, I am prepared to expect the worst; but methinks the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

Pisc. You are not obliged to my company for that: but because you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

Viat. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse: but especially because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation: though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

Pisc. That, sir, is not worth your care; and I am sure you deserve much better, for being content with so ill company. But we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashbourn.

Viat. I meet every where in this country with these little brooks; and they look as if they were full of fish. Have they not trouts in them?

Pisc. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are: otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal: for you are to understand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of trouts, and some of them the best, it is said, by many degrees in England.

Viat. I was first, sir, in love with you, and now shall be so enamoured of your country, by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire man, or at least that I might live in it: for you must know I am a pretender to

the angle, and, doubtless, a trout affords the most pleasure to the angler, of any sort of fish whatever; and the best trouts must needs make the best sport: but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

Pisc. This, sir! why this, and several others like it, which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us: but we can show you as fine rivers and as clear from wood, or any other incumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever saw; and for clear, beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr. Izaak Walton's good leave, can show none such; nor I think any country in Europe.[1]

Viat. You go far, sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and I perceive have read Mr. Walton's "Complete Angler," by your naming of Hantshire; and I pray what is your opinion of that book?

Pisc. My opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the forementioned gentleman understands as much of fish, and fishing, as any man living. But I must tell you further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son.[2]

[1] "This praise (says Ephemera) will not hold good now. A part from certain preserved portions of the Dove, the other Derbyshire rivers are not first-rate. They certainly are very pretty clear streams, and are difficult to fly-fish; the well-known Lathkil, on account of its extreme limpidness, the most difficult of all; indeed, it is best fished with a minnow." This brook is famous for the quantity and high colour of its trout, but they are not the best flavoured, and none but the relatives and friends of the Duke of Rutland are permitted to fish here. The Wye, near Haddon Hall, and Longford brook, running by and through the Earl of Leicester's seat and demesne at Longford, about six miles from Ashbourn, still retain their character for trout and grayling.—ED.

[2] This alludes to the practice of the ancient alchemists and astrologers, of adopting favourite persons for their sons or pupils, to whom they imparted their secrets. Ashmole, in his "Diary," p. 25, says, "Mr. Backhouse told me I must now needs be his son, because he had communicated so many

Viat. In earnest, sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr. Izaak Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler; and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for I was wholly addicted to the chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous, diversion.

Pisc. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and before we part shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion; for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Viat. You speak like a true friend; and, in doing so, render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

Pisc. Yes surely, sir, and if you please a much nicer question: my name is ———, and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask yours too. In the mean time, because we are now almost at Ashbourn, I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too; and, peradventure, can give you some instructions how to angle for a trout in a

secrets to me." And a little after, p. 27, "My *father* Backhouse, lying sick in Fleet-street, *told me, in syllables, the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy.*" For more of this practice, and of the tremendous solemnities with which the secret was communicated, in *Ashmole's "Theat. Chem. Brit.," p. 440. In* imitation of this practice, *Ben Jonson adopted several persons his sons,* to the number of twelve or fourteen; among whom were, Cartwright, Randolph, and Alexander Brome. And it should seem, by the text, that Walton followed the above-mentioned examples, by adopting Cotton for his son. In the English translation of the Scriptures, the disciples of the Prophets are called "the Sons of the Prophets," with the same signification.—H.

clear river, that my father Walton himself will not disapprove; though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember, them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore tree.[1] And, being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are; I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town, but go on with me six miles further to my house,[2] where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way; we have day enough to perform our journey, and, as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

Viat. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance: but how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great, but it might dispense with[3] such a divertisement as I promise myself in your company; yet I cannot, in modesty, accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr. Izaak Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a trout; in which art I will not deny, but that I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers: though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

Pisc. Well, sir, I grant that too; but you must know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years experience, for so long I have been a dabbler in that art: and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall in a very great measure

[1] See Part I., chap. V., p. 144.

[2] Beresford-hall, situate a little to the north of Dovedale. In 1838 it was a large farm-house (in the occupation of Mrs. Hannah Gibbs), and the property of the Marquis of Beresford; and the interior arrangements, as we are told, are pretty much the same as in the time of Cotton. Between it and the river-side is Cotton's fishing-house, still standing.—Ed.

[3] *i. e.* allow.

see made good to you. But of that hereafter: and now, sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of yours, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation; which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England: that I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which, you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine, twisted in cypher;[1] that you shall lie in the same bed he has sometimes been contented with,[2] and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept; and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all.



The Walton Chamber in Beresford Hall.

Viat. No doubt, sir, but my Master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you, who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deserves so much.

[1] As in the title-page.—WALTON.

[2] Mr. Bagster has, in his edition of Cotton, given an engraving of the carved mantelpiece of a bedroom, "which," he observes, "may be the very room that Walton slept in; many circumstances unite to lead to that conclusion."

Pisc. Believe me, no: and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman, know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainments, has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good nature, and nothing else. But, sir, we are now going down the Spittle Hill[1] into the town, and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and most earnestly not to deny me.

Viat. In truth, sir, I am so overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot; but must render myself wholly to be disposed by you.

Pisc. Why that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you: and, being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

Viat. I attend you. But what pretty river is this, that runs under this stone bridge? Has it a name?

Pisc. Yes, 'tis called Henmore,[2] and has in it both trout and grayling; but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavour, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

Viat. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted, than of rivers and angling.

Pisc. Let those be the subjects then. But we are now come to the Talbot.[3] What will you drink, sir, ale or wine?

[1] "Before entering Ashbourn, we took the old road (to the left of the turnpike) down Spittle Hill, which was discontinued about four years since, for the present improved one. The view from this hill is highly picturesque, the town below, and the hill of Thorpe-cloud, &c., forming the vicinity of Dove Dale, make such a composition as I have seen from the hands of Gaspar Poussin."—*Alexander's Journey*, Sept. 9, 1815.

[2] At the time it was commonly so called, because it flowed through Henmoor; but its proper name is Schoo Brook. See a singular contest regarding the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279. Richard Hayne, Esq. of Ashbourn v. Uriah Corden, Esq. of Clifton.—H. It has now neither trout nor grayling in it, and is a mere ditch of running water, in which the boys of Ashbourn commence their angling career by fishing for minnows.—Ed.

[3] The Talbot stood in the market-place, and was the first hostelry in the town. About the year 1705, a wing of the building being divided off for a private dwelling, the far-famed inn was reduced to an inferior pot-house;

Viat. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

Pisc. You are in the right: and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London, than they have sometimes at this house. What, ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale. And now, sir, my service to you, a good health to the honest gentleman you know of; and you are welcome into the Peak.

Viat. I thank you, sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

Pisc. I'll pledge you, sir: so, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, sir, let us be going: for the sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

and it was totally demolished in 1786.—H. [The present handsome structure was erected on its site by Mr. Langdale.]



Spittle Hill.



On the Dove.

THE FIRST DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS IN DERBYSHIRE. VIATOR LODGES AT PISCATOR'S HOUSE.

Pisc. junior. So, sir, now we have got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

Viat. Bless me! what mountains are here! Are we not in Wales?

Pisc. No, but in almost as mountainous a country: and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

Viat. They had need of all these commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a precipice.

Pisc. Believe me, but it does, and down one especially, that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable, that we, who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

Viat. I hope though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to entrust

my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse: for I have no more at home.

Pisc. 'Twere hard else. But in the meantime, I think 'twere best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

Viat. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave; though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

Pisc. Why this, sir, is called Bentley brook,[1] and is full of very good trout and grayling; but so encumbered with wood in many places, as is troublesome to an angler.

Viat. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them in this country that ever I saw: do you know how many you have in the country?

Pisc. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble: but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire; we have, first, the river Dove,[2] that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford, for many miles together; and is so

[1] A narrow swift stream two miles beyond Ashbourn, on the old road: still pretty well supplied with trout and grayling.—Ed.

[2] Mr. Rhodes, in his elegant work entitled "Peak Scenery," says, that the river Dove is one of "the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and that whilst passing along the first, and least picturesque divisions of the dale, the ear is soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters. In some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it circles in innumerable eddies, which give life and motion to a great variety of aquatic plants that grow in the bed of the river. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, and interrupt its progress; over and among these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming, in its frequent falls, a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river."—Ed.

called from the swiftness of its current,[1] and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so straitened in that course betwixt the rocks; by which, and those very high ones, it is hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream. A river that, from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled,—before it falls into Trent, a little below Egginton, where it loses the name,—to such a breadth and depth, as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and wears: and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head, for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are; for they all spring from the mosses, but is in a few miles travel so clarified, by the addition of several clear, and very great springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the lime-stone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.

Viat. Does Trent spring in these parts?[2]

Pisc. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham; and thence runs down

[1] Sir Oswald Moseley says: "The Dove was so called from the British word 'dwfr' (water); and the Derwent, from 'dwfr' and 'gwin' (white); *i. e.*, white water."

[2] Between Beresford Hall and Ashbourn lies Dove Dale, whose crested cliffs and swift torrents are again noticed by Mr. Cotton in his "Wonders of the Peak." Through this singularly deep valley the Dove runs for about two miles, changing its course, its motion, and its appearance perpetually; never less than ten, and rarely so many as twenty yards in width; making a considerable noise by rolling over or falling among large stones. The rocks which form its sides are heaved up in enormous piles, sometimes connected with each other and sometimes detached; some perforated by natural cavities, others adorned with foliage; with here and there a tall rock, having nothing to relieve the bareness of its appearance but a mountain-ash flourishing at the top. The grandeur of its scenery is probably unrivalled in England.—Ellis. In opposition to this, Mr. Rennie says, "it is utterly ridiculous to talk of the 'grandeur' of Dove Dale. My impression, on visiting it in 1817, was, that it is prettily romantic—on so small a scale, that it might almost be artificially imitated."

not far from Stafford to Wolsey-bridge, and, washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county; thence it comes into this where we now are, and, running by Swarkeston and Dunnington, receives Derwent at Wildon; and so to Nottingham, thence to Newark, and by Gainsborough to Kingston-upon-Hull, where it takes the name of Humber, and thence falls into the sea: but that the map will best inform you.

Viat. Know you whence this river Trent derives its name?

Pisc. No, indeed, and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon, when some have given its denomination from the fore-named Trentham, though that seems rather a derivative from it; others have said, 'tis so called from thirty rivers that fall into it, and there lose their names; which cannot be neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation; but be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the world, and the most abounding with excellent salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.[1]

Viat. Pardon me, sir, for tempting you into this digression: and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this discourse.

Pisc. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for Trent is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names; which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed; and the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river Wye: I say of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely, Lathkin and

[1] There are no salmon in the Trent now, but many fine trout and grayling, especially near its source, and for many miles as it crosses Staffordshire. When it reaches the counties of Nottingham and Derby there are but few trout and grayling, but the river abounds through its whole course with pike, pearch, barbel, chub, and other coarse fish. (See note at page 298.)—ED.

Bradford: of which Lathkin is, by many degrees, the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad; and breeds, 'tis said, the reddest and the best trouts in England; but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great springs. The river Wye, then, has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Manchester: a black water too at the fountain, but, by the same reason with Dove, becomes very soon a most delicate clear river, and breeds admirable trout and grayling, reputed by those, who, by living upon its banks, are partial to it, the best of any; and this running down by Ashford, Bakewell, and Haddon, at a town a little lower called Rowsley, falls into Derwent and there loses its name.[1] The next in order, is Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain, but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it, which the two forementioned have; but abounds with trout and grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with salmon below: and this river, from the upper and utmost part of this county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow-Ash, and Awberson, falls into Trent at a place called Wildon, and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as Awber, Eroways, and the like, scarce worth naming, but trouty too, and further we are not to inquire. But, sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the

[1] By this it appears that there are two rivers in England which bear the name of Wye; the former Wye, occasionally mentioned in this work, has, as well as the Severn, its head in the Plinlimmon-hill, on the borders of Montgomery and Cardigan-shire; from whence, as its Latin name *Vaga* imports, wandering through part of Brecknockshire, it, near the Hay, enters Herefordshire; and at Mordiford, within four miles of Hereford, receives the Lug; from thence, passing on to Ross, it enters Monmouthshire, and falls into the Severn below Chepstow. It abounds with that small species of fish called last-springs, and also with grayling. And here it may be necessary to remark, that the names of Avon, Ouse, Stour, and some others, are common to many rivers in England, as that of Dulas is to numbers in Wales. See "Notes on the Fifth Book" [illegible] Song the sixth.—H.



formidable hill I told you of, at the foot of which runs the river Dove, which I cannot but love above all the rest; and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frighted.

Viat. Sir, I see you would fortify me, that I should not shame myself; but I dare follow where you please to lead me; and I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far, green, even, and easy.

Pisc. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill:—and now we are there, what think you?

Viat. What do I think? Why I think it the strangest place that ever sure, men and horses went down; and that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

Pisc. I think so too for you, who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones: and, though I frequently ride down, I will alight too, to bear you company, and to lead you the way; and, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

Viat. Marry, sir? and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself; and with my horse in my hand should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse's falling on me; for it is as steep as a penthouse.

Pisc. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess; but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

Viat. Would I were well down, though! Hoist thee! there's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck, and tumble down. . . .

Pisc. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom. But give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

Viat. I thank you, sir, I am now past it, I can go myself. What's here? the sign of a bridge. Do you use to travel with wheel-barrows in this country?

Pisc. Not that I ever saw, sir. Why do you ask that question?

Viat. Because this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why a mouse can hardly go over it: it is not two fingers broad.

Pisc. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so: but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

Viat. Why, according to the French proverb, and 'tis a good one among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé*, they whom God takes care of, are in safe protection: but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two; and yet I think I dare venture on foot, though if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

Pisc. Well, sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over; and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

Viat. How, Staffordshire! What do I there trow? There is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

Pisc. You see you are betrayed into it: but it shall be in order to something that will make amends; and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

Viat. I believe all things, sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river Dove? 'Tis clear and swift, indeed, but a very little one.

Pisc. You see it here at the worst; we shall come to it anon again after two miles riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

Viat. Would we were there once! But I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

Pisc. No, no, sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy; and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

Viat. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels; and, like Tom Coriate,[1]

[1] Son of the Rev. George Coriate, born at Odcombe in Somersetshire, in 1577. He was educated at Westminster school, and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford; after which he went into the family of Henry, Prince of Wales. Fuller says, he carried folly, which the charitable call merriment, in his face, and had a head in form like an inverted sugar loaf. He lay always in his clothes, to save the labour and charge of shifting. Prince Henry allowed him a pension, and kept him for his servant; sweetmeats and Coriate making the last course at all entertainments. Being the courtiers' anvil to try their wits on, he sometimes returned as hard knocks as he received; and Wood calls him "the whetstone of all the wits of that age."

print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill we come down?

Pisc. We call it Hanson Toot.

as, indeed, the allusions to him, and to the singular oddness of his character, are numberless. He travelled almost all over Europe on foot, and in that tour walked 900 miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich. Afterwards he visited Turkey, Persia, and the Great Mogul's dominions, travelling in so frugal a manner that, as he tells his mother in a letter to her, in his ten months' travels between Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but three pounds sterling; living reasonably well for about twopence sterling a-day. And of that three pounds he elsewhere says, he was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling, by certain Christians of the Armenian nation; so that, indeed, he spent but fifty shillings in his ten months' travels. In these, his travels, he attained to great proficiency, both in the Persian and Indostan languages; in the former he made and pronounced an oration to the Great Mogul; and his skill in the latter he took occasion to manifest in the following very signal instance. In the service of the English ambassador, then resident, was a woman of Indostan, a laundress, whose frequent practice it was to scold, brawl and rail, from sun-rising to sun-set. This formidable shrew did Coriate one day undertake to scold with, in her own language; and succeeded so well in the attempt, that, by eight of the clock in the morning, he had totally silenced her, leaving her not a word to speak. See "A Voyage to East India," by Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Tho. Row, ambassador to the Great Mogul. 12mo, 1655.

Further, it appears that he was a zealous champion for the Christian religion against the Mahometans and Pagans, in the defence whereof he sometimes risked his life. In Turkey, when a priest, as the custom is, was proclaiming from a mosque-tower that Mahomet was a true prophet, Tom, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the priest he lied, and that his prophet was an impostor. And, at a city called Multan, in the East Indies, he in public disputed with a Mahometan, who had called him *Giaour*, or infidel, in these words: "But I pray thee, tell me, thou Mahometan! dost thou, in sadness, call me giaour?" "That I do," quoth he. "Then," quoth I, "in very sober sadness, I retort that shameful word in thy throat, and tell thee plainly that I am a Musulman, and thou art a Giaour." He concludes thus: "Go to, then, thou false believer, since by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in that thou calledst me Giaour, thou hast provoked me to speak thus. I pray thee, let this mine answer be a warning for thee not to scandalise me in the like manner any more; for the Christian religion, which I profess, is so dear and tender unto me, that neither thou nor any other Mahometan shall, scot free, call me Giaour, but that I shall quit you with an answer much to the wonder of those Mahometans. *Dixi.*"

He died of the flux, occasioned by drinking sack at Surat, in 1617, having published his European travels in a quarto volume, which he called his "Crudities;" and to this circumstance the passage in the text is a manifest allusion. (Chiefly from Fuller and Hawkins.—H. G. B.)

Viat. Why, farewell Hanson Toot! I'll no more on thee: I'll go twenty miles about first. Puh! I sweat, that my shirt sticks to my back.

Pisc. Come, sir, now we are up the hill, and now how do you?

Viat. Why very well, I humbly thank you, sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a church.[1] As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?

Pisc. You see we have: but, had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, sir?

Viat. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you, I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

Pisc. Come, come! we'll reconcile you to our country before we part with you: if showing you good sport with angling will do it.

Viat. My respect to you, and that together may do much, sir: otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

Pisc. Well, sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home. And look you where the same river of Dove has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of trouts to-morrow.

Viat. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Penmen-Maure? It is a much finer river here.

Pisc. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, sir, here appears the house, that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

Viat. It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for. It stands prettily, and here's wood about it, too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

Pisc. It is so. Will it please you to alight, sir.—And now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you that you are infinitely welcome.

Viat. I thank you, sir, and am glad with all my heart I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

Pisc. You will sleep so much the better: you shall pre-

[1] The church at Alstonefield, a parish in the Hundred of Totmanslow, Co. Stafford, five miles north-north-west from Ashbourn.—Ed.

sently have a light supper, and to bed. Come, sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the mean time, in my father Walton's chamber.[1] Now, sir, here is my service to you; and once more welcome!

Viat. I, marry sir, this glass of good sack has refreshed me. And I'll make as bold with your meat, for the trot has got me a good stomach.

Pisc. Come, sir, fall to then, you see my little supper is always ready when I come home; and I'll make no stranger of you.

Viat. That your meal is so soon ready, is a sign your servants know your certain hours, sir. I confess I did not expect it so soon; but now 'tis here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.

Pisc. Much good do your heart! and I thank you for that friendly word. And now, sir, my service to you in a cup of More-Lands ale;[2] for you are now in the More-Lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

Viat. Believe me, you have good ale in the More-Lands: far better than that at Ashbourn.

Pisc. That it may soon be: for Ashbourn has, which is a kind of a riddle, always in it the best malt, and the worst ale in England.[3] Come, take away, and bring us some pipes, and a bottle of ale, and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, sir?

[1] Beresford Hall, like many of the residences of our ancient gentry, has degenerated into a decayed farm-house; and, what is believed to have been "my father Walton's chamber," with its fine carved oak mantel, reaching to the ceiling, and yet displaying the family escutcheon, has been converted into a cheese-room!—K. C.

[2] The Staffordshire hills, which, from a gradual ascent run through the heart of England, like the Apennines in Italy, in a continued ridge, rising gradually higher and higher into Scotland, under different names, are here called Moorlands; then Peak, then Blackstone Edge, then Craven, then Stanmore; and then, parting into two horns, are called the Cheviots. By a "spit and a stride" is perhaps to be understood that undefined distance, described by other writers as a "bowshot" or a "stone's cast."—*Ib.*

[3] This was probably so in Cotton's time, but since then the tables are turned. *Ashbourn ale* is now famous throughout the Northern and Midland counties, and is not surpassed for strength, purity, and flavour, even by Nottingham ale.—Ed.

Viat. Yes, sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.

Pisc. The best I can get in London,[1] I assure you. But, sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Viat. Why truly, sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

Pisc. Not to your inconvenience by any means, sir, but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where take counsel of your pillow, and to-morrow resolve me. Here! take the lights, and pray follow them, sir. Here you are like to lie: and, now I have showed you your lodgings, I beseech you command any thing you want; and so I wish you good rest!

Viat. Good night, sir!

[1] [We have taken leave to doubt, at page 225, that Walton was a smoker.—ED.] The reader sees, by this passage, that Piscator, by whom we are to understand Cotton himself, was so curious as to have his tobacco from London. Smoking was, in queen Elizabeth's and her successor's time, esteemed the greatest of all foppery. Ben Jonson, who mortally hated it, has numberless sarcasms against smoking and smokers; all which are nothing compared to those contained in that work of our King James the First, "A Counter-blast to Tobacco." Nor was the ordinary conversation of this monarch less fraught with invectives against that weed, as will appear from the following extract from "A Collection of Witty Apophthegms," delivered by him and others. 12mo, 1671: "That tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit:—First, It was a smoke; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, It delighteth them who take it: so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, It maketh men drunken and light in the head: so do the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him: even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking, loathsome thing: and so is hell. And further, his majesty professed that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes; 1. A pig; 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and, 3. A pipe of tobacco for digesture." Sylvester, in proposing its prohibition by a heavy impost on both sellers and buyers, enumerates the descriptions then in use:—

> Or at the least impose so deep a tax
> On all these, ball, leaf, cane, and pudding packs.—H.



Cotton's Fishing-house.

THE SECOND DAY.

CHAPTER III.

REFERENCE CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF COTTON'S FISHING-HOUSE, WITH HIS APOLOGY FOR WRITING A SUPPLEMENT TO WALTON'S BOOK.

Pisc. junior. Good morrow, sir! What, up and dressed so early?

Viat. Yes, sir, I have been dressed this half hour: for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or see a Trout taken, in your fine river, that I could no longer lie a-bed.

Pisc. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport; though, I must tell you, this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but, however, we'll try; and, one

way or other, we shall, sure, do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

Viat. For breakfast, I never eat any, and for drink I am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale I'm for you: and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

Pisc. Well, sir! You see the ale is come without calling: for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet; which is always one glass so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner; and so my servants have served you.

Viat. My thanks. And now, if you please, let us look out this fine morning.

Pisc. With all my heart; boy, take the key of my fishing-house, and carry down these two angle-rods in the hall-window, thither, with my fish-pannier, pouch, and landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, sir, we'll walk after; where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

Viat. Nay, sir, do not think me so ill-natured nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

Pisc. You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your southern counties.

Viat. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed! And I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

Pisc. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so: and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds through like a snake, and the situation of my little fishing-house?

Viat. Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems at this distance a neat building.

Pisc. Good enough for that purpose. And here is a

bowling-green too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, sir, you are come to the door,[1] pray walk in, and there we will sit and talk, as long as you please.

[1] This celebrated fishing-house, of which we have given two views, is formed of stone, and the room within is a cube of fifteen feet, paved with black and white marble, having in the centre a square black marble table. The roof, which is triangular in shape, terminates in a square stone sun-dial surmounted by a globe and a vane. It was originally wainscoted with walls of carved panels and divisions, in the larger spaces of which were painted some of the most interesting scenes in the vicinity of the building; whilst the smaller ones were occupied with groups of fishing-tackle. In the right-hand corner stood a large beaufet with folding-doors, on which were painted the portraits of Walton and Cotton, attended by a servant-boy; and beneath it was a closet, having a trout and a grayling delineated upon the door. Such was the original appearance of the fishing house, as collected from a description given by Mr. White of Crickhowel to Sir John Hawkins, in 1784; although it was then considerably decayed, especially in the wainscoting and the paintings.

To this, the following account of its present state, written from actual observation by W. H. Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., etc. will form an appropriate and an interesting counterpart. The visit which it details was made by a party composed of several eminent characters equally distinguished in science and the fine arts.

"It was in the month of April, 1811, that I visited the celebrated fishing-house of Cotton and Walton. I left Ashbourn about nine o'clock in the morning, accompanied by several brothers of the angle: we took the Buxton road for about six miles, and turning through a gate to the left, soon descended into the valley of the Dove, and continued along the banks of the river about three miles farther, when we arrived at Beresford Hall. The fishing-house is situated on a small peninsula, round which the river flows, and was then nearly enveloped with trees. It has been a small neat stone building, covered with stone slates or tiles, but is now going fast to decay: the stone steps by which you entered the door are nearly destroyed. It is of a quadrangular form, having a door and two windows in the front, and one larger window on each of the other three sides. The door was secured on the outside by a strong staple, but the bars and casements of the windows being gone, an easy entrance was obtained. The marble floor, as described by White in 1784, had been removed; only one of the pedestals upon which the table was formerly placed was standing, and that much deteriorated. On the left side was the fire-place, the mantelpiece and sides of which were in a good state. The chimney and recess for the stove were so exactly on the Rumford plan, that one might have supposed he had lived in the time when it was erected. On the right hand side of the room is an angular excavation or small cellar, over which the cupboard, or beaufet, formerly stood. The wainscot of the room is wanting, the ceiling is broken, and part of the stone-tiling admits both light and water. Upon

Viat. Stay, what's here over the door? PISCATORIBUS SACRUM![1] Why then I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst; and here below it is the cypher too you spoke of, and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it; for it seems new built?

Pisc. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up; but never in the posture it now stands: for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it yet; for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viat. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures: and 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased

examining the small cellar, we found the other pedestal which supported the marble table; and against the door on the inside, three large fragments of the table itself, which were of the Black Dove-dale Marble, bevelled on the edges, and had been well polished. The inscription over the door, and the cypher of Walton and Cotton in the key-stone, were very legible." —MAJOR.

[1] There is under this motto, the cypher mentioned in the title-page, and some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to do it.—WALTON. Mr. Bagster, who visited it in 1814, found it much dilapidated, the windows unglazed, and the wainscot and pavement gone, but the cypher still legible. In 1824 it is thus described by another writer:—"Just above the Pike, a small wooden foot bridge leads over the stream towards Hartshorn, in Derbyshire. A little higher up on the Staffordshire bank, the winding of the river forms a small peninsula, on which stands the far-famed fishing-house; but alas! how changed. The windows are destroyed, the doors decayed, and without fastenings; the roof dilapidated, and the vane, which surmounted it, is rusty, and nodding to its fall. The fire-place alone remains in good preservation. The entrance steps are covered with weeds, and the inscription on the key-stone so overgrown with moss, that the first word of the inscription is quite illegible."—*Gent. Mag.*, v. XCIX., p. II., p. 31, (see p. 373). In August, 1825, the manor, hall, and about eighty-four acres of land were sold to Viscount Beresford for 5500*l.*, since which time we learn from Shipley and Fitzgibbon that "Cotton's fishing-house was repaired about three years ago, and is now (1838) nearly in the same state as when the original constructor described it. All these repairs and improvements are owing to the good taste of the actual owner, the Marquis of Beresford."—ED.

with this little house of any thing I ever saw. It stands in a kind of peninsula, too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but by your leave I'll try. Why this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle.

Pisc. Enough, sir, enough! I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself; and now you attack me there! Come, boy, set two chairs, and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.

Viat. None fitter, then, sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promised.

Pisc. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you, or no: though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can; and therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

Viat. Why, sir, if you will so far oblige me and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you, that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty Moreland seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals; for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

Pisc. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise. And, therefore, without more ceremony I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it would look like a presumption in me, and peradventure would do so in any other man, to pretend to give lessons for angling after him who, I do really believe, understands as much of it, at least, as any man in England; did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better directions; but, having from my childhood pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly I think by much, some of them at least, the clearest in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding

clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream;—I may, peradventure, give you some instructions, that may be of use even in your own rivers; and shall bring you acquainted with more flies, and show you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his "Complete Angler."[1]

Viat. I beseech you, sir, do: and, if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while; for that is commonly my breakfast in a morning too.[2]

THE SECOND DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

OF ANGLING FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING, DIVIDED INTO THREE BRANCHES.

Pisc. junior. Why then, sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do, and I will not deny but that I think myself a master in this: I shall divide angling for trout or grayling, into these three ways: at the top; at the bottom; and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear, in some sort common to both those kinds of fish, yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction; which, in due place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly at the

[1] Part I., chap. V.

[2] The American editor says, "It is not wise to venture out in the morning with an empty stomach, which renders the system peculiarly liable to any *malaria* that may be prevalent; besides, an empty stomach makes a light brain, and the angler needs all the coolness of judgment he can command."—AM. ED.

bottom with a ground-bait: in the middle, with a minnow, or ground-bait.[1]

Angling at the top is of two sorts: with a quick-fly, or with an artificial-fly.

That we call angling at the bottom, is also of two sorts: by the hand,[2] or with a cork or float.

That we call angling in the middle is also of two sorts: with a minnow for a trout, or with a ground-bait for a grayling.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

Viat. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation. I beseech you therefore to proceed.

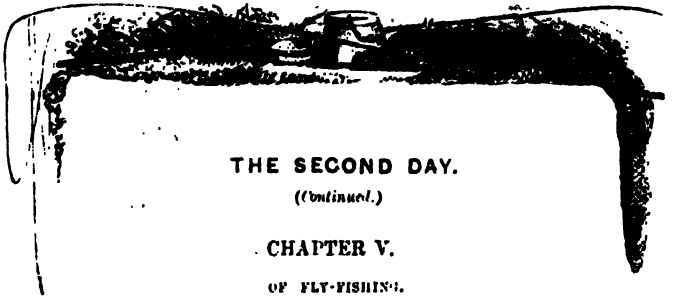
Pisc. Why then first of fly-fishing.

[1] That is to say, any bait that is fished with at the ground or bottom.—BROWNE.

[2] That is, the bait running on the ground with several shot or a small bullet, without a float.—BROWNE.



Front View of Cotton's Fishing-house.



THE SECOND DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

OF FLY-FISHING.

Pisc. junior. Fly-fishing, or fishing at the top, is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural, and living fly, or with an artificial, and made fly.

First then, of the natural fly: of which we generally use but two sorts, and those but in the two months of May and June only, namely, the green-drake and the stone-fly: though I have made use of a third that way, called the camlet-fly, with very good success for grayling, but never saw it angled with by any other after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with, with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be still; or with a longer, very near or all out as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you: and this way of fishing we call daping, dabbing, or dibbling;[1] wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand; though where you see a fish rise near you, you may guide your quick-fly over him, whether in the middle, or on the contrary side; and, if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take

[1] See in chap. VII. May, art. 11, directions how to bait with the green-drake fly.



him too, if it be presently done; the fish will otherwise, peradventure, be removed to some other place[1] if it be in the still-deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey; though in a stream, you may always, almost, especially if there be a good stone near, find him in the same place.[2] Your line ought in this case to be three good hairs next the hook,[3] both by reason you are in this kind of angling, to expect the biggest fish, and also, that wanting length to give him line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for't: to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibbling, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and colour, and then give you an account of their breeding, and withal show you how to keep and use them; but shall defer that to their proper place and season.

Viat. In earnest, sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for in plain truth I did not expect so much from you.

Pisc. Nay, sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this,

[1] It may be considered almost the invariable habit of a fish, particularly trout, to swim away from the spot where it has risen at a fly.—RENNIE.

[2] As the bird termed the fly-catcher has always a favourite post from which to spring upon flies on the wing, and hence is called the *post bird* in Kent, so trouts have usually a favourite stone to lie near in a river; and if you kill a trout in such a haunt, his place will probably be soon supplied with another.—RENNIE. The author of the "Seasons" has celebrated the attractive properties of a "good stone:"—

> Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
> Is mixed the trembling stream, *or where it boils*
> *Around the stone*, or from the hollowed bank
> Reverted plays in undulating flow,
> There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
> And as you lead it round the artful curve,
> With eye attentive mark the springing game,
> Straight as above the surface of the flood
> They wanton rise, or urged by hunger, leap,
> *Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;*
> Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
> And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
> With various hand, proportioned to their force.—THOMSON.

[3] Or silk-worm gut,—an improvement since the days of the author.—BROWNE.

and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second way of angling at the top, which is with an artificial-fly, which also I will show you how to make before I have done: but first shall acquaint you, that with this you are to angle with a line longer, by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod: and with both this, and the other, in a still day, in the streams, in a breeze that curls the water in the still-deeps, where (excepting in May and June, that the best trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the best fish.

For the length of your rod, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall choose to angle at: and for a trout-river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer, though never so neatly and artificially made, it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw are made in Yorkshire, which are all of one piece: that is to say of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced, and tied together with fine thread below, and silk above, as to make it taper, like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand. And these, too, are light, being made of fir-wood for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top; that a man might very easily manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand. And these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces, and laid up in some dry place, may afterwards be set together again in their former postures, and will be as straight, sound, and good, as the first hour they were made: and being laid in oil and colour, according to your Master Walton's direction, will last many years.[1]

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of encumbrance, excepting in woody places and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure, has somebody to do for him. And the length of line is a mighty advantage

[1] Many good rods have been ruined by not being properly cared for during the winter. A room heated by a stove is a bad place to lay them up in, heat being more hurtful even than damp, warping the wood and starting the ferules.—*Am. Ed.* (See Note on this subject at page 326.)

to the fishing at distance; and to fish *fine*, and *far-off*, is the first and principal rule for trout-angling.[1]

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed two hairs next to the hook; for one (though some I know will pretend to more art than their fellows) is indeed too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it; but he that cannot kill a trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some other of ours are, deserves not the name of an angler.

Now to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths nearest the hooks should be of two hairs a-piece; the next three lengths above them of three; the next three above them of four; and so of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means your rod and tackle will, in a manner, be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and straighter, and cast your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, than would otherwise circle the water and fright away the fish.

In casting your line,[2] do it always before you, and so that your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as is possible; though if the wind be stiff, you will then of necessity be compelled to drown a good part of

[1] An artist may easily throw twelve yards of line with one hand; and with two he may easily throw eighteen.—H. A veteran suggests that no one is fairly entitled to be called an "artist," who cannot readily throw his fly into a pint pot at the latter distance!

[2] Till you are a proficient, every throw will go near to cost you a hook: therefore practise for some time without one.—H. One day's instruction from an experienced fly-fisher will teach the tyro more than all the directions ever written; nevertheless, we annex Mr. Taylor's rules:—"When your rod and line are prepared, let out the line about half as long again as the rod: and holding the rod, properly, in one hand,—and the line just above the fly, in the other,—give your rod a motion from right to left, and as you move it backwards, in order to throw out the line, dismiss the line from your hand at the same time, and try several throws at this length. Then let out more line, and try that, still using more and more till you can manage any length needful; but about nine yards is quite sufficient for a learner to practise with. And observe, that in raising your line, in order to throw it again, you should wave the rod a little round your head, and not bring it directly backwards: nor must you return the line until it has streamed its full length behind you, or you will certainly whip off your fly. There is great art in making your line fall light on the

your line to keep your fly in the water: and in casting your fly, you must aim at the further, or nearer, bank, as the wind serves your turn: which also will be with and against you on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course; and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly; but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind evermore on your back. And always be sure to stand as far off the bank, as your length will give you leave when you throw to the contrary side: though, when the wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand,—you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly at the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to inquire whether your two hairs, next to the hook, are better twisted, or open. And for that, I should declare that I think the open way the better, because it makes less show in the water; but that I have found an inconvenience, or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way: of which, one is, that, without dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted;[1] another, that they are not easily to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming, that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair, upon the matter, to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon

water, and showing the flies well to the fish. The best way that I can direct is: When you have thrown out your line, contriving to let it fall lightly and naturally, you should raise your rod gently, and by degrees; sometimes with a kind of a gentle tremulant flourish, which will bring the flies on a little towards you, still letting them go down with the stream; but never draw them against it, for it is unnatural: and before the line comes too near you, throw out again. When you see a fish rise at a natural fly, throw about a yard above him, but not directly over his head, and let your fly (or flies) move gently towards him, which will show it him in a more natural form, and tempt him the more to take it. Experience and observation alone, however, can make an angler a complete adept in the art."—*Taylor's Art of Angling.* Those who wish for anything more in detail may consult South's (ed. Chitty's) "Fly-Fisher's Text Book," where twenty pages, illustrated by diagrams, are devoted to the subject.

[1] In the original text, the words are *twisted as open*; contrary to what is, evidently, from the connection, the author's meaning; the editor has, therefore, transposed the words.—H.

every twig or bent they meet with, but moreover the hook, in falling upon the water, will very often rebound, and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick (which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the angler), so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means your fly swims backwards, makes a much greater circle in the water, and, till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish; or, if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.[1]

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod, and line and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and afterwards, of what dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly then, which is not a hackle, or palmer-fly, (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year), you are first to hold your hook fast betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your finger's ends: Then take a strong small silk of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same colour too: to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you; and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb, to the head of the shank, and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which you must know is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght,[2] which sometimes it will otherwise do. Which being done, take your line and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast, as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line, as hard as the strength of the silk will permit. Which being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side

[1] This, and the other inconveniences mentioned in this paragraph, are now effectually avoided by the use of gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook.—H.

[2] A term for what is whipped first about the bare hook to arm it.—BROWNE.

downwards which grew uppermost before, upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards: then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root-end of the feather, hook, and towght. Which being done, clip off the root-end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook: but not further, as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly. Which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it. And then take your dubbing which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient; and, holding it lightly with your hook betwixt the finger and thumb of your left-hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which when it has done, whip it about the armed-hook backward, till you come to the setting on of the wings. And then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts; and turn them back towards the end of the hook, the one on the one side, and the other on the other of the shank, holding them fast in that posture betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand. Which done, warp them so down as to stand and slope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast betwixt the finger and thumb of your left-hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand, and, where the warping ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb-nail against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk; and then, with the bare silk, whip it once or twice about, make the wings to stand in due order, fasten, and cut it off: after which, with the point of a needle raise up the dubbing gently from the warp; twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing; leave the wings of an equal length,—your fly will never else swim true;—and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson, a near neighbour, an admirable fly-angler; by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met

with.[1] And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeness of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day. I will walk along by you, and look on: and, after dinner, I will proceed in my lecture on fly-fishing.

Viat. I confess I long to be at the river; and yet I could sit here all day to hear you; but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well: and I have a mighty ambition to take a trout in your River Dove.

Pisc. I warrant you shall: I would not for more than I will speak of, but you should, seeing I have so extolled my river to you. Nay, I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one good day of sport before you go.

Viat. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way: for, in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that, if it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

Pisc. I thank you, sir, for that kind expression; and now let me look out my things to make this fly.

[1] There needs nothing more be said of these directions, than that hundreds have, by means of them alone, become excellent fly-makers.—H. Ephemera denies this, and says that "Cotton's directions are limited to making the easiest of all made flies—a fly with body and wings, but without tail, hackle-feather for legs, tinsel for tip and ribbing."—Be this as it may, flies of every kind are now made so well and so cheaply by the dealers, that the angler will hardly lose his time over them. Holland, Ronalds, and Bainbridge, have given very full directions about flies, illustrated by numerous figures; and there is a good list in Rennie's "Alphabet of Angling." For salmon-flies, "Ephemera's Book of the Salmon" is one of the best. It may be as well to mention here, that Mr. Ronalds prepares *fly-books*, which contain a good selection of flies, accurately made, and arranged in the order of months, so that the angler need have but little enquiry to make. They are sold by Mr. Eaton of Crooked Lane.—ED.



Beresford Hall.

THE SECOND DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

FISHING AT THE TOP CONTINUED—FURTHER DIRECTIONS FOR FLY-MAKING—TIME WHEN THE GRAYLING IS IN SEASON—ROCK IN PIKEPOOL.

Pisc. jun. Boy! come, give me my dubbing-bag here presently. And now, sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

Viat. Did ever any one see the like! What a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in Europe, has his shop half so well furnished as you have.[1]

[1] Every treatise on fly-fishing gives a long list of the materials with which the angler should be provided. The lists are so various, that, taken collectively, without even admitting repetitions, they would form a vocabulary almost as large as our entire volume. Ronalds says, "*the dubbing-bag should contain everything in the world.*" Hofland gives a very judicious list, with full instructions for making flies; so does Rennie, in his agreeable little volume, "The Alphabet of Angling." Payne Fisher (Beckwith), in "The Angler's Souvenir," says, "The angler's dubbing-bag ought to contain fine wool, floss, silk, and mohair, of various colours, brown, red, orange, lemon, and straw-colour, olive, willow-green, and

Pisc. You, perhaps, may think now that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for show only; to the end that

drab; fur of various shades—gosling-green, cinnamon, dun, brown, brownish-yellow, and mouse-colour; feathers, for wings, of different shades, from a dark brown to a bluish-gray, which may be got from the cormorant, heron, bald-coot, starling, dotterel, field-fare, grouse, partridge, kite, pheasant, owl, mallard, teal, pintado, turkey, jay (for salmon-flies), tern, and martin. Peacock and ostrich feathers supply him with herls, and those of the latter may be dyed of any colour required. Hackles—red, black, and white, with a variety of intermediate shades—are obtained from the neck and from the wing-coverts of the common cock and hen. In fact, there is scarcely a bird, from an eagle to a tom-tit, whose feathers may not be of service to the angler. Even the light downy feather of a goose tied on a hook, in the simplest fashion, has been sometimes used with success in night-fishing. Bright scarlet hackles, which are mostly used in dressing salmon-flies, may be obtained from any military acquaintance who shows a tuft of red feathers in his plume. The topping or crest, which moves so gracefully on the head of the lapwing, as he bobs about upon the fell, is often recommended for the body of a fly; but the herl of an ostrich answers the purpose much better. Gut and hair-links, strong silk for whipping, of different colours; gold and silver tinsel, or twist, for ribbing; with wax, needles, penknife, and a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, are necessary appendages to the dubbing-bag." *To this extract may be added another from* SHIPLEY AND FITZGIBBON, *a very sensible treatise on fly-fishing, published at Ashborne in* 1838. "MATERIALS.—Silk of every shade and colour, the finest, the strongest, and the best. Fibres from the wings of the starling, fieldfare, blackbird, red-wing, lark, hen-pheasant, woodcock, landrail, grouse, partridge, and twenty others; and feathers of different shades plucked from the body under the wing of the wild drake. The scarcest and best hackles are duns of all shades, particularly those which possess the clearest shades of blue; furnace hackles, which are of a red colour, with a black streak along the stem; red hackles, light and dark ginger, black and grizzled hackles. These are got in the greatest perfection from off the upper part of the necks of cocks. When dun hackles cannot be procured from cocks, you must use those from dun hens; which, however, from the softness of their fibre, are less capable of resisting water. The best time for plucking dun birds is in the middle of winter, the feathers being then perfect, and free from that disagreeable matter which at other times is generally found in the pen-part of the feather. Dun hackles, when plucked in March, and exposed to the action of the sun's heat, assume a fine yellow tinge, and become that useful feather called the yellow dun." We sum up with the elegant lines of Gay:—

> "To frame the little animal, provide
> All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
> Let nature guide thee. Sometimes golden wire
> The shining bellies of the fly require;
> The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
> Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.

such as see it, which are not many I assure you, may think me a great master in the art of angling: but let me tell you here are some colours, as contemptible as they seem here, that are very hard to be got; and scarce any one of them, which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once in the year. But look you, sir, amongst all these I will choose out these two colours only, of which, this is bear's hair, this darker, no great matter what: but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it; and with one or both of these, you shall take trout or grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

Viat. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe every thing you say: but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

Pisc. That will not be long in doing: and pray observe then. You see first how I hold my hook, and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly: and there's a fly made. And now how do you like it?

Viat. In earnest, admirably well; and it perfectly resembles a fly; but we about London make the bodies of our flies both much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

Pisc. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my Father Walton to give me a visit; which, to tell you the truth, I hung in my parlour window to laugh at; but, sir, you know the proverb, "'They who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do;" and, believe me, you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on, and try it. There, sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the

> Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
> And lends the growing insect proper wings:
> Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
> And every fur promote the fisher's art."

farther end of the walk you shall begin. I see at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little, knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

Viat. Did you see that, sir?

Pisc. Yes, I saw the fish, and he saw you too, which made him turn short; you must fish further off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New River, let me tell you! That was a good trout, believe me; did you touch him?

Viat. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so! Look you, there was another! This is an excellent fly!

Pisc. That fly, I am sure, would kill fish, if the day were right: but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it.[1] Come, sir, let us return back to the fishing-house; this still water I see will not do our business to-day. You shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself,[2] and try what you can do in the streams with that; and I know a trout taken with a fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, sirrah. Look you, sir, there is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings: be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing, that I think will do.

Viat. This is a very little hook.

Pisc. That may serve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as the case stands it must be a little fly, and a very little

[1] When a fish is thus observed to play, as it were, with the fly, I think he is probably doubtful of its smell; and I have often succeeded in making them bite in such cases by putting a cadis bait, or other insect, on the fly-hook.—RENNIE.

[2] To make a fly is so essential, that he hardly deserves the name of an angler who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle-shop, and tell the master of it, as *Dapper* does *Subtle* in "The Alchemist," that they *want a fly;* for which they have a thing put into their hands, that would pose a naturalist to find a resemblance for: though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the persons employed by the fishing-tackle makers in London. But do thou, my honest friend, learn to make thy own flies; and be assured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various shapes and colours of these admirable creatures, there is little less pleasure than even in catching fish.—H. This, no doubt, was very true a century ago, when Sir John Hawkins wrote; but now all is changed. See note, *ante*, page 391.—ED.

one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me you shift your fingers very handsomely: I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So, here's your dubbing now.

Viat. This dubbing is very black.

Pisc. It appears so in hand, but step to the door and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red: let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true colour of a dubbing any way but that; and therefore choose always to make your flies on such a bright sunshine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in. Here, put it on; and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! Upon my word you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

Viat. I am very glad to hear it; 'tis the first that ever I made of this kind in my life.

Pisc. Away, away! You are a doctor at it: but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on, and you shall now go downward to some streams betwixt the rocks below the little foot-bridge you see there, and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock.[1] So, now you are over, and now throw in.

Viat. This is a fine stream indeed! There's one! I have him.

Pisc. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentleman, e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

Viat. Pardon me, sir, all's fish that comes to the hook with me now. Another!

Pisc. And of the same standing.

Viat. I see I shall have good sport now. Another! and a grayling. Why you have fish here at will.

[1] Mr. Bagster, who visited the spot in the autumn of 1814, for the purpose of identifying the scenery, and who went step by step over the ground which is the scene of this dialogue, says that "the undeviating accuracy of delineation is very striking; but at this spot an alteration was made a few years since, by cutting away part of the rock and removing the bridge, the site of which is still marked by fragments of stone."—ELLIS.

Pisc. Come, come, cross the bridge, and go down the other side, lower; where you will find finer streams, and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, sir, here is a fine stream now. You have length enough, stand a little further off, let me entreat you; and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! What is all gone?

Viat. No, I but touched him; but that was a fish worth taking.

Pisc. Why now, let me tell you, you lost that fish by your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste: for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he do not strike himself,[1] till first you see him turn his head after he has taken your fly; and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in once again, and fish me this stream by inches; for I assure you here are very good fish: both trout and grayling lie here; and at that great stone on the other side, 'tis ten to one a good trout gives you the meeting.

Viat. I have him now, but he is gone down towards the

[1] Every candid fly-fisher will confess, that in nine cases out of ten, the trout hooks himself; and in rough, sometimes in smooth, though dark, water, the first notice you have of his bite is his weight on the line. Many a fish is lost by vain attempts at striking, which compel you to bring the line home for another cast, when a few inches more play would have done the business. Cotton's directions are, therefore, excellent. Better not strike at all, unless you are sure, and then strike easily by a turn of the wrist alone. In fishing far and fine, which is the surest way, especially in clear, still waters, it is not easy to see the fish, and you must be guided by the disturbance he makes of the surface. After he has risen, cast your fly a little above the place where he showed himself, as a trout almost always heads up stream, and his spring will send him in that direction; then cast in different directions around him. If he be large enough to give you trouble, get your rod in a perpendicular position as soon as possible; for then you have more power in playing him with it. Be sure, however, never to slack your line, or he may snap it and be off; neither grasp your line to draw him by it, nor attempt to basket him while you are standing in the water; but as soon as he is sufficiently exhausted, lead him to a shallow, and so contrive that if he fall it may not be into the water. If the fish be small, such pains are unnecessary; or if you have a landing net, do not use it until he is sufficiently subdued. A trout may also be more readily killed by leading him down stream, or, if there be no current, to and fro, as so the water will rush into his open mouth and drown him.—*Am. Ed.*

bottom. I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight: but he makes no great stir.

Pisc. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you 'tis a grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world; and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you now, you see him plain; I told you what he



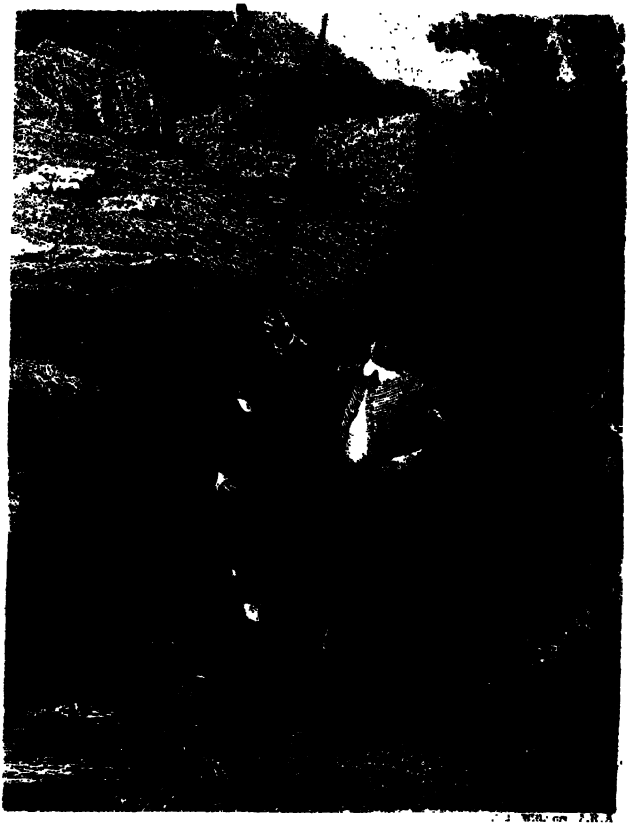
Grayling.—Haddon Hall in the distance.

was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy. And now, sir, he is your own; and believe me a good one, sixteen inches long I warrant him: I have taken none such this year.

Viat. I never saw a grayling before look so black.

Pisc. Did you not? why then let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right season: for then a grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back; and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of umber.[1] Though I must tell you this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on, for it grows towards dinner-time; and there is a very great

[1] Others say, that the name *umber*, signifying "shadow," is given because the fish swims so fast as to pass like a shadow.—RENNIE.



and fine stream below, under that rock, that fills the deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

Viat. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him. But I had thought, that the grayling had been always in season with the trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

Pisc. Oh, no! assure yourself a grayling is a winter-fish,[1] but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calve,[2] that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times: but in his perfect season, which, by the way, none but an overgrown grayling will ever be, I think him so good a fish, as to be little inferior to the best trout that ever I tasted in my life.

Viat. Here's another skip-jack; and I have raised five or six more at least whilst you were speaking: Well, go thy way little Dove! thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, so long as we two live.

Pisc. I am afraid I shall not, Sir: but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

Viat. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one; and there another.

Pisc. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! Why what a dangerous man are you!

Viat. I, Sir, but who taught me? and as Damætas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me:

> ——— If my man such praises have,[3]
> What then have I, that taught the knave?

[1] The best grayling fishing is from October to Christmas. They are then in fine season, and in my humble opinion they are a much better fish than a trout.—Ed.

[2] That is, part in flakes.—Browne.

[3] From "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sydney, 1655, lib. i. page 70, which reads—

> "For if my man must praises have,
> What then must I, that keep the knave?"—Ed.

But what have we got here? A rock springing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.[1]

Pisc. Why, sir, from that pike,[2] that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike-Pool. And young Mr. Izaak Walton[3] was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white, in a blank book I have at home; as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will show you, when we come up to dinner.

Viat. Has young Master Izaak Walton been here too?

Pisc. Yes, marry has he, sir, and that again, and again too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the meantime, sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these slippery, cobbling stones. Believe me, sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down! But now you are got over, look to yourself; for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now!

Viat. I think you have such command here over the fishes,

[1] Almost every rock in this charming river has its own peculiar name. Some are called sugar-loaves, others shoulders of mutton, foxes-holes, the twelve apostles, spires, &c. The rock Viator refers to here, stands in the middle of the river.—Ed.

[2] It is a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr. Cotton's house; below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before it was burnt. And this Dove being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it: and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.—WALTON.

[3] In 1675, Izaak Walton, the younger, who appears to have been as amiable and pious as his father, accompanied his uncle, Thomas Ken, in a tour through Italy to Rome, and other places. It was the year of the great Papal Jubilee, a period of great interest to the travellers, and of fear to some of their friends, lest, when many were wavering, they also might receive contamination of their faith. Izaak Walton, however, returned to occupy a canonry at Salisbury; Ken, to fill a prebendal stall at Winchester, and ultimately the bishopric of Bath and Wells.—*Life of Ken.*

that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurors can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a trout has taken my fly.[1] I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a salmon!

Pisc. O, sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls?

Servant. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

Pisc. We come. You hear, sir, we are called: and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house, or back again over these stepping-stones, and about by the bridge.

Viat. Nay, sure, the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so: and I am now so well acquainted with your rocks, that I fear them not.

Pisc. Come, then, follow me: and so soon as we have dined, we will down again to the little house, where I will begin at the place I left off about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

Viat. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted; nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty river.

Pisc. You deserve to have better, both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to show you before we part.

[1] Taken in the worst sense, viz. broke away with it.—H.



THE SECOND DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

FISHING AT THE TOP — FLIES FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, AND PART OF MAY; INCLUDING, UNDER MAY, PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS HOW TO BAIT WITH THE GREEN DRAKE.

Viat. Come, sir! having now well dined, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you to proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing, which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

Pisc. Why, sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us: for you must know, besides the unfitness of the day, that the afternoons so early in March signify very little to angling with a fly; though with a minnow, or a worm, something might, I confess, be done.

To begin then where I left off. My father Walton tells us but of twelve artificial flies, to angle with at the top, and

gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed, and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London which I presume he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though, perhaps, I may reckon some of his by other names too; but, if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the fore-named great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is, tells you that no man should in honesty catch a trout till the middle of March, yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a grayling; which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season: and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable token, I did once take upon the sixth day of December, one, and only one, of the biggest graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed: and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's-tide, and in frost and snow, taken grayling in a warm sunshine day for an hour or two about noon; and to fish for him with a grub it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month,[1]

[1] The anglers of our day are divided into two schools, which may be conveniently distinguished as the *imitation* and the *non-imitation*. The former hold that trout should be angled for only with a nice imitation of the flies in season, and that, therefore, the flies seen on the water are to be imitated. The non-imitation school hold that no fly can be made to imitate nature so closely as to warrant us in believing that the fish takes it for the natural fly: and, therefore, little reference need be had to the fly upon which the trout are feeding.—*Am. Ed.* "The fish," says Rennie (in his "Alphabet of Angling"), "appear to seize upon an artificial fly, because, when drawn along the water, it has the appearance of being a living insect, whose species is quite unimportant, as all insects are equally welcome. The aim of the angler, accordingly, ought to be to have his artificial fly calculated, by its form and colours, to attract the notice of the fish, in which case he has a much greater chance of success than by making the greatest efforts to imitate any particular species of fly." Fisher ("Angler's Souvenir") remarks, in the same strain: "Wherever fly-

though I confess very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport as to embrace all opportunities, can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose, and tell you that, upon my knowledge, these flies in a warm sun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.[1]

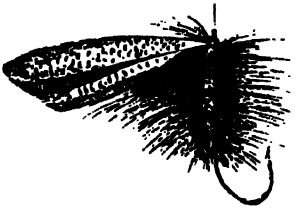
fishing is practised it has been ascertained, from experience, that the best flies are those which are not shaped professedly in imitation of any particular living insect. Red, black, and brown hackles, and flies of the bittern's, mallard's, partridge's, woodcock's, grouse's, bald-coot's, martin's, or blue hen's feathers, with dubbing of brown, yellow, or orange occasionally blended, and hackles, red, brown, or black under the wings, are the most useful flies that an angler can use in daylight, on any stream, all the year through. For night-fishing in lakes, or long still ponds, no fly is better than a white hackle. The angler must be guided in his selection of flies by the state of the water—whether clear or dull, smooth or ruffled by a breeze; and also by the state of the weather, as it may be cloudy or bright. When the water is clear, and the day rather bright, small flies and hackles of a dark shade are most likely to prove successful, if used with a fine line and thrown by a delicate hand; but then it is only before eight in the morning and after six in the evening, from June to August, that the fish may be expected to rise. When the water, in such weather, is ruffled by a fresh breeze, larger hackles and flies of the same colour may be used. When the water is clearing after rain, a red hackle, and a fly with a body of orange-coloured mohair, dappled wings of a mallard or pea-fowl's feather, with a reddish-brown hackle under them, are likely to tempt trout, at any time of day, from March to October. The old doctrine of a different assortment of flies for each month in the year is now deservedly exploded, for it is well known to practical anglers, who never read a book on the subject, and whose judgment is not biassed by groundless theories, that the same flies with which they catch most fish in April will generally do them good service throughout the season. The names given to artificial flies are for the most part arbitrary, and afford no guide (with one or two exceptions) for distinguishing the fly meant."

On the other side it is contended, that the *non-imitation* writers themselves admit, as experience compels them to do, that there must be an adaptation of colours in the fly, and also that certain flies will not be taken at some seasons which are freely taken at others. Nay, that though when the fish are wantonly playful and hungry, they may rush at almost anything like an insect, when the water is clear, the day bright, and the fish coy, the angler who best imitates the natural fly of the time, and casts it with skill, "stands," to use the words of Mr. Blaine, "proudly conspicuous among his fellows."—ED.

[1] On this list of flies, Sir John Hawkins says: "The inutility of laying down precise rules for the colour of the flies to be used on particular days, or hours of the day, must be obvious. Walton himself has humourously observed: 'That whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish,

JANUARY.[1]

1. A Red Brown, with wings of the male of a mallard, almost white; the dubbing, of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because it will not dye, but retains its natural colour.[2] And this fly is taken, in a warm sun, this whole month through.



2. There is also a very little Bright-dun Gnat, as little as can possibly be made, so little as never to be fished with, with above one hair next the hook: and this is to be made of a mixed dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's-

and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about, and on the water, in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later. For the generality, three or four flies, neat and rightfully made, and not too big, serve for a trout in most rivers all the summer.'" — *Preface, Complete Angler.* The directions contained in the following lines are at least as useful as any :—

"A brown-red fly at morning grey,
A darker dun in clearer day:
When summer rains have swelled the flood,
The hackle red, and worm are good:
At eve when twilight shades prevail,
Try the hackle white and snail.
Be mindful aye your fly to throw
Light as falls the flakey snow."—H.

[1] "Writers who have formed their lists of flies for each particular month of the year, according to the example of old father Walton, have not attended to the alteration in the calendar since his time, and do not seem to know that fish, never having been made acquainted with the act of George I. commanding the change, still observe the old style. All the editions of Walton published since this act for correcting the calendar to the present time are consequently twelve days behind in their lists of flies for every month, and require correction accordingly. It is surprising that the editor of a late expensive edition of Walton, who is so well acquainted with dates and calendars, should have overlooked this most important fact."—*Angler's Souvenir.*

[2] The dubbing is to be warped on as No. 1 in February, *infra.*—H.

scut; with a very white and small wing. And 'tis no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly of above a foot long in my life: but of little ones, about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies; and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the red brown of the last month ends, another, almost of the same colour, begins with this; saving, that the dubbing of this must be of something a blacker colour, and both of them warpt on with red silk. The dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest colour, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear: not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is by many degrees softer, and more fit for the purpose: his wing must be as the other; and this kills all this month, and is called the lesser red-brown.

2. This month also a Plain Hackle,[1] or Palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur or the whirl of an ostrich-feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill; and, if the weather be right, make very good sport.



Black Palmer.

3. Also a Lesser Hackle with a black body also, silver-twist over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice, and snow, with very good fish: but in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns, and duns, you can make; and with those are only to expect graylings no bigger than sprats.

[1] The author is now in the month of February, during which are taken the PLAIN HACKLE, which we should recommend to be made of black ostrich herl, warped, or tied down, to the dubbing with red silk, and a red cock's hackle over all.—H.

4. In this month, upon a whirling round water, we have a Great Hackle; the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed: that is, the whole length of the hackle staring out, (for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over, sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath;) leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use also, in this month, of another Great Hackle; the body black, and ribbed over with gold twist, and a red feather over all; which also does great execution.[1]

6. Also a Great Dun, made with dun bear's hair, and the wings of the gray feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is absolutely the best fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.



Great Dun.

Artificial fly. Natural fly.

7. We have also this month the Great Blue Dun; the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixed with a little blue camlet; the wings of the dark gray feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this month a Dark Brown; the dubbing of a brown hair off the flank of a brended cow, and the wings of the gray drake's feather.

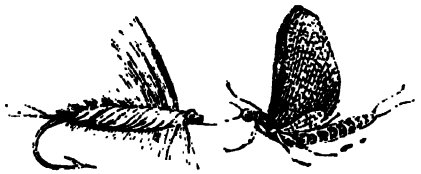
And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another; and, according to the change of those, we alter their size and colour.[2] And note also, that both in this, and all other

[1] GOLD TWIST HACKLE: the same dubbing, warping, and hackle, with gold twist. *These hackles are taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon. They will do for any month in the year, and upon any water.*—H.

[2] Mr. Barker recommends, for a night fly, the white palmer; at day dawn, a red; and at daylight, a black of the same kind.—H.

months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if something dark, until you have taken one; and then, thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being opened with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.[1]

For the making of a hackle, or palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.[2]



Prime Dun. Artificial fly. Natural fly.

MARCH.[3]

For this month you are to use all the same hackles, and flies with the other; but you are to make them less.

[1] This is a very questionable guide, as fish will frequently rise at an artificial fly of quite a different colour to those playing on the water, and on which they have been previously feeding. Col. Venables and other writers on the subject, give directions to beat the bushes by the side of a stream, for the purpose of seeing what kind of flies are abroad, that you may adopt them, particularly those which are most abundant; *but this information is of no practical utility.*—N.

[2] But, with Mr. Cotton's good leave, he has not, nor any author that I know of, unless we are to take that for a palmer, which Walton has given directions for making (page 148), which I can never do till I see what I have never yet seen, viz., caterpillars with wings. Reject, therefore, wings as unnatural and absurd; and make the plain hackle or palmer, which are terms of the same import.—H.

[3] March, is generally considered as the commencement of the fly-fishing season for salmon, trout, and grayling; but unless the spring be very forward, little sport may be expected till about the middle of the month; and then, till the end of August, salmon and trout may be fished for with the fly with every prospect of success. But as regards grayling, although they begin to rise with the trout, their best season is not till late in the summer, and does not end till November. In the hot months, fly-fishing is principally confined to the mornings and evenings, except in cloudy and windy days, when it may be practised throughout.—Blaine.

1. We have besides for this month, a little dun called a Whirling-Dun,[1] though it is not the whirling-dun indeed, which is one of the best flies we have; and for this the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail, and the wing of the gray feather of a drake.

2. Also a Bright Brown; the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a cow's flank, with a gray wing.

3. Also a Whitish Dun, made of the roots of camel's hair, and the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month, a fly, called the Thorn-tree fly; the dubbing an absolute black, mixed with eight or ten hairs of Isabella-coloured[2] mohair, the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather: an admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another Blue Dun,[3] the dubbing of which it is made being thus to be got. Take a small-tooth comb, and with it comb the neck of a black grey-hound, and the down that sticks in the teeth, will be the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can



Blue Dun. Artificial fly. Natural fly.

[1] *Variation.* GREAT WHIRLING DUN.—Dub with fox-cub or squirrel's fur, well mixed with about a sixth part of the finest hog's-wool: warp with pale-orange wings, very large, taken from the quill-feather of a ruddy hen: the head to be fastened with ash-colour silk; a red cock's hackle, at full length, may be wrapped under the wings, and, a turn or two lower, towards the tail. This is a killing fly, and is to be seen rising out of the sedges in most trout rivers after sunset till midnight. It is found most of the warm months; but kills chiefly in a blustering warm evening, from the middle of May to the end of July.—H.

[2] A species of *whitish-yellow*, or *buff-colour somewhat soiled*. The name of this tint is said to have originated in the following circumstance. The Archduke Albert, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the Protestants, the princess, who attended him in his expedition, made a vow that until it was captured she would never change her garments. Contrary to expectation, it was three years before the city was reduced; *by which time her Highness's linen had acquired the hue above-mentioned.*—H.

[3] *Variation.* BLUE OR VIOLET DUN.—Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail, and a very little blue violet worsted: warp with pale yellow silk;

hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four-and-twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little Black Gnat: the dubbing either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings of the male of a mallard, as white as may be; the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also, to the end of it, we use a Bright Brown; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright as to shine like gold: for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is best: which fly is also taken till the tenth of April.[1]

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in March, will be taken in this month also; with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapped with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To these a small Bright Brown, made of spaniel's fur, with a light gray wing, in a bright day and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have too a little Dark Brown;[2] the dubbing of

wing, of the pale part of a starling's feather. *Taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.* This fly, which is also called the ash-coloured dun and blue dun, is produced from a cadis; it is so very small, that No. 9 hook is full big for it. Its shape is exactly that of the green-drake. So early as February they will drop on the water before eight in the morning; and trout, even of the largest size, will rise at them eagerly.—H.

[1] To this March list may be added from Holland the following favourite and killing flies:

HOPLAND'S FANCY.—Wings, woodcock's tail; legs, red hackle; body, reddish dark-brown silk; tail, two or three strands of the red hackle. Hook, No. 10. This is a standard fly for all the trout-streams of the metropolitan counties.

COCH-Y-BONDDHU.—Legs and wings, red and black, or cherry-headdhu hackle; body, peacock's herl, gold tip; and hooks 8 or 9, sometimes 12.

THE MARCH-BROWN.—Wings, tail-feather of the partridge; body, fur from the hare's ear, ribbed with olive silk; legs, partridge hackle; tail, two or three strands of the partridge feather; hooks, 8 or 9.—ED.

[2] DARK BROWN.—Dub with the hair of a dark brown spaniel or calf, that looks dobbly by being exposed to wind and weather; warp with

that colour, and some violet camlet mixed, and the wing of a gray feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth; we have also a fly called the Violet-fly; made of a dark violet stuff, with the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the Whirling Dun,[1] which is taken every day, about the mid-time of day, all this month through, and by fits from thence to the end of June; and is commonly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an ash-colour at the roots, next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk; the wings of the pale gray feather of a mallard.

5. There is also a Yellow Dun,[2] the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet or wool, mixed, and a white-gray wing.

6. There is also, this month, another Little Brown, besides that mentioned before; made with a very slender body, the

yellow; wing, dark starling's feather. *Taken from eight to eleven.* This is a good fly, and to be seen in most rivers; but so variable in its hue, as the season advances, that it requires the closest attention to the natural fly to adapt the materials for making it artificially, which is also the case with the violet or ash-coloured dun. When this fly first appears, it is nearly of a chocolate colour, from which, by the middle of May, it has been observed to deviate to almost a lemon colour. Northern anglers call it, by way of eminence, *the dark brown;* others call it *the four-winged brown;* it has four wings, lying flat on its back, something longer than the body, which is longish, but not taper. This fly must be made on a smallish hook, namely, No. 8 or 9.—H.

[1] LITTLE WHIRLING DUN.—The body, fox-cub, and a little light ruddy-brown mixed: warp with gray or ruddy silk; a red hackle under the wing; wing, of a land-rail, or ruddy-brown chicken, which is better. This is a killing fly in a blustering day, as the great whirling dun is in the evening and late at night.—H.

[2] YELLOW DUN.—Dub with a small quantity of pale yellow crewel, mixed with fox-cub down from the tail, and warp with yellow; wing, of a palish starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven, and from two to four.—H. *Another way.* YELLOW DUN.—Dubbing, of yellow wool and ash-coloured fox-cub down mixed together, dubbed [warped] with yellow silk; wings, of the feather of a shepstare's quill.—Others dub it with dun bear's hair, and the yellow fur got from a marten's skin, mixed together, and with yellow silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill-feather.

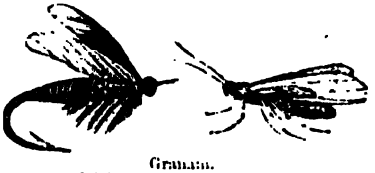
Make two other flies, their bodies dubbed as the last: but in the one, mingle sanded hog's down; and in the other, black hog's down. Wings, of a shepstare's quill-feather.

These several flies, mentioned for April, are very good, and will be taken all the spring and summer.—ED.

dubbing of dark brown, and violet camlet, mixed, and a gray wing: which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly; and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day, and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the Horse-flesh fly; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured and red tammy mixed, a light coloured wing, and a dark-brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sunset till twilight; and is taken the month through.[1]

[1] To this April list may be added most of the flies given in March. Another well known April fly, which appears only when the weather is warm, and is then freely taken by trout, is the grannam or green-tail (*Phryganea*),



Grannam.
Artificial fly. Natural fly.

the body dubbed with fur from a hare's face or ear, whipped with grey or green silk; the wings from the wing of a partridge or hen-pheasant, and the hackle from a grey cock. Hooks 7 and 8.—RENNIE.



The Dove Holes and Shepherds' Abbey.



MAY.

And now, sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience; for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary: which, that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on, forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly-angler, than all the rest. And here it is that you are to expect an account of the Green-drake, and Stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month, and part of the month following; and that, though not so great either in bulk or name, do yet stand in competition with the two before named: and so that it is yet undecided, amongst the anglers, to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly, it does properly, and duly belong.[1] Neither dare I, where so many of the

[1] To the *Ephemera vulgata*, now commonly called the May-fly and green drake.—Ed.

learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them; and according to that privilege shall give you my free opinion; and peradventure when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Viat. I have so great a deference to your judgment in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

Pisc. Why that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourself for a tedious lecture: but I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, though almost anything will take a trout in May, that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note, and reputation. Know, therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month, is called

1. The Turkey-fly; dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapped about with yellow silk; the wings of a gray mallard's feather.

2. Next a Great Hackle or Palmer-fly, with a yellow body: ribbed with gold twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a Black fly; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings of a gray mallard's feather.

4. After that a Light Brown, with a slender body; the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through; the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

5. Next a Little Dun; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk, the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

6. Then a White Gnat, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also this month a fly called the Peacock-fly: the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the Dun-cut;[1] the dubbing of which is a bear's

[1] Dun-cut.] Dub with bear's dub fur, and a little yellow and green

dun, with a little blue and yellow mixed with it, a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is the Cow-lady, a little fly;[1] the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the Cow-dung fly; the dubbing light-brown and yellow mixed, the wing the dark gray feather of a mallard. And note, that besides these above-mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter, and the flies smaller, that are taken in April, will also be taken this month, as also all browns and duns. And now I come to my Stone-fly, and Green-drake, which are the Matadores[2] for trout and grayling; and, in their season, kill more fish in our Derbysire rivers, than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the May-fly: namely,

The Green-drake,
The Stone-fly,
The Black-fly, and
The Little Yellow May-fly.

And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute, and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last-named should, the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty, and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these, the Green-drake comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end, for they are sometimes sooner, and sometimes later,

crewel; warp with yellow or green: wing, of a land-rail. Towards the evening of a showery day, this is a great killer.—H.

[1] Not a fly exactly, though it has wings, but the little roundish, reddish beetle, with black spots, otherwise called a lady-bird (*Coccinella*).—RENNIE.

[2] Matadores (*Sp.* murderers), the winning cards at the Court game of Quadrille:—

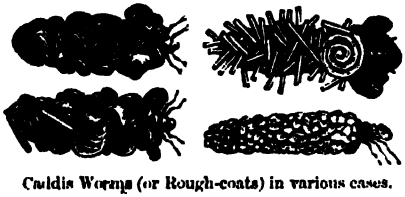
Now move to war the sable *matadores*.—*Pope.*

according to the quality of the year; but never well taken till towards the end of this month, and the beginning of June. The Stone-fly[1] comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April; but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the Green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water: and sometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sunrise in a morning, longer.



Stone-fly. Artificial. Natural.

Now both these flies, and, I believe, many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken: our Cadis or Cod-bait, which lie under stones in the bottom of the water, most of them turning into those two flies,[2] and being gathered in the husk, or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished; and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all



Caddis Worms (or Rough-coats) in various cases.

[1] The *Stone-fly* (also called *Caddis-fly*), is mentioned by Walton (at p. 285), and repeatedly by Cotton, as will be seen by the Index. Hofland says it appears in April, and is a good fly in May and June, especially in windy weather, very early in the morning, or very late in the evening. It varies very much in colour according to the season. As it is an universal favourite, every treatise on fly-fishing gives directions how to make it varying somewhat. We follow Hofland's:—*Body*, fur of the hare's ear, mixed with brown and yellow mohair, and ribbed with yellow silk. The yellow colour towards the tail. To be dressed long and full. *Legs*, a brownish red hackle. *Wings*, the dark feather of the mallard's wing, inclining to red. *Tail*, two or three fibres of the mottled feather of a partridge. Hook, No. 6. See "Hofland," p. 223.—Ed.

[2] This is a mistake. The stone-fly (*Phryganea*) alone is from the cadis-worm. The green-drake (*Ephemera*) being from a grub that feeds, indeed, under water, not in an artificial case like the other, but in a hole dug in the bank, or under the shelter of loose weeds.—Rennie.

other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full inch long, or more, and for the execution they do, the trout and grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others: and indeed, the trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these, the Green-drake never discloses from his husk, till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all: and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimped and ruffled, by being pressed together in that narrow room, that they are, for some hours, totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, if his first rising from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river, till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them: or, if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water like a ship at hull; for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the stone-fly can, until his wings have got stiffness to fly with, if by some trout or grayling he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is; and then his wings stand high, and closed exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same. His body is, in some, of a paler, in others, of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a colour; ribbed with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark colour, almost black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard; from whence, questionless, he has his name of the green-drake. These, as I think I told you before, we commonly dape or dipple with; and, having gathered great store of them into a long draw-box, with holes in the cover to give them air, where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a night or more, we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, for we commonly fish with two of them at a time, and, putting the point of the hook into the thickest part of his body under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook; and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook, and

play with their wings for a quarter of an hour, or more: but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them; for then your bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next, how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy day when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder; and with which you shall certainly kill the best trout and grayling in the river.

The artificial Green-drake,[1] then, is made upon a large hook; the dubbing, camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles and yellow camlet, well mixed together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whisks of the tail, of the long hairs of sables, or fitchet, and the wings of the white-gray feather of a mallard dyed yellow; which also is to be dyed thus.



Take the root of a barbary-tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain-water; and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the green-drake; excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours during his season,[1] whilst there is any day upon the sky: and with a made fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five-and-thirty very great trouts and graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening; and had no less than five or six flies,

[1] GREEN-DRAKE, or MAY-FLY.—The body of seal's fur or yellow mohair, a little fox-cub down, and hog's wool, or light-brown from a Turkey carpet, mixed: warp with pale-yellow, or red cock's hackle, under the wings; wings, of a mallard's feather, dyed yellow: three wisks in his tail from a sable muff. *Taken all day, but chiefly from two to four in the afternoon.*—H.

with three good hairs a-piece, taken from me in despite of my heart, besides.[1]

12. I should now come next to the stone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way, that must of necessity come in between: and that is the Gray-drake,[2] which, in all shapes and dimensions, is perfectly the same with the other, but quite almost of another colour; being of a paler and more livid yellow and green, and ribbed with black quite down his body, with black, shining wings, and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb-like, that they are of no manner of use for daping, but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well; which fly is thus made: the dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles, and black spaniel's fur, mixed, and ribbed down the body with black silk, the whisks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black-gray feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the Stone-fly, but am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which, if I have, I beseech you freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining instructions for fly-angling till some other time.[3]

Viat. No, truly, sir, I can never be weary of hearing you. But if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe: you may afterwards proceed, and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

Pisc. I thank you, sir, for that motion: for, believe me,

[1] The fly will be taken or not, according to the colour of the water or of the sky, not the season.—RENNIE.

[2] Gray-drake. The body, of an absolute white ostrich feather; the end of the body towards the tail, of peacock's herl; warping, of an ash colour, with silver twist and black hackle; wing, of a dark grey feather of a mallard. A very killing fly, especially towards the evening, when the fish are glutted with the green-drake.—H.

[3] To Cotton's list of flies for the early part of May must be added the Oak-fly, mentioned by Walton (Chap. V., pp. 152, 153), and still one of the most favourite and killing flies from March to June. Hawkins, in his Appendix, thus describes it for making:—The head large, ash-coloured; the upper part of the body greyish, with two or three hairs of bright brown mixed, and a very little light blue, and sometimes a hair or two of light green; the tail part greyish, mixed with orange; wing of a mottled brown feather of a woodcock, partridge, or brown hen. Hook, No. 8 or 9.

I am dry with talking. Here, boy! give us here a bottle, and a glass; and sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the South.

Viat. Your servant, sir, and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered beef[1] I eat at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

[1] Powdered (or salt) beef seems to have been a favourite viand at this period. Walton says (Ch. V. p. 140,) "we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef." Skinner explains this old English dish to be "*Bœuf Saulpoudré, i. e.* Sale conditus, vel sale, tanquam *pulvere*, conspersus" (*Etym. Ling. Angl.*): thus, in the vernacular,—*Salt Beef.* At the same time we read of the "Powdering tub," in which the preparation was carried on.

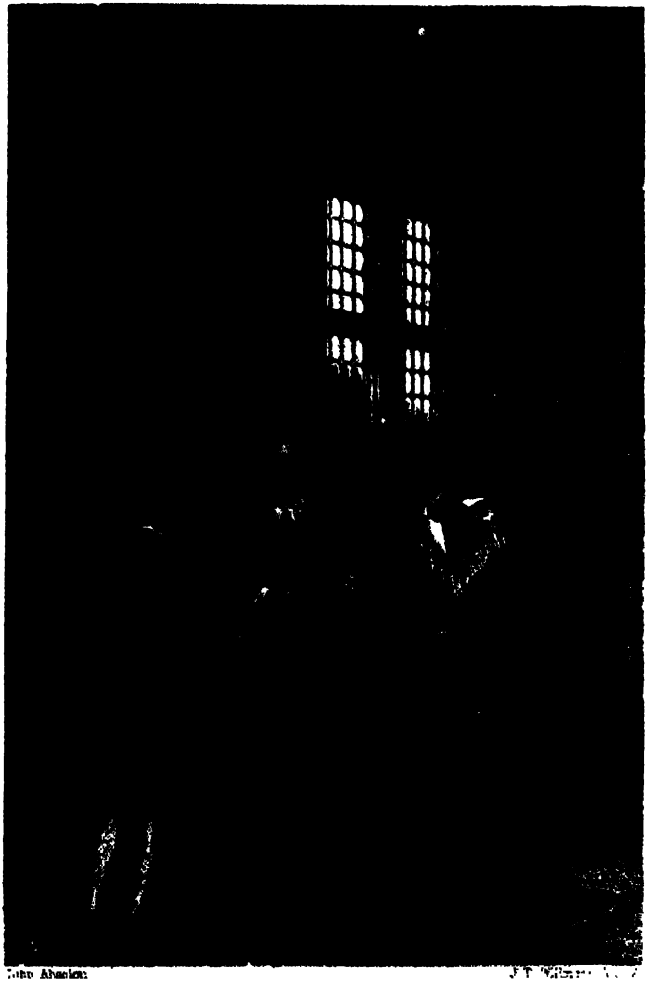
The dish seems always to have been associated with the modern vegetable accompaniments. According to Tom o'Bedlam (printed in *Percy's Reliques*),—

The man in the moone drinks clarret,
Eats *powdered Beef*, *turnip* and *carret*.

Shakspere has referred to this custom in the person of Falstaff: "Nay, if you embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to *powder* me and eat me to-morrow."—1 Hen. IV., act v., s. 4.—K. C.



The Hiding Caves.



John Abaciem



CHAPTER VIII.

FISHING AT THE TOP, CONTINUED—FLIES FOR THE END OF MAY, AND FOR THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, TILL DECEMBER; CONTAINING, UNDER MAY, INSTRUCTIONS WHEN TO DAPE WITH THE STONE-FLY.

Viat. So, sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

Pisc. And I, sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the Stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis in the very river where he is taken,[1] I am next to tell you, that,

13. This same Stone-fly has not the patience to continue in his crust, or husk, till his wings be full grown; but so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong (at which time we call him a Jack) squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone; where, if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other (which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them) he there lurks till his wings be full grown,[2] and there is your only place to find him; and from thence doubtless he derives his name:—though, for want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other

[1] See Ch. VII. No. 11 (p. 418). [2] See Pt. I. Ch. XVII. p. 285.

place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail, almost, as in the middle; his colour a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same colour but rather darker than his body, and longer than it; though he makes but little use of them, for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling, with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing. But the drake will mount steeple-high into the air; though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and, indeed, everywhere high and low near the river; there being so many of them in their season, as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague: and these drakes (since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here) are taken by the fish to that incredible degree, that, upon a calm day, you shall see the still-deeps continually all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies, till they purge again out of their gills;[1] and the trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter: but pardon this digression.

This stone-fly, then, we dape or dibble with, as with the drake, but with this difference; that whereas the green-drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams, for in a whistling wind a made-fly in the deep is better—and rarely but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and here and there a trout too, but much better towards eight, nine, ten, or eleven, of the clock at night, at which time also the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made-fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixed; but so placed, that your fly may

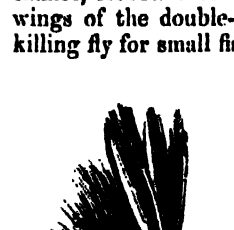
[1] I have caught a trout so full of them, that in taking him off the hook I have pressed, out of his throat, a lump of them as big as a walnut.—H.

be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook, in your arming, so as to be turned up, when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another: and note that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow silk; and the wings long, and very large, of the dark gray feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the Black-fly; made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostridge-feather, ribbed with silver-twist, and the black hackle of a cock, over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly, that is of the four pretenders, is the little yellow May-fly; in shape exactly the same with the green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen; which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white-gray feather dyed yellow.

16. The last fly for this month, and which continues all June; though it comes in in the middle of May, is the fly called the Camlet-fly; in shape like a moth, with fine diapered, or water-wings, and with which, as I told you before, I sometimes used to dibble; and grayling will rise mightily at it. But the artificial-fly, which is only in use amongst our anglers, is made of a dark-brown shining camlet, ribbed over with a very small light-green silk, the wings of the double-gray feather of a mallard; and 'tis a killing fly for small fish. And so much for May.



Moth, or Owl-fly.

JUNE.

From the first to the four-and-twentieth, the green-drake and stone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four-and-twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly, called the Owl-fly,[1] the dubbing of a white weasel's tail, and a white-gray-wing.

[1] WHITE MILLER OR OWL-FLY.—The body of white ostrich herl, white hackle, and silver twist, if you please; wing,

2. We have then another dun, called the Barm-fly, from its yeasty colour; the dubbing of the fur of a yellow-dun cat, and a gray wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a Hackle with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

4. As also a Gold-twist Hackle with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

5. To these we have, this month, a Flesh-fly; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and blue wool mixed, and a gray wing.

6. Also another Little Flesh-fly; the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the gray feather of a drake.

7. We have then the Peacock-fly; the body and wing both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or Ant-fly,[1] the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixed, with a light gray wing.

9. We have likewise a Brown Gnat; with a very slender body of brown and violet camlet well mixed, and a light gray wing.

10. And another little Black Gnat;[2] the dubbing of black mohair, and a white-gray wing.

11. As also a Green Grashopper; the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixed, ribbed over with green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And lastly, a little Dun Grashopper; the body slender, made of a dun camlet, and a dun hackle at the top.[3]

of the white feather of a tame duck. Taken from sunset till ten at night, and from two to four in the morning.—H. The white or pale-coloured moths, such as the ghost-moth (*Hepialus humuli*), are called owl-flies by anglers. They will be taken at night during June, July, and August. —RENNIE.

[1] The ant-fly, which is the male or female ant, has four wings; but the artificial fly, so called, has only two—so much for imitation.—RENNIE.

[2] BLACK GNAT.—The body extremely small, of black mohair, spaniel's fur, or ostrich feather; wing, of the lightest part of a starling or mallard's feather. A very killing fly in an evening, after a shower, in rapid rivers, as in Derbyshire or Wales.—H.

[3] The Great Red Spinner (*Pyrochroa*) is a well-known and very killing fly this month, and may be used as an evening fly throughout the summer. It may be made either larger or smaller. The large sort has the body



JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in June, are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the Orange-fly;[1] the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little White Dun; the body made of white mohair, and the wings blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a Wasp-fly; made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk, and the wing of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a Black Hackle; the dubbed with seal's fur, dyed red, mixed with brown bear's hair, whipped with gold twist; the wings, from a starling's feather; the hackle, from a red game-cock. The hook, No. 7. The small sort has the body dubbed with yellow fur from a spaniel's ear, whipped with gold twist; the wings and hackle, as in the large sort. The hooks No. 8 and 9 are used.—RENNIE.



Great red-spinner.

Artificial. Natural.

[1] ORANGE-FLY.—The body of raw orange silk, with a red or black hackle; gold twist may be added; warp with orange. Taken when the May-fly is almost over, and also to the end of June, especially in hot gloomy weather.—H.

body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle-feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the Shell-fly; the dubbing of yellow-green Jersey-wool, and a little white hog's hair mixed, which I call the palm-fly: and do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river; by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour, is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken this month, a Black-blue Dun; the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixed with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.[1]

AUGUST.

The same flies with July.

1. Then another Ant-fly; the dubbing of the black-brown hair of a cow, some red warped in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing. A killing fly.

2. Next a fly called a Fern-fly;[2] the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is, of the colour of fern or bracken, with a darkish-gray wing of a mallard's feather. A killer too.

3. Besides these we have a White Hackle; the body of white mohair, and warped about with a white hackle-feather; and this is assuredly taken for thistle-down.

[1] Blaine adds for the end of July (and beginning of August) the following:—

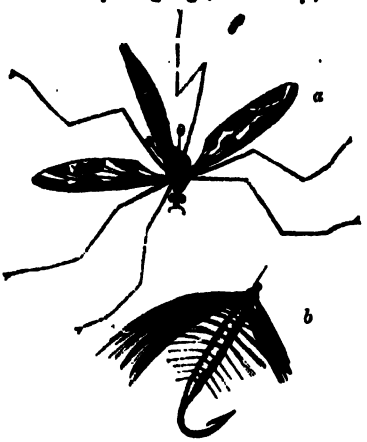
BLACK ANT-FLY.—*Wings*, a clear light-blue feather, from the pigeon, sea-gull, &c.; *body*, thin in the middle, but thick at shoulder and tail, made of black ostrich harl; *legs*, a deep brown hackle, carried round two turns only close under wings. Hooks, 7 or 8.

LARGE RED ANT-FLY.—*Wings*, a starling's or snipe's wing; *body*, coffee-coloured peacock's harl, dressed as before; *legs*, a ginger or bright red cock's hackle, of two turns only, behind the wings. Hooks, 7 or 8.

[2] This is not properly a fly, but a beetle, called the fern or garden chafer (*Melalontha hortícola*).—RENNIE.

4. We have also this month a Harry-long-legs,[1] the body, made of bear's dun and blue wool mixed, and a brown hackle-feather over all.

Lastly, in this month all the same browns and duns are taken, that were taken in May.[2]



a, natural fly; *b*, artificial fly.

SEPTEMBER.

This month the same flies are taken, that are taken in April.

1. To which I shall only add a Camel-brown Fly; the dubbing pulled out of the lime of a wall, whipped about with red silk, and a darkish-gray mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other, for which we have no name, but it is made of the black hair of a badger's skin, mixed with the yellow softest down of a sanded-hog.[3]

OCTOBER.

The same flies are taken this month that were taken in March.

[1] HARRY-LONG-LEGS OR SPIDER-FLY (*Tipula oleracea*).—Rennie places this fly in *July*, and observes that it is much too large, except in dark water or windy weather, or on rough currents. Hawkins says, it is taken in *June*, chiefly on a cloudy windy day; and adds, "I have formerly, in the rivers near London, had great success, fishing with a long line, and the *head* of this insect only." Their mode of making the artificial fly differs, we therefore annex both:

Hawkins's way.—Made of lightish brown hair and dunnish hackle; add a few hairs of light-blue mohair, and a little fox-down; warp with light-gray or pale-blue silk; the head large.

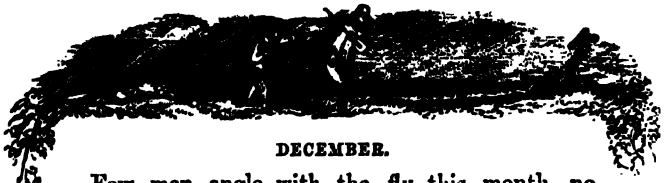
Rennie's way.—The body, dubbed with bear's hair or fox-cub down, whipped with yellowish or reddish silk; the wings, from a partridge or landrail's feather. Hook No. 6.

[2] The palmer-hackles are still effective throughout the whole of August; the moths also will still be found killing in the evening of warm days. In the early and middle parts of the month, if sultry, the *blue-blow*, a very small blue fly, which looks like a black morsel of wool or lump of soot on the water, often very killing.—BLAINE.

[3] *Add for September*: LITTLE BLUE DUN.—Dubbing, of the down of

NOVEMBER.

The same flies that were taken in February, are taken this month also.



DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in January: but yet, if the weather be warm,—as I have known it sometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country,—where it is least expected,—then a brown that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water, and free from snow-broth: but, at the best, 'tis hardly worth a man's labour.[1]

And now, sir, I have done with fly-fishing, or angling at the top; excepting once more to tell you, that of all these,—and I have named you a great many very killing-flies,—none are fit to be compared with the drake and stone-fly, both for

a mouse, for body and head, warped with sad ash-coloured silk; wings, of a sad-coloured shepstare's quill-feather.

LARGE FOETID LIGHT BROWN.—The body, of light calf or cow's hair, or seal's fur dyed of the colour: warp with ruddy or orange-coloured silk; wing, of a ruddy brown chicken, large and long. A killing fly in a morning. This fly is much upon the Lea, and is much ruddier there than elsewhere. In the Thames I have caught with it dace of the largest size, and in great numbers.—H.

[1] The reader may rest assured, that with some or other of these flies—especially with the palmers or hackles, the great dun, dark-brown, early (and late) bright-brown, the black gnat, yellow dun, great whirling dun, dun-cut, green and gray drake, camlet-fly, cowdung-fly, little ant-fly, badger-fly, and fern-fly—he shall catch trout, grayling, chub, and dace, in any water in England or Wales; always remembering, that in a strange water he first tries the plain, gold, silver, and peacock hackle. Of the truth of this he need not doubt, when he is told that, in the year 1754, a gentleman, now living—who went into Wales to fish with the flies last above-mentioned, made as above is directed—did, in about six weeks' time, kill near a thousand brace of trout and grayling, as appeared to him by an account in writing which he kept of each day's success.—H.

many and very great fish. And yet, there are some days that are by no means proper for the sport: and in a calm you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons, both because you are not then so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait, that both the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay, of your very line, in a hot, calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them: but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow-bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year with any other fly; though one may sometimes hit of a day, when he shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other flies. But with these two, the green-drake and the stone-fly, I do verily believe I could, some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you that, with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours taken thirty, five and thirty, and forty, of the best trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking, by day! which are now grown so common, that, though we have very good laws to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see, *impunè*.[1]

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers; and I will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and, therefore, if you intend to profit

[1] Not now; most of the waters are so vigilantly preserved that a man may hardly walk along side some of them with a walking-stick.—RENNIE.

by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak: and so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.



Confluence of the Dove and [illegible]



THE THIRD DAY.

CHAPTER IX.

FLY-FISHING, IN WINDY WEATHER, BEST IN THE STILL-DEEPS.

Pisc. A good day to you, sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

Viat. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber-window, could forbear no longer, but leapt out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself, as you came in.

Pisc. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you. And look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver-twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare say will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

Viat. Oh sir, mind your affairs by all means. Do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies, and, unless it

have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

Pisc. The best instruction I can give you, is that, seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still-deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and, besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

Viat. I'll obey your direction, and so a good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

Pisc. Well, sir, I'll be ready for you.



The Great Hawthorn-tree, in Great Dale.



THE THIRD DAY

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO DRESS A TROUT AND GRAYLING.

Pisc. Oh, sir, are you returned? You have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

Viat. I am glad, then, I have saved you the labour.

Pisc. And how have you sped?

Viat. You shall see that, sir, presently: look you, sir, here are three[1] brace of trouts, one of them the biggest but one, that ever I killed with a fly in my life; and yet I lost

[1] Spoke like a south countryman.—WALTON. Honest Izaak seems here to allude ironically to the southern habit of saying *three* brace instead of *two leash*.—ED.

a bigger than that, with my fly to boot: and here are three graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

Pisc. Why you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, sir, what think you of our river Dove?

Viat. I think it to be the best trout-river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from it.

Pisc. That compliment to the river, speaks you a true lover of the art of angling: and now, sir, to make part of amends for sending you so untoilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner; walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other in the window to entertain you the while; and you shall have it presently.

Viat. Well, sir, I obey you.

Pisc. Look you, sir! have I not made haste?

Viat. Believe me, sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

Pisc. Fall to then. Now, sir, what say you, am I a tolerable cook or no?

Viat. So good a one, that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life. 'Tis quite another thing than our trouts about London.

Pisc. You would say so, if that trout you eat of were in right season: but pray eat of the grayling, which, upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fish.

Viat. In earnest, and so it is. And I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch trout and grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are dressed; which, questionless, is of all other the best way.

Pisc. That I will, sir, with all my heart; and am glad you like them so well, as to make that request. And they are dressed thus:

Take your trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin;[1] then open him, and having taken out his guts, rub all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard stale beer, (but it must not be dead) vinegar, and a little white wine, and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil: then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of sliced horse-radish-root, with a handsome little faget of rosemary, thyme, and winter-savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood, and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish: and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor, as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladle-full or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And, being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish: and, being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it; and, strewing it plentifully over with shaved horse-radish, and a little pounded ginger, garnish your sides of your dish, and the fish itself with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.[2]

[1] The following is an excellent method of crimping a trout, if put very small. Keep your trout alive, if you can, until about two hours before you want to dress it; then kill it, and with a sharp knife score it or notch it from head to tail on each side nearly to the bone, each notch being about one and a half or two inches apart, according to the size of the fish. When this has been done, pump on the fish for ten minutes (a hard water-pump is the best), till the curd begins to harden; then rub a *very little* salt on the curd, and hang the fish in a draught of air till it is wanted. Have a kettle of boiling-water ready, and put in it two or three large handfuls of salt, and when all boils up put in the fish.

The sauce for the trout may be made as follows:—Stew a handful or more of the skins of shrimps in a small quantity of water for an hour; strain off the liquor, and add it to good melted butter (no flour in it), some picked shrimps, and a large table-spoonful of lobster spawn, well rubbed up in a mortar, with a tea-spoonful of Chetna flower. This is one of the best sauces I am acquainted with; and as a proof of it, I can only say that it has met with general approbation from a pretty large circle of dining friends.—Ed.

[2] Only very large trouts should be boiled; the smaller ones are always much better broiled or fried. Lamb gives directions for boiling them in champaigne, very similar to the above recipe of Cotton.—Reuter.

A grayling is also to be dressed exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a trout never is; and this must be done, either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife for injuring the fish. And note, that these kinds of fish, a trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, sir, I see you have dined; and, therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little house, and there I will read you a lecture of angling at the bottom.



Dove Dale, near Manifold River





THE THIRD DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

OF ANGLING AT THE BOTTOM FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING—BY HAND, WITH A RUNNING LINE—WITH A CORK OR FLOAT—VARIOUS BAITS.

Viat. So, sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for trout and grayling, at the bottom; which, though not so easy, so cleanly, nor, as 'tis said, so genteel, a way of fishing, as with a fly, is yet (if I mistake not) a good holding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

Pisc. You are in the right, it does so: and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I killed fish more, or less with it, winter or summer every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that, upon a more serious account, always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin: and tell you, that angling at the bottom is also commonly of two sorts;—and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as shall be said hereafter: namely, by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling by hand is of three sorts.

The first: with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running-line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort, proper for a trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labour; or indeed almost any worm whatever; for if a trout

be in the humour to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse: and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus. You are first to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming (that you may not bruise it with your fingers) till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head; till it be but just covered with the head, which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running-line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol, or carabine, bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet; and, about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof baited with some of the fore-named worms; and another half foot above that: another, armed and baited after the same manner, but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths; which, with the plumbs upon your line above you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding (which in this way of angling, must be continually) by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom, are most proper for a dark and muddy water; by reason that in such a condition of the stream, a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow, nor the roundness of his tackle, will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer than your rod; with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above

it; and no more than one small pellet of shot for your plumb; your hook little; your worms of the smaller brandlings, very well scoured; and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus to be baited; the point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stripped on an inch at least upon the hair; the head and remaining part hanging downward. And with this line and hook, thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the streams; always in a clear, rather than a troubled, water, and always up the river, still casting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly; where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom; both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly.[1] And believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially: but then his rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made; which, with a skilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a trout or grayling, with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which, let me add, that if the angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of angling at the bottom is with a cork or float. And that is also of two sorts: with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a worm, you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and a half, as long as your rod in a dark water with two, or, if you will, with three hairs; in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for

[1] Col. Venables commends this way of light-fishing for a trout, but with two great garden worms, baited to hang at its full lengths together as you can.—Ed.

four or five lengths above it; and a worm of what size you please: your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river (that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it), and both, when the water is very clear, as fine as you can; and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings; or, if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag; or if it do, a trout will sometimes take it in that posture. If for a grayling, you are then to fish further from the bottom, he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose; or, however, is more apt to rise than a trout, and more inclined to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a grub or cadis, you are to angle with the same length of line, or if it be all out as long as your rod, 'tis not the worse; with never above one hair for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow: which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams; which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of grubs for a grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head; or the dock-worm, or grub, of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher, than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best,[1] I say, for a grayling: because, although a trout will take both these, the ash-grub especially, yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten graylings for one trout with that bait: though if a trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub

[1] These are both beetle-grubs, and any beetle-grub will do for this

commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp-in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw-breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so likely to be taken: though, to help that, which will, however, very oft fall out, I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse-hair I can choose; which itself will resemble, and shine like that bait, and consequently will do more good, or less harm, than an arming of any other colour. These grubs are to be baited thus: the hook is to be put in under the head or chaps of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way (for then, the ash-grub especially, will issue out water and milk, till nothing but the skin shall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it) till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it; by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream, nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now the Cadis, or Cod-bait, which is a sure killing bait, and, for the most part, by much surer than either of the other, may be put upon the hook, two or three together; and is sometimes, to very great effect, joined to a worm. and

purpose, particularly the grub of the cockchafer. The brandling is also an excellent bait.—BENNIE.



a, grub of the Cockchafer, called the earth bob; b, the brandling

sometimes to an artificial fly to cover the point of the hook: but is always to be angled with at the bottom, when by itself especially, with the finest tackle; and is for all times of the year, the most killing bait of all other whatever, both for trout[1] and grayling.

There are several other baits, besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you,—as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest gentleman,—a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of angling for a trout at the bottom.

Viat. But, sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question. Is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

Pisc. Not that I know of: or did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you that, in my younger days, I have made trial of oil of osprey, oil of ivy, camphor, assafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with;[2] but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is any thing to be done that way: though I must tell you, I have seen some men, who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight, taken five, and

[1] Col. Venables says, "the best way to angle with the cadis is on the top of the water, with a fly. It must stand on the shank of the hook, as the artificial fly (not come into the head, or the fish will not value it, nor if your pull the blue gut out), and thus it is most excellent bait for a trout. Where the river is not violently swift, you may place a very slender lead on the shank, and draw the cad-bait over it: raise it often from the bottom, and so let it sink again. You may imitate the cad-bait, making the head of black silk, and the body of yellow wax or of shammy. The trout will not take the cadis in muddy water, you must therefore only use it in clear ones."

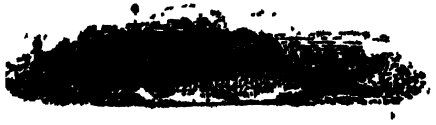
[2] See Part I., Anointed or Scented Baits, and notes, at pages 184, 185.

sometimes ten, for one. But we'll let that business alone, if you please. And, because we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of angling for a trout or grayling, which is in the middle; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

Viat. 'Tis no trouble, sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be, and I attend you.



Pike Pool.



THE THIRD DAY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII

OF ANGLING IN THE MIDDLE FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING.

Pisc. Angling in the middle, then, for trout or grayling, is of two sorts; with a penk or minnow for a trout; or with a worm, grub, or cadis, for a grayling.

For the first; it is with a minnow, half a foot, or a foot, within the superficies of the water. And as to the rest that concerns this sort of angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr. Walton's direction,[1] who is undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow in England: only in plain truth I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt,[2] unless where the living-ones are not possibly to be had (though I know he frequently kills with them, and, peradventure more than with any other, nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them)—and much less of his artificial one;[3] for though we do it with a counterfeit-fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit-fish.[4] Which having said, I shall only add, and that out of my own experience, that I do believe a bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off (at some times of the year especially) to be a much better bait for a trout, than a minnow, and a loach much better than that: to prove which

[1] See Part I. Chap. V. page 136.

[2] *Ib.* page 136. [3] *Ib.* page 137

[4] Artificial fish are now so well made, that in spinning they are by many preferred, especially in slightly discoloured water They spin better and will take a great many fish before they are injured, which is a great convenience.—H.

I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken trouts with a bull-head or a loach in their throats (for there a trout has questionless his first digestion) than a minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water, as could be wished for that purpose, without raising any one fish; I at last fell to it with the worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space; amongst all which there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one, that had not a loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six loaches, in his throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of 't.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow, than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise. to which I shall only add, that a grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one, who shall consider the littleness of that fish's mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait; but 'tis affirmed by many, that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true: for though I never took a grayling so, yet a man of mine once did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of any thing I did not see; and, which made it appear the more strange, the grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown trout,[1] and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle. For though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise; and though I have taken with the angle, I may *safely say, some thousands of* trouts in my life, my top never snapped (though my line still continued fast to the remaining part of my rod, by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened with waxed silk, against such an accident) nor my hand never slacked, or slipped by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often

[1] See Part I. Chap. V. page 166.

wondered how a trout should so suddenly disengage himself, from so great a hook as that we bait with a minnow, and so deep-bearded as those hooks commonly are; when I have seen by the fore-named accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water,—the fish cleared, and was gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him: but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a trout will do, if you be not too quick with him, when he comes at a minnow, as sure and much sooner than a pike: and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming. But I am very confident a trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook, that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it; or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only: nay, I do certainly know that a trout, so soon as ever he feels himself pricked, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out, or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this sort of angling in the middle for a trout.

The second way of angling in the middle, is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait[1] for a grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a grayling taking it much better there, than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle, which is common to both trout, and grayling; and, as I said before, the best way of angling with a worm, of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, sir, I have said all I can at present think of, concerning angling for a trout and grayling, and I doubt

[1] The grass-hopper is an excellent bait for grayling.—Ed.

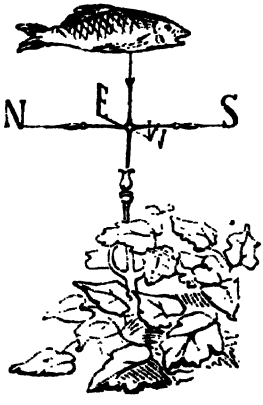
not, have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind whilst you stay; which I hope will be a good while longer.

Viat. That will notebe above a day longer: but if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my master Walton or without him; and in the meantime shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Pisc. I shall be glad, sir, of your good company at the time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now: but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way, than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.



The Source of the Dove.



The wind in the right quarter.

WHERE TO FISH.

A FEW NOTES ON FISHING-WATERS.

By Henry G. Bohn.

When it is considered that there are upwards of 300 rivers in England and Wales, without including Ireland and Scotland, many of them running through several shires or counties, and all containing fish; and that there are besides innumerable other waters—brooks, lakes, canals, reservoirs, and ponds—it must be evident that nothing less than a voluminous gazetteer of fishing-waters could give full information to the angler. Such a work would have to comprise all the necessary local information,—restrictions or facilities, pitches, inns, fishing-boatmen, &c.,—the expense of procuring which would so far exceed all probable returns, that it is long likely to remain a desideratum. The nearest approach to this information is contained in Hofland's "Angler's Manual," a comprehensive work to which all subsequent writers have been largely indebted, some without the slightest acknowledgment. Mr. Blaine is a gentlemanly exception, and constantly acknowledges his obligations; he observes, "If any general list of English fishing localities (and their flies) be wanted, Mr. Hofland's elegant work on angling can generally supply it." As the copyright of Hofland's work is the property of the present publisher, he thinks he cannot do better than give such extracts from it, as may with the addition of his own experience and inquiries, help the London angler to shape his course. He has taken considerable pains to obtain a correct account of the Inns, and particularly of the angling Fishermen at the various stations, most of whom have punts of their own, and know exactly the best pitches, and whatever else belongs to the sport. He does not propose to attempt details beyond the Thames, Lea, New River, Wandle, Colne, Mole, Trent, Avon, Dove, and a few others, including some miscellaneous fishing waters, respecting which he can give a tolerably correct and useful account. Those who want information respecting other waters may consult one or other of the following books: *Hofland's Angler's Manual*, by Jesse, *second edition*, 1848, for general information respecting most of the principal rivers in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; *Hansard's Trout and Salmon Fishing in* Wales, 1834, for very useful information in respect to all the Welsh fishing-waters; for the scenery of Wales, and an account of its rivers, there is nothing more beautiful or interesting than *Roscoe's Views in North and South Wales*, 2 vols. 8vo, each with 50 beautiful steel engravings and a map, price 10*s.* 6*d.*; *Stoddart's Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lakes of* Scotland, *second edition*, 1853, a most complete and accurate work; *Colquhoun's Moor and Loch*, with an *Essay on Loch fishing, Edinburgh*, 1851; *Anderson's Guide to the Highlands of Scotland*, 1850; *O'Gorman's Practice of Angling in* Ireland, 2 vols., *Dublin*, 1845; *Shipley and Fitzgibbon's Art of Fly*,

fishing in the DOVE, (1838), for what relates to that river and the fishing-waters of Derbyshire; *Anderdon's River Dove*, with *Thoughts on Angling*, (1847; *Mackintosh's Driffield Angler, Gainsboro'*, 1840, *and since*,—a small but useful little work for the Driffield and other YORKSHIRE RIVERS; *Pulman's Book of the* AXE, *third edition*, 1851. For the Rivers of South Wales, particularly the USK, *Lascelles' Familiar Letters on Angling*, &c.,—and several others, of which a complete list may be found in *Russell Smith's Catalogue of Books on Angling*, 1856, published at eighteen pence.

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THE THAMES.

*** *Note.*—When the term *preserved* is used in the following pages, as regards the Thames, it must not be understood that angling is prohibited, but that the waters are protected by stakes and bailiffs against poaching, and fishing during the fence months. The conservators of the Thames, and the various protecting societies, exercise no other jurisdiction, at least as regards the angler. This is mentioned because a recent book professing to be a guide to fishing-waters, mistakes *preserved waters* as prohibitions to the angler.

THE THAMES is undoubtedly head-quarters for the London angler, and is not exceeded for the abundance and variety of its fish by any river in England. Steam-boats, gas-works, common-sewers, and an enormous traffic, have driven the fish to a considerable distance from the metropolitan portion of the river, and it would now be useless to fish, as was the common practice once upon a time, at London, Blackfriars, or Westminster Bridge: fish could not live in those now poisonous waters for an hour. Indeed, excepting in two or three of the *docks*, which have as yet partially escaped the contamination, tolerable angling hardly commences east of Richmond Bridge. We begin with the DOCKS.

THE SURREY CANAL DOCK, at Rotherhithe, is a subscription water at a guinea a-year, or a shilling a-day. It is well stocked with jack, pearch, roach, bream, eels, and there is occasionally a carp or tench. The waters here as well as in the other docks are in most parts of them inconveniently deep.

THE COMMERCIAL DOCKS, also at Rotherhithe, (where floating timbers are sometimes stationary for years,) used to abound with pearch, roach, and large bream; but they have greatly diminished. Tickets for the season may be procured, without charge, by application to the dock-master, or one of the directors of the company, or at the company's office at Leadenhall-street. The best baits are shrimps, alive or in pieces.

THE EAST INDIA AND THE WEST INDIA DOCKS, (one east, the other west of Blackwall) afford very tolerable pearch and bream fishing, and there are also roach, dace, eels, and pike, but they are daily becoming fewer. Orders to fish may be obtained, without difficulty, from Mr. Collins, secretary, at the company's house, Billiter-square. Trains leave the Blackwall station five minutes before every quarter, and boats to the East India Docks leave London Bridge every quarter of an hour. The bream in the East India docks have sometimes weighed 7 lbs., pearch 3 lbs., and not very long since a pike was caught in the West India Docks which weighed 28 lbs.

There are probably fish in some of the private docks, but in ST. CATHERINE'S and the LONDON DOCKS where there is much traffic and change, the sportsman is not likely to find anything but eels. Indeed these are pretty well poisoned by copper bottomed vessels.

As much local knowledge is required for successful fishing in the

various docks as in any part of the river. Live shrimps are principally used: but a writer in the *Angler's Almanack*, 1855, says that he had much better success with small pieces of shrimp, after they had been skinned, about the size of a pea. In the Commercial Docks, at a depth of 18 inches, as well as near the ground, he caught with this bait pearch, bream, roach, dace, chub, and gudgeon.

WESTERN COURSE OF THE THAMES.

BATTERSEA BRIDGE is the first station westward of London, and but an indifferent one. Here some good-sized roach, and dace, are occasionally taken, from July to October, but, owing to the increasing impurity of the water, they are every day becoming scarcer. The fishing is preserved, 10 yards east to 10 west of the bridge. FISHERMAN, Mr. Graves.

FULHAM (AND PUTNEY) BRIDGE, affords rather better fishing than Battersea. The waters are preserved for 30 yards west to 20 east of the bridge. Anglers are recommended to try under the arches alongside the piles, and towards the middle of the river. Two hours before and one hour after flood are the best periods for these stations. FISHERMAN, John Phelps.

BRENTFORD, off the aits, and several other places on the river west of Putney, afford very fair sport for barbel, roach, dace, and very large gudgeon; but the fishing is not so good as may be had a little higher up at and beyond Richmond and Twickenham, where the waters are purer. FISHERMEN, Henry and Richard Deer.

THE RIVER BRENT empties itself into the Grand Junction Canal, at Brentford, and so into the Thames at Kew ferry; but it is hardly worth the sportsman's attention, as in summer many of the upper parts of it are almost dry. But about a quarter of a mile before its junction with the canal, there is very good fishing for bream, in August and September. At FINCHLEY, HENDON, and KINGSBURY there are some deep holes that contain jack, chub, and pearch, but excepting at Kingsbury, which is preserved, they are too often fished and netted to leave much chance to the angler. See KINGSBURY, p. 480.

ISLEWORTH, no deep, but excellent fishing, especially for dace and gudgeon. INNS, the London Apprentice, Orange Tree, and Coach and Horses; FISHERMEN, Sam. Styles and John Platt.

RICHMOND.—Here the angler will find the first and most extensive deep, or preserve, on the river. This, and the other preserves in the Thames, were granted by the corporation of London, whose jurisdiction extends to Staines, for angling exclusively; and fishermen are not allowed to cast a net of any kind into the river westward of the bridge, as far as the Duke of Buccleuch's, a distance of 700 yards, or into any other preserve hereinafter named. A recent Angler's Guide says there is a weir at Richmond—he'd be troubled to find it.

Barbel, roach, dace, gudgeon, and eels, are the principal fish caught here, but chub, pike, and pearch are frequently taken; trout but rarely, although there is just now a report that a very fine one is lying in the deep above the bridge.

The best station for barbel is in the deep, about two hundred yards above the bridge, from the middle of August to the end of October: but, in the early part of the season, the best pitch is at the extremity of the preserve, opposite the Duke of Buccleuch's boat-house, where the dace are very numerous, and many barbel are also caught with dace-tackle. In fact, the most general mode of fishing for barbel at Richmond is with fine tackle, as the barbel, though plentiful, do not run so large as higher up the Thames. The dace are very large in the deep, and if a heavy barbel be hooked, he affords much more sport with dace-tackle than with the ledger-line.

The pitches recommended are for a clear water; but after a *fresh* (or *flash* as it is here called by the watermen), and when the water is high, and somewhat coloured, the best stations are three or four yards from the bank, on the Middlesex side of the river, and between the bridge and the Duke of Buccleuch's. On the 4th October, 1835, when the water was *high*, and rather *discoloured* by two or three days' rain,* after twelve at noon, Mr. Hofland caught twenty dozen fish, principally roach. His station was three or four yards from the Middlesex shore; and during the same season, two gentlemen, in one punt, killed a hundred and twenty-five barbel in one day, many of them weighing from four to eight pounds each.'

To make the most of a day at Richmond, the neap tide should be chosen, that is, when it is high water at London Bridge at six o'clock A.M. It will then be high water at Richmond between eight and nine in the morning, with but little tide; you may commence at nine, and continue to fish till *seven*, when it will be flood, and you will then have the best hours' fishing of the whole day. If you visit Richmond during a spring tide, *i.e.* when it is high water at London Bridge at noon, you will be interrupted two or three hours by the flowing of the tide, during which time the only fishing is from the banks. The same observations will apply to Twickenham and Teddington Lock, beyond which the tide ceases to flow. From the bridge as far as the Duke of Buccleuch's on the Richmond side, there is good fishing from the towing path for dace and barbel; and in the months of October and November, very good roach are taken there. From the western end of the Duke of Buccleuch's garden to Twickenham ferry, there is an excellent shoal for fly-fishing, *where ten or twelve dozen dace have been frequently taken in a few hours.*"

The Inns are of every possible grade, from the splendid to the unpretending and comfortable, of the latter character are the *King's Head, near the bridge; the Pigeons, near the Duke of Buccleuch's*, the White Cross, near Cholmondeley Walk; the Greyhound, and the *Roebuck*; and of the former, the Star and Garter, the Castle, and the Talbot. Dinner accommodation may be had at Gainer's Dining Rooms, close by the bridge. FISHERMEN, George Platt, William Platt, Brown, Howard, Carter, James Hall, Edward Redknap, and of whom

* Having spoken of coloured water, I must here inform the young angler that sport cannot be expected when the river is rising rapidly, and is of a white greasy colour, from the muddy waters of the Mole, and other tributary streams. But when it is clearing, and becomes a greenish grey, he will be well rewarded for his labour.

boats or punts may be hired at the rate of five shillings per day, attendance included; or seven shillings and sixpence if tackle and baits are provided; or by the hour, *eighteen-pence* with tackle, and *one shilling* without. Boats and men are always to be found at the foot of the stairs on the Surrey side of the bridge.*

TWICKENHAM adjoins Richmond, and commences just above the bridge on the Middlesex side; one side of the river, for more than a mile, being called Twickenham, the opposite side Richmond. The *deep* is 150 yards in length, and the fishing is now preserved 410 yards from the west end of the lawn of Pope's Villa to Twickenham Ait. The barbel, roach, and dace are plentiful, though not generally so large as at Teddington, Hampton, and Shepperton. But it is almost useless to fish these deeps sooner than August or September. There is, however, good fishing in the shallows, especially for dace.

INNS, the King's Head (kept by Mr. Webber), and the George and Dragon, both in the town; the Swan, at the ferry; the Crown (Mrs. Clarke), and the Rising Sun (Pennycook), both in Richmond Road, not far from the bridge. FISHERMEN, Richard Coxen and Son, Jno. Harris, Robert Harris, William Chamberlain, Cole, and John Hennessey. Mr. Coxen accommodates his customers with beds and refreshments on moderate terms, and cooks fish well.

Immediately above the deep is a small island, called Cross-deep Island, where very good sport may sometimes be had, with the fly for chub and dace. TWICKENHAM AIT, on which stands the EELPIE HOUSE (kept by Mr. Mayo), is a little below the preserve, and offers an excellent place of accommodation: large chub are often taken under the horse-chesnut trees, on the west end of this island.

TEDDINGTON.—The first lock and weir from London is at Teddington, about a mile beyond Twickenham; a favourite resort of the lovers of barbel-fishing, but there is no deep, and unless you ascertain the pitch, you will have but little sport. Immense numbers of large barbel are sometimes taken; jack, pearch, and bream are also occasionally taken, and there is very good gudgeon-fishing on the scowers above the lock; but the roach and dace-fishing is scarcely so good as at Richmond, Ditton, and Hampton.

Teddington is the first place in the river where trout are taken: the Kemps, and many other anglers, have often taken trout at the weir from 5 to 14 pounds weight, by spinning bleak, with dace or gudgeon.

There are some good stands for bank-fishing in the meadows below the village, and above the lock. On an island called the TROLLOCK there is excellent fishing in winter, and, indeed, in the autumn after a fresh. Small jack are often taken on *the Middlesex side of the Trollock.*

INNS, the Royal Oak, and the King's Head. FISHERMEN, Samuel Kemp and Son (who keep a house of entertainment near the ferry), James Kemp, and William Kemp; William Deer and Joseph Baldwin.

KINGSTON AND HAMPTON WICK.—Kingston is a mile and a half from Teddington, and twelve from London, and Hampton Wick is opposite.

* MR. SPALDING, fishing-tackle manufacturer, close by Richmond Bridge, is well acquainted with this part of the Thames, and being himself an angler, can give any information likely to be required.

Large barbel used formerly to be caught near the starlings of the old bridge, and although the rebuilding of the bridge in stone has altered the locality of the fishing, it is still good, not only for barbel, but also for pearch, roach, dace, gudgeons, and occasionally trout. From June to August the gudgeon-fishing is particularly good. The preserve extends 70 yards eastward to 30 yards westward of the bridge. The Inns at *Kingston* are, the Sun, and the Anglers, and at *Hampton Wick*, the White Hart, and the Swan. Fishermen, William Bolton, Robert Brown, William Clark, John Parnham, and George Francis, of whom boats may be procured.

Thames Ditton is a short distance from Kingston, and opposite Hampton Court, and is a very favourite resort of London anglers, as it deserves to be. The deep opposite Lord St. Leonards' seat is 512 yards long, and is well stocked with barbel, pearch, chub, roach, and dace. The preserve which includes the deep, is 762 yards, and extends from Lord St. Leonards' northwards to Keene's Wharf. The Inns are the Swan, the Lion, the Crown and Anchor, the White Hart (a favourite house with old sportsmen), and the White Horse. Fishermen, William Rogerson, Henry Tagg, and William Tagg. Their charge for a punt, tackle, ground-bait, and attendance, is 7*s.* 6*d.* a-day.

Hampton Court has a *deep* (not preserved), called the Water-gallery, 200 yards long, (being from the summer-house of the palace to the eastward,) where there is good fishing. The preserve extends 270 yards, from the Weir at St. Alban's Bank to Lower Head Pile. It contains barbel, roach, dace, and many fine pearch, and is the first good spot for trout; it may be fished from the shore, or in a punt. Inns, the Castle (on the Moulsey side), the Mitre (on the Hampton Court side), and the King's Arms (near the gates of Bushy Park). Fishermen, Thomas Davies, Henry Wignall, John Tagg, and Wm. Wisdom.

Hampton.—One mile up the river brings us to this delightful village, which has long been the favourite resort of anglers. The deep is 350 yards long, being from the church to the west side of the house of Henry Hase, Esq. One of the best pitches in the deep is immediately opposite Garrick's summer-house, where the angler, in the proper season, will meet with plenty of pike, pearch, barbel, roach, and dace. The preserve of Hampton and Hampton Court extends altogether 1514 yards from the west end of Garrick's Lawn, including the Tumbling Bay, to the Lower Head Pile below Moulsey Lock. The best months are September, October, and November; and the best time is when the water is rather high, and beginning to clear after a fresh. Large trout are frequently taken by spinning the bleak in the weirs between Hampton Court and Hampton, in the months of May and June, but they will not generally take the artificial fly. Excellent gudgeon-fishing may be had in the sewers between Hampton and Sunbury, from July to October; and many pearch are frequently taken while fishing for gudgeons. The village of Hampton is a charming summer retreat for the lover of Thames-fishing; it is the centre of a beautiful vicinity, and within a short walk of the angling to be found at Ditton, Hampton Court, and Sunbury. Inns, the Bell (where the Walton and Cotton Club usually held their meetings), the

Red Lion, and the White Hart. FISHERMEN, Thomas Milbourne, William Milbourne, William Benn, Wm. Benn, jun., and John Snell. The charge for a man and punt, with ground-bait and other baits, is 7s. 6d. per diem, as at Richmond. Indeed, all along the river the terms are much the same.

HARVEY'S SUBSCRIPTION WATER.—Just above Hampton Bridge is a large island, called CANBERAD (five acres), kept for anglers by Mr. HARVEY, who charges 6d. a day for permission to fish, and provides refreshment on most reasonable terms. There are many fine pearch, jack, eels, &c. in this part of the river, and trout are often taken of from five to ten lbs. weight.

SUNBURY is 16 miles from London, on the Middlesex side of the Thames. Here is very good fishing for roach, dace, barbel, chub, &c. and large trout are frequently taken at the weir. There is also excellent gudgeon-fishing on the scowers. The deep is 300 yards long, lies opposite the church, and forms part of the preserve which extends 683 yards from the weir to the east-end pile of the breakwater. INNS, the Flower-Pot, the Magpie, and the Castle; FISHERMEN, Robert Goddard, James Goddard, Thomas Faleber, Kitty Johnson, and C. Barrenger.

WALTON-ON-THAMES is 18 miles from London, on the Surrey side of the Thames, and is one of the best places for pearch-fishing on the river. It has two fine deeps, one of 150 yards, and the other of 100 yards, at the east of Lord Tankerville's, and west of the Horse Bridge, called Walton Sale, both preserved. They abound in heavy barbel, roach, dace, bream, and chub, and a few pike and trout; and there is good bank-fishing. INNS, the Duke's Head. FISHERMEN, William Rogerson (who has accommodation for anglers by the water-side), John Rosewell, and George Hone.

HALLIFORD, just above Walton, has excellent fishing. There is no deep. INNS, the Ship. FISHERMEN, James Rogerson, Thomas Rosewell, and Thomas Rosewell, Jun.

SHEPPERTON is 19 miles from London, on the Middlesex side, and is an excellent station. It has three extensive deeps, the *Old* Deep, east of the Creek rails, which is 240 yards long, the *New*, east of the Drain, (also called the Lower Deep,) 200 yards, and the *Upper* Deep, 200 yards long: all three preserved. They are well-stored with roach, dace, chub, and barbel (the latter often very large); and there is good bank fishing, on both sides of the river, for pearch, chub, and jack. The village is small, but good accommodation will be found at the Anchor INN (on the banks of the Thames), the King's Arms, the Crown, and the Ship (Robert Stone). FISHERMEN, William Rogerson and Son, Henry Purdue, Thomas Purdue, James Purdue, and Samuel Purdue. Shepperton is a place of great resort for first-rate anglers, and here the late Duke of Sussex might frequently be seen in a punt. The horse-shoe reach of the river is quite beautiful, and the grounds of Oatlands are seen in the distance.

WEYBRIDGE is two miles beyond Walton, and 19 miles from London, and has an extensive deep, which is 600 yards from the weir at Shepperton Lock down to Holiday's Bay, and preserved. Trout have of late become abundant here, and there is very good fishing for pike, pearch, barbel, chub, roach, dace, bream, gudgeon, and occasionally

pope. The best pike-fishing is in the back river. Fishermen, R. Harris and son, Edward Keene, John Keene, George Keene. The Inns are the King's Arms, the Queen's Head, the Ship, the Lincoln Arms (kept by Harris the fisherman), and the Crown; the two last both by the water-side. The Thames Angling Preservation Society have perhaps done as much for Weybridge as any other part of the river. Here is also the river Wey, which rises in Hampshire, and passing through Farnham, Harrow, Godalming, Guildford, and Woking (in all which places there is excellent fishing, especially at Godalming, where there are some good ponds, if you can get permission), falls into the Thames below Weybridge. This river is well supplied with fish, especially jack, pearch, pope, bream, and carp, the latter very fine, as the bed of the river being chiefly clay they fatten well. In the neighbourhood of Guildford, the fishing is said to be very good; and in the *Newark mill stream*, near Woking, carp of eight and ten pounds weight have been taken. There are no regular Fishermen at Weybridge, the fishing being almost exclusively from the bank.

Chertsey Bridge is 22 miles from London.—There are two deeps here; one 200 yards long, east of the weir; the other 140 yards west and east of the bridge. According to the official list, the preserve is 445 yards, extending from the weir to 80 yards east of the bridge. Fishing much the same as at Weybridge, perhaps better for pike and pearch. There is a small stream which runs at the back of Chertsey, called the Abbey Mill River (the property of T. B La Coste, Esq.), containing jack, pearch, chub, &c. Fishermen, E. Upjohn and Wm. Galloway. Inns, the Cricketers (at the bridge,) Crown, and Swan.

Laleham is rather more than a mile above Chertsey bridge. The river is here narrow and shallow, and the fly-fisher may exercise his craft with success, trout of large size being sometimes taken: formerly Skeggers, or small salmon, used to be taken, but not for some years past. The Covers is the residence of W. Keate Heseltine, Esq., one of our most enthusiastic anglers, as well as piscatorial book collectors—known to the readers of *Bell's Life* by his contributions, and to many a disciple of Walton by his readiness to oblige. Inn, the Horse Shoes.

Penton Hook is immediately contiguous, and is one of the best places on the river for fly-fishing and spinning. Some of the successful doings here have been recorded in *Bell's Life in London*. The waters are preserved for 1150 yards, extending from the guard piles eastward, round the Hook, to the east end of the lock. Fishermen, John Harris, Samuel Harris, and William Harris. Inn, the Horse-Shoes, and lodgings may be had at the lock-house, kept by Mr. Trotter.

Staines is 19 miles from London, and was formerly much frequented for barbel fishing, but since the removal of the old bridge the sport has somewhat declined. There is, however, still very good fishing, not only for barbel, but also for roach, chub, and sometimes trout. Ledger fishing is much practised here on account of the great depth of the waters. The deep is 140 yards long, west and east of the bridge. The preserve extends 720 yards, being from the City boundary stone to 210 yards eastward of the bridge. Inns, the Swan, the Bush, and the Angel. Fishermen, Thomas and James Fletcher, Wm. Vears, Robert

Vears, Henry Amor, Wm. Cambers, and Charles Milbourn. Since the preservation of the Thames by the Society the fishing here is much improved. The Colne falls into the Thames near Staines, and affords good pike and pearch fishing, but scarcely any trout, growing, we believe, to poaching.

Windsor.—In the neighbourhood of this royal residence there is excellent gudgeon-fishing, and abundance of trout, which often run large, especially at the Eton Weir, and the Surley Hall Weir, opposite *Boveney*. There is also excellent pike-fishing in the autumn, as well as barbel, near the bridge of Windsor. One of the very best stations for those who either spin or fish with the fly, for trout, is at and near Monkey Island, between Windsor and the pretty village of Bray, also a fishing station. More trout, although they do not run large, are, perhaps, caught in this locality than in any other on the river.* While we are writing, we hear of seven trout, of from 2 to 6 pounds weight, being caught in one day at *Old Windsor Lock*, by Mr. Devonshire. Fishermen, Purdue, Haynes and Soe, and the brothers Wilder, of Maidenhead, who are all well acquainted with the best casts.

Datchet, Maidenhead, Cookham, and Marlow, all between 23 and 29 miles from London, on the river, are pleasant places and plentifully supplied with fish of all kinds, including pike, pearch, and trout, and the angler will generally find good sport, especially in September and October, for pike and pearch. Pearch are abundant near Marlow, and sometimes taken from 3 to 4 lbs. weight; and in May and June trout are often caught there by spinning the bleak. Inn at *Maidenhead*, the Orkney Arms. Fishermen, the brothers Wilder, Andrews, and Bond. It is no uncommon thing to fish the river for jack from Cookham to Marlow, and down again with great success; and the roach-fishing is excellent, especially at Cookham, where they are very large. The Wick too (see p. 469) falls in near Marlow, and is a fine trout stream. Inns, at *Datchet*, the Angel and Crown; at *Cookham*, the Bell and Dragon, King's Head, and Ferry House. Fishermen, J. Wilder and Poulson. Inns, at *Marlow*, the Anglers, Crown. Fishermen, Rosewell, Creswell, Wm Rockell.

Maldenham, half-way between Marlow and Henley, is a secluded fishing station, where there is often good sport. *Inn*, the Ship. Putmen, the Johnsons.

Henley on Thames affords very good fishing, and the pike and pearch sometimes run very large. Inns, the Angel, Catherine Wheel, Red Lion Fishermen, the brothers Woodley, Herbert, Cook.

Wargrave, excellent fishing for barbel, pike, pearch, and chub, which run very large. Inn, the George and Dragon. Plenty of boats and men.

Reading is 36 miles from London. The Thames here does not yield such good fishing as above and below, but the river Kennet, which rises in Wiltshire, falls into the Thames at Reading, and affords the angler an opportunity of trying a stream where very heavy trout

* The trout fishing in this part of the river is likely to improve, as a committee has been formed, under the title of "The Maidenhead Trout Club," for preserving the Thames fisheries from Boulter's Pool to Pevensey Ditch, near Windsor. The committee hold their meetings at the Orkney Arms Inn, Maidenhead Bridge, and Charles Cooper, Esq. is treasurer, and receives the subscriptions.

have sometimes been taken by spinning with bleak. (The Kennet, at HUNGERFORD, 65 miles from London, it may be here observed, is a first-rate fishing station, and tickets for angling there may be had by the day or season.)

At PANGBOURNE, 5 miles further, and at READING adjoining, the fishing is of the best quality: the river abounds with pike, perch, barbel, roach, dace, chub, &c., and sometimes large trout are taken. A small stream enters the Thames at Pangbourne, which contains abundance of moderate-sized trout, and perch; but this water is private property. INN, the Elephant, where a fishing association is held; 1*l.* 1*s.* per annum.

STREATLEY (in Berkshire) a romantic village beyond Pangbourne, is a very favourite spot with the angler, and the fishing extremely good. An association of gentlemen has been formed here for the protection of this part of the river, and rent some back-waters, where subscribers at one guinea each may fish. It is entitled the *Streatley, Goring, and Basildon Fishing Association*, and is held at the Swan Inn Streatley, kept by Mr. Saunders, who receives subscriptions.

GORING (in Oxfordshire) nearly opposite Streatley, 44 miles from London, and a station on the Great Western line, presents the same kind of fishing as Streatley.

Beyond this the Thames flows past WALLINGFORD, ABINGDON, OXFORD, STANTON-HARCOURT, LECHLADE (where the Severn joins it), HANNINGTON BRIDGE, and CRICKLADE (where it ceases to be navigable), to its junction with the Isis, and the fishing is good throughout. See fuller information respecting this part of the river, under OXFORDSHIRE, at page 478. A panoramic map of the entire course of the Thames is published by Mr. Reynolds, at 1*s.* plain, or color'd and mounted, 3*s.* 6*d.*: and an ANGLING MAP from Richmond to Henley, was published by Mr. Netherclift, about twenty years ago, at 5*s.*

*** We cannot leave the Thames without calling particular attention to the THAMES ANGLING PRESERVATION SOCIETY, which has been so eminently serviceable in suppressing the nefarious acts of poachers, and unsportsmanlike proceedings of every kind. The Thames fishing, from Battersea to Staines (the extent of their jurisdiction,) has improved every year since the establishment of the Society in 1838, and while this is sufficiently supposed, will no doubt continue to do so. The subscription is 1*l.* 1*s.* per annum, which may be paid to any of the principal fishing-tackle makers, or to the Hon. Secretary, Henry Farnell, Esq., Holland House, Isleworth. A list of the preserves and fishermen is forwarded annually to every subscriber. All the London Angling Clubs subscribe to it. There is also a *Marlow Association*, with the same objects, held at the Angler's Inn, Marlow.

THE NEW RIVER

WHICH has its source near WARE, in Hertfordshire, and partly supplies the city of London with water, is a great school for young anglers. It is here and there fed by the Lea, and is well stocked throughout its whole course with chub, pearch, roach, dace, gudgeons, minnows, eels, and occasionally carp and small pike. In the neigh-

bourhood of London, that is, from Bagnigge Wells to the Sluice House, at HIGHBURY, it is actively fished by juvenile anglers. There is a scower by the Sluice House where gudgeon and roach sometimes bite pretty freely, and about the piles there is good chub-fishing. At HORNSEY, near the church, is a subscription water, where there is good roach, dace, and gudgeon fishing; and in the Garden of HORNSEY-WOOD HOUSE, is a lake, where anglers taking refreshment are allowed to fish.

But the river is much nearer, and the angler hardly worth seeking to those who can get to a greater distance from London. In the waters about SOUTHGATE, ENFIELD, &c. there is tolerable fishing, if permission can be obtained from the residents; but the fish are generally small.

The NEW RIVER RESERVOIRS are preserved, and are generally well stored with fish; but those at SADLER'S WELLS and STOKE NEWINGTON, which have hitherto abounded in fine fish, have lately been cleaned out. The Reservoir at CHEMSFORD is full of fine pike, pearch, &c. Permission to fish in either must be obtained through a director of the New River Company. But a recent Act of Parliament compels the enclosing or covering in of all the reservoirs, which will probably put an end to the angling.

THE RIVER LEA.

THIS river is held by London anglers to be second only to the Thames, and during the fence months (March, April, and May), when fishing, excepting for trout, is forbidden in the Thames, it is their principal resource. It is besides readily accessible, throughout its whole course, by rail.

The LEA rises near Luton, in Bedfordshire, and pursuing a south-eastern course to Hertford and Ware, falls into the Thames near Blackwall. It is navigable from Hertford to Limehouse, and flows through a beautiful pastoral country, adorned with villages and noble mansions, and bordered by sloping hills and woods. No one will wonder at the love our old master, Isaac Walton, had for these rural scenes.

This river abounds with pike, pearch, chub, barbel, carp, tench, eels, roach, dace, gudgeon, bleak, indeed every kind of fish, excepting trout, which are only found in some parts of it, but when found often run very large.

The Lea is an excellent school for anglers, as the fish are well fed naturally, and the water so clear, and often low, that nothing but fine fishing can succeed.

The TEMPLE MILLS WATER (rented by Mr. J. Beresford, of the WHITE HOUSE), is the first station from the Thames where there is any tolerable fishing; but the waters are very shallow. The Temple Mills have long since been pulled down, and all that now remains to mark the spot is the WHITE HART, a comfortable inn with a pretty garden, of which the landlord is Mr. Wm. Beresford, jun., son of the proprietor of the White House. In the garden is an enormous poplar tree, within the branches of which is a platform capable of accommodating *sixty-three people* comfortably.

Immediately contiguous is the subscription water of the WARE

House, Homerton (kept by Mr. J. Beresford), rather more than three miles from London, between Stratford and Lea Bridge, and held to be the principal fishing place in this part of the river.

The next water, about a mile further on, is what till lately was known as the Horse and Groom, Lea-bridge,—the once favourite resort of London anglers. It was pleasantly situated amid gardens almost surrounded by water, but has been pulled down to make way for the East London Waterworks.

The preceding three waters are now combined, and rented by Mr. Beresford, of the White House, and collectively reach nearly two miles. The subscription for the whole is *fifteen shillings* per annum, including trolling, or *one shilling* per day without trolling. Lockers for fishing tackle are provided at five shillings per annum. It may here be observed, that the principle throughout the subscription waters of the Lea is, that none but annual or season subscribers are allowed to troll or use live bait.

Up to this point of the Lea it is said to have the advantage (query advantage?) of being supplied with fish from the Thames, which is not the case with the waters higher up the river, as the weirs prevent their progress.

Above Lea Bridge, about a mile from the *White House*, a considerable space of the river is free to anglers and there are very good swims, but without much previous ground-baiting the sport is likely to be indifferent. The Inn here is The Jolly Anglers, kept by Mr. Wicks (brother of Mr. Wicks, of Bleak Hall,) who has boats for hire. There are other Inns in the neighbourhood, and plenty of boatmen.

It requires good fishing to be successful on the Lea, whether in the preserves or open waters. We quote an excellent note on the subject from the *Angler's Companion*:—

"How often may be seen, an angler (as he calls himself) standing over the water, as close as he possibly can, with a long rod, a coarse line, and a float as large as a small bottle, canting it first one way and then the other, walking first here and then there, to the great disappointment of himself and the utter annoyance of all those who may be fishing near him. To ascertain the quick-sightedness and timidity of fish, let any person when the water is clear, walk close along the bank of the stream and look at the water nearest him; he will find as he advances, the fish shoot away, from which it is evident they always fly from any movable appearance. What sport, then, can such persons as we speak of expect, when they not only drive away every fish worth taking with their appearance, but so lash the water with their heavy tackle, that even the minnows fly before them! Bear this in mind, especially when fishing at these narrow swims, that slyness and cunning, however they may be censured when exercised in other engagements, are much to be commended when employed in the art of angling."

* A chart of these preserved waters, and a particular account of the various swims (no fewer than *seventy-eight!*), were published many years ago in a small shilling manual, called *The Angler's Companion to the Horse and Groom, Lea-Bridge, and White House Fisheries.* This may be had of Mr. Beresford, and at some of the fishing tackle shops, but is too old to be relied upon.

At TOTTENHAM MILLS (still so called, though burnt down some years ago), 5 miles from London, you come to TYLER'S SUBSCRIPTION WATER (formerly called Bannister's, and afterwards Reid's), where there is a mile of excellent fishing, especially for pike, pearch, chub, &c. The FERRY HOUSE, kept by Mrs. NOAKES, affords good accommodation to anglers. Subscription one guinea per annum, including trolling; half-a-guinea for light bottom-fishing, or one shilling per day.

A mile further on is FORD'S WATER (extending half a mile), the house belonging to which is called the BLUE HOUSE. This is a well-stored water. The annual subscription is one guinea, including trolling; half-a-guinea for bottom-fishing only, or one shilling per day.

The next subscription water, is called BLEAK HALL, (formerly COOK'S FERRY,) near Edmonton, an inn kept by Mr. BENJ. WICKS. Upwards of three miles (two on the river and one on the mill-stream), are here well preserved, and afford excellent sport for all the usual fish, but especially for pike, which sometimes run large. According to the following paragraph, which has lately run the round of the papers, there is better fishing even than for pike:—"A remarkably fine salmon trout, weighing between seven and eight pounds, was caught on the 23rd of April, 1856, at Mr. Wicks' subscription water by Mr. G. Govier, of Astey's Row, Islington, and landed by his friend Mr. Eades, after showing them some fine sport. It was taken with single gut tackle and lobworm bait." The subscription is one guinea per annum including trolling; half a guinea for light bottom-fishing; or one shilling per day. Mr. Wicks prints a paper called *Articles of Subscription*, which may be had on application. By this it appears that he only admits forty annual subscribers; that trolling commences July 1st, and live-bait fishing October 1st, and both terminate March 1st; that any one using live-bait for pearch during April or May, or for pike before October 1st, or uses trimmers or lay-rods (that is, more than one rod), incurs a penalty of from half-a-guinea to a guinea.

Another mile brings us to Mrs. BULLIN'S COTTAGE, at CHINGFORD (see *View*, p. 226), formerly called SHUBERY'S WATER, which reaches to Enfield Wash; and this part of the Lea is well stored with pike, pearch, carp, barbel, chub, roach, gudgeons, eels, &c., and the fishing very good. The waters are rented by Mr. DIGBY; the subscription *one guinea* per annum; or, without trolling, one shilling per day. Mrs. Bullin provides accommodation for anglers at the cottage.

A little further on is PONDER'S END FISHERY, rented by T. KIED (see *View*, p. 229), who is landlord of the ANCHOR AND PIKE, and has good accommodation for anglers; and an ordinary on Sundays at half-past one. The water extends two miles and a half (from Marditch to Enfield lock), and is well stored with pike, pearch, large roach, and a few tench. Subscription half-a-guinea per annum including trolling; or one shilling per day, out of which the bearer is entitled to sixpenny-worth of refreshments.

Between Mrs. Bullin's Cottage and the Anchor and Pike, Mr. BAYLY rents about half a mile of water, in which the fishing and subscription are much the same as his neighbours.

ORDNANCE FISHERIES, ENFIELD.—Subscription waters, Enfield Lock,

comprising the ENFIELD and EDWARDSTONE MILL fisheries, proprietor Mr. J. Metcalf, Swan and Pike Tavern. These fisheries are situated within twenty minutes' walk of the POTTER'S END station on the Eastern Counties Railway. They are about three miles in length, and of great depth and breadth, abounding with every description of fresh-water fish. Subscription for the year *one guinea*, unlimited as to fishing; or for light bottom-fishing only *half a guinea*; day ticket *one shilling*.

WALTHAM ABBEY is 12 miles from London. The water here, for the space of at least two miles from Enfield, belongs to the government, and is well stored with pike, pearch, barbel, chub, roach, and dace; and there are several weirs, or tumbling bays, here, where large trout are sometimes taken. Permission to angle must be applied for to the master-general, or some of the principal officers of the *Ordnance*, but is not readily obtainable. Some of the waters, however, are let out by government to different parties. The *Corn-mill Stream*, *the Straits*, *the Cob-mead*, and the *Broad-water fisheries*, in all four and a half miles, are rented by Mr. Wm. Clark of the *King's Arms*, an excellent inn, where there is plenty of good fishing for pike, pearch, chub, roach, trout &c. The subscription is 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*., but Sunday fishing is not permitted. Mr. Alger, also, of the *Cock Inn*, can generally obtain a day's trolling for his customers. The best months for fishing at Waltham Abbey are September and October.

The Lea then runs through CHESHUNT and WORMLEY (the King's Weir), where the waters are rented by Captain Saunders, and the subscription is 2*l*. 2*s*. for the season. There is perhaps no better fishing on the river.

BROXBOURNE FISHERY, rented by Mr. John Beningfield (formerly T & G. Want), who is landlord of the Crown, a neat and very comfortable inn, surrounded with a large and pleasant garden. This is one of the best stations on the Lea. The water extends five miles, is well stored with fish, especially with pike and pearch, and has the advantage of a waterfall, or tumbling bay, at each end of the preserve, where trout are frequently taken; and as Mr. Beningfield stocks his portion of the river every year, the fishing is not likely to deteriorate. Subscription for the season (beginning on the 1st of July) 21*s*. or, inclusive of trout fishing, 2*l*. 2*s*. Each subscriber is allowed the privilege of six free-tickets for friends. Day-ticket for trolling *two shillings*; bottom-fishing *one shilling*. Sunday fishing is permitted. Live-bait, greaves, brap, &c., are supplied on reasonable terms.

PAGE'S WATER is very good, and fishing similar to Broxbourne. Inn *the Punch and Eels*, a comfortable house. The proprietor (Wm. Downing) stuffs birds and fish, and deals in British insects. The subscription is one guinea for the season, and the best months for jack and pearch in these waters, indeed throughout the Lea, are September and October. Above Page's the water is private, as far as Crane's Lock.

THE RYE HOUSE, HODDESDON (kept by Mr. Teale), 18 miles from London, close to the Eastern Counties Station, is delightfully situated, and the waters, which extend five miles and include two weirs, are generally free to visitors staying at the house; they abound with

every description of fresh-water fish found in the Lea; and some fine trout have been taken there during the present month (May, 1856). Holland says, that in October (more than ten years ago) fifty pounds weight of roach were taken by one rod in one day. Lyle, the King's Arms, which adjoins Rye-House, and forms part of Mr. and Mrs. Teale's well-conducted establishment. In the spring and summer, Londoners visit this place in thousands, as, besides the river amusements, there are upwards of forty acres of land laid out for amusement on shore, such as cricket, archery, quoits, &c.

The Rye-House—with its ancient tower, battlements, and moat—is full of historical interest, and quite worth a visit, if only to examine the locality of the famous *Rye-House Plot*, and see the room in which the conspirators are supposed to have met. The carved chimney-pieces of the house, and its antique furniture give a genuine character to the scene.

The river here, in many parts, is very deep and very still, which accounts for the number of roach it produces. The river STORT debouches in this part of the Lea, and at ROYDON, within three miles of Broxbourne, and other places, affords excellent fishing.

At NAZING, opposite the Rye House, is good fishing for pike and pearch, especially at that part called the Gull. This piece of water was formerly rented by Mr. Acres, a very civil farmer, but now forms part of the Rye House subscription.

Beyond this, to Ware, the Lea yields good fishing wherever it is accessible, but it is for the most part private property. It flows through AMWELL, which will be remembered by the literary angler as the residence of that celebrated piscatorial poet SCOTT, of *Amwell*. This village is also interesting as being where Sir Hugh Middleton commenced his Herculean undertaking—the NEW RIVER, the most precious boon ever bestowed on London. A monumental urn marks the spot.

At *Amwell* is the AMWELL MAGNA FISHERY, one of the best, if not the very best, of the subscription-waters on the Lea. It is supported by twenty subscribers at *four guineas* each, and *four guineas* entrance. Election by ballot, one black ball to exclude; and all vacancies to be filled up on the first Thursday in July. Henry Wix, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer; Charles Rivington, Esq., Solicitor to the fishery. The preserve extends, on the Lea, from *Black Ditch*, in Cowbridge Meads, in the parish of Ware, to *Black Pool* in the parish of Stanstead, and St Margaret's; and the members of this society have also the right of fishing in some other waters, including portions of the *New River*.

There are some fine trout in that part of the Lea which runs through the grounds of *Brocket Hall*, Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Melbourne; it passes from thence to the Marquis of Salisbury's park, at HATFIELD, where it assumes the appearance of a lake, and abounds with trout, pike, and pearch. By spinning the minnow, these three fish are sometimes taken alternately, with the same tackle. The Marquis used to fish with large pike-flies and have great sport. Mr. Heseltine has fished there successfully for pike with what he terms his tandem flies, which are two large flies placed one behind the other. About six miles further on the Lea, at WHEATHAMPSTEAD, near Mr. Jones's paper-mills, is excellent fishing, especially for pike; and at *Luton Park*,

on the borders of Bedfordshire, there is still better fishing for trout and pike, but of course private. At WELWYN, on the river *Mardan*, which joins the Lea at Hertingfordbury, there is good pike-fishing. Indeed, Hertfordshire abounds with good fishing waters, but they are mostly private.

THE HAMPSHIRE RIVERS.

HAMPSHIRE has been long considered the trout county, *par excellence*; and its streams are said to rival those of Derbyshire and Devonshire. Its principal rivers are the AVON, the ANTON, the TEST, the ITCHEN, the WEY (mentioned under Weybridge), and the LODDON; and of these the Test and the Avon are the best trout streams. The AVON affords, perhaps, the best angling of any river in England. It passes by Salisbury, Fordingbridge, and Ringwood, and falls into the sea at Christchurch. Below Salisbury to Fordingbridge very fine trout and grayling are often taken. In the neighbourhood of Fordingbridge the river becomes sluggish, and abounds with fine pike, and about Christchurch salmon are taken with the fly.

THE TEST rises in the north-west part of Hampshire, and falls into the Southampton water, near which are some pools where salmon are taken in considerable numbers by gentlemen who have formed a club, and protect the fishery. In Sir Henry Fane and Mr. Mills's waters, above the salmon pools, pike abound of a large size, some having been taken from twenty-five to thirty pounds weight, and none are allowed to be taken that do not weigh full six pounds. Upwards of a hundred weight have been taken in a day by one rod.

WHITCHURCH, on the Test, is 58 miles from London, and the angler may gain permission to fish by taking up his abode at the principal inn. About a mile and a half of the water is tolerably well preserved. Two miles from Whitchurch the Test flows through the grounds of Lord Portsmouth, where there is fine fishing, and a proper application to the Hon. Newton Fellowes will seldom fail to procure a day's fly-fishing in this beautiful place.

Lower down the Test, near STOCKBRIDGE, a society has been formed, called the "Houghton Club," by a party of gentlemen; in consequence the water is well preserved, and there is excellent fishing.

When a fly-fisher visits the Test, he must provide himself with Mackintosh boots, as the river is bordered with "water meadows," that is, meadows inundated by means of sluices which admit the water from the Test, for the purpose of irrigation. The clearness of the stream requires fine tackle, and rather small flies. The fishing commences in April, but the trout are not in good condition till the end of May, or the beginning of June.

Grayling were some years since introduced into the Test, and increased very rapidly, but have since considerably decreased.

The ANTON rises about 12 miles north-east of Andover, from two sources: one of these passes Whitchurch, and, meeting the Test at WHERWELL, proceeds to STOCKBRIDGE, and ROMSEY, where, at the first, it forms several islands. It is joined by various streams from the New

Forest at Redbridge, where it forms the head of the Southampton water.

The ITCHIN rises in HAMPSHIRE, and, passing by RUMSEY and WINCHESTER, falls into the sea at Southampton. It is well stored with trout and other fish, especially at Rumsey, the seat of Lord Palmerston, where permission to fish is sometimes obtained. Near Southampton, many salmon and salmon-trout are taken, but chiefly by traps and nets.

The LODDON is a small slow stream which rises in Hampton, and passes through the pleasure-grounds of the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye. It has but few trout, but is well stocked with pike and pearch. At the head of the Loddon, at OLD BASING, are some ponds fed by that river, where there are fine pike. Mr. Greville Fennell caught one there, weighing nearly 16lb. They are now private, the property of Sir Richard Bethell.

THE RIVER COLNE.

THIS beautiful river rises near ST. ALBANS, in Hertfordshire, and abounds with trout, often very large, pike, pearch, roach, dace, barbel, eels, &c. It flows past TWOWATERS through NEW BARNET, WATFORD, LOUD-WATER, (in all which places the fishing is very good,) to RICKMANSWORTH, where it becomes a considerable stream. Here, for three or four miles, the water is strictly preserved by the '*True Waltonians*,' a society limited to 12 members, subscription 5*l.* 5*s.* per annum, for trout-fishing, which is first rate. Below Rickmansworth, the Colne runs through MOOR PARK, and thence to DENHAM, where there is excellent fishing, and the trout are large, and of fine quality. Below Denham is UXBRIDGE, famous for its fine trout; but the water is rented, and the proprietors are very careful of their fish. At UXBRIDGE MOOR is Barratt's fishery, the subscription to which is 4*l.* per annum; and after the first of August bottom fishing commences, the charge for which is 3*s.* per day; and frequently 30 or 40 lbs. of roach are taken by one rod. Just below Barratt's fishery is STUDD'S WATER, a split, narrow part of the stream, where there are plenty of trout and dace. Subscription 10*s.* 6*d.* for the season. No day-tickets. At IVER, three miles from Uxbridge, there is a good piece of preserved water formerly called the ROYALTY or COLNE FISHERY, now rented by Mr. Gould. It is well stocked with almost every kind of fish. The subscription is 1*l.* 1*s.* for the season, or a day ticket for trolling 1*s.*, and for trolling and bottom-fishing 1*s.* 6*d.*

Further down the stream (which has several branches) are COWLEY and DRAYTON MILLS, where there are some good large trout, but they are far from numerous, owing to the increase of pike in that part of the river. Below Drayton Mills to Longford, few trout are to be met with, but plenty of pike, pearch, chub, &c. FISHERMAN Joe Heath (a waterproof-boot maker), who knows all about the five or six fishing waters in this neighbourhood, and is very communicative and obliging. The branches of the Colne which fall into the Thames at STAINES and ISLEWORTH abound with roach, dace, chub, pearch, and especially pike.

At THORNEY BROAD FISHERY, West Drayton (13 miles from London),

you get good bottom-fishing for roach and dace, jack, chub, and occasionally trout. The water, which is 2¼ miles in length and of great depth, is well preserved; and being easily accessible by the Great Western Railway, is much resorted to by London anglers. Subscription half a guinea annually, or with privilege of using two rods 1*l*s. Day tickets 1*s*. for one rod, and 6*d*. extra for every additional rod, which entitles the holder to fish for jack. Proprietor—Edward Godfrey, Weir Cottage, where board and lodging may be obtained on moderate terms. There is also a subscription water at WRAYSBURY (22 miles from London, on the S.W.R.), at half a guinea per annum. Mr. Stephenson, proprietor.

The fishing in the Colne, at DENHAM (one of the scenes so well described by Sir Humphry Davy in the *Salmonia*), is first rate. It commences on the first of May, and towards the end of the month, or early in June, the May-fly will make its appearance in great abundance, after which the alder-fly and the green and grey drake will be the only flies wanted, except for the evening fishing, when the orange or peacock herl palmer, and the white and brown moths, may be used with success.

A trout, in this part of the Colne, is not considered a killable fish under two pounds' weight.

There is excellent pike, pearch, roach and dace fishing in the various collateral branches of the Colne which run through HANWORTH (the seat of Mr. Perkins), TWICKENHAM (through the grounds of Sir Wm. Clay, and the Common), and HOUNSLOW (the Powder Mills) to ISLEWORTH, but the waters are nearly all rented, and permission to fish not easily obtained. It is, we believe, in these waters that Sir John Hawkins, who once lived on the Common (before the Inclosure Act), used to fish.

The river CHESS, which rises at *Chesham*, joins the Colne at *Rickmansworth*, and affords excellent fishing throughout, especially at CHENEYS and BIRKET WOOD.

THE RIVER WANDLE.

THE WANDLE, in Surrey, rises near CARSHALTON, which is 12 miles from London, and falls into the Thames at Wandsworth: it is a beautifully clear stream, full of trout, fine dace, chub, and eels, but will not yield its fish to a novice. CARSHALTON is situate on the best part of the stream, and has good inns for the accommodation of anglers, the Greyhound, the Swan Inn, and the King's Arms. The right of fishing here belongs to the different proprietors of the various grounds, and mills for the manufacture of paper, calico printing, &c., and from some of the proprietors it is not difficult to procure a day's fly-fishing; and no other mode is allowed.

Two remarkable features in the character of the Wandle are, that the heaviest rains never discolour the water, and that the may-fly never appears upon it. The season commences on the first of May, when the fish are in tolerable condition, but are not in perfection till June. No sport need be expected in the Wandle unless the fishing is fine in the

extreme;—a single hair should be used for the foot link, or at least gut as fine as a hair, and small blue and yellow-bodied duns. Above all things, the water must be approached with caution, for if you are seen by the fish, they immediately fly up the stream. Holland generally approached the bank in a stooping position, and, kneeling upon one knee, cast his fly. The fish, though sometimes of great weight, generally average under a pound.

Lower down the stream, there is excellent trout-fishing, especially at BEDDINGTON, HACKBRIDGE, MITCHAM, MERTON, and the SNUFF MILLS, where the trout are carefully preserved; and there are pike, pearch, and large dace; but all these waters are very clear, and therefore seldom afford good sports to any but the expert. At Wandsworth the waters become turbid, and the gas-works and traffic have pretty nearly destroyed the fishing.

THE RAVENSBOURNE,

A SMALL shallow slow river that runs from Sydenham through LEWISHAM, and has been nicknamed the four L's; that is, the long, lazy, lousy Lewisham. It contains roach, dace, chub, gudgeon, and is a capital place for that useful trolling-bait the minnow. At the mill-streams, large dace and small trout are occasionally taken, and there are everywhere plenty of eels. But there are many better places within the same distance of London.

THE MOLE,

So called from its being supposed to run under ground for a part of its course, rises on the borders of Sussex, and flowing through LEATHERHEAD (19 miles from London), COBHAM, EARTH, DORKING, and REIGATE, discharges itself into the Thames at EAST MOULSEY (15 miles from London), opposite Hampton Court. It is well stocked with fish throughout its whole course, but is somewhat too sluggish to be a good trout stream. The pike and pearch fishing, however, are excellent, and very heavy barbel, chub, bream and carp have frequently been taken out of it. The lakes on the estate of Mrs. Cooper, of PAYNE'S HILL, COBHAM, are well stored with pike and bream. About LEATHERHEAD, where the river is shallow and more rapid, there are plenty of small trout and large dace, pike, gudgeons and an enormous quantity of eels, besides the usual run of fish. The fishing here is excellent, and used to be free, but lately the proprietor of Randall's park has brought actions, and successfully asserted his rights over the waters which at Leatherhead run principally through his grounds. Towards MOULSEY, there are plenty of deep swims and abundance of jack, pearch, chub, roach, dace, bream, pope, eels, &c. A portion of the river from Moulsey to Esher is preserved for angling, at 1*l.* 1*s.* per annum, and punts and oars may be hired there on moderate terms. Inn, the Bell (Mr. Pitcher) opposite the church, a clean and comfortable house.

KENTISH RIVERS.

The Cray rises near St. Mary's Cray, in Kent, and falls into the Thames between Woolwich and Dartford.

The principal stations for fishing are not more than 12 or 13 miles from London.

St. Mary's Cray has some mills, where there are fine trout, perch, eels, &c.; but there is no public water. At Foot's Cray, the landlord of the Seven Stars rents a portion of the water, and gives visitors permission to angle. There used to be very fine sport here; but of late the fishing has been injured by the water being drawn off to repair the mills, and in consequence the fish were destroyed; but as the Cray is an excellent breeding river, Foot's Cray may soon recover its good name.

Lower down the stream is Bexley, where there is excellent fishing, both above and below the village. The trout are numerous, and the average weight from three-quarters to a pound-and-a-half; but they have sometimes been caught of three pounds' weight; and when in season, are very fine in colour and flavour.

Below Bexley is Hall Place, a boarding-school for young gentlemen, conducted by I. J. Barton, Esq., who occasionally grants permission for a day's sport.

At Crayford there is a small space of public water, in which any one may fish without interruption, and the inn is very comfortable. Good fish are sometimes caught there, and it is a convenient place for head-quarters. Lower down the stream are calico-printing mills; and still nearer the Thames, and where the tide flows, there are saw-mills, where trout may be taken.

The Cray is not so clear as the Wandle, consequently less difficult to fish, and a greater variety of flies are found on it.

The Medway, which is the principal of the Kentish rivers, rises in Sussex, and flows through Penshurst, past Maidstone to Rochester and Chatham, falls into the mouth of the Thames at Sheppy. It is well stored with flounders, pike, eels, perch, and a few salmon and other fish.

The Stour rises in the Weald of Kent, runs past Ashford, round Canterbury, passes Minster, near Margate (where there is excellent fishing), from thence to Hackington and Fordwich, and continues its course to Sandwich, where it falls into the sea. This river abounds with pike, perch, roach, dace, eels, &c., and at Canterbury there used to be plenty of trout, but the pike have increased at their expense. The *Fordwich*, or large white-flesh trout, is met with in this river.

The Darent, another Kentish river passes through Otford and Dartford, and falls into the Thames at Long-reach, two miles below Erith. Dartford is 14 miles from London, and the river is well stored with trout up to Farningham and Otford, near Sevenoaks.

At Farningham, 17 miles from London, there is an excellent inn, the proprietor of which has the right of fishing for a considerable distance down the stream, and where the visitor may find good sport

during the early part of the season,—*i. e.* in April, before the water has been too much fished. About a mile above Farningham are the grounds of Sir Thomas Dyke, Bart., where the water abounds with fine trout.

THE WICK, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

This beautiful little river rises in Buckinghamshire, not far from West Wycombe, runs through the grounds of Lord Carrington and the town of High Wycombe, and after winding through a rich country, and supplying a number of paper-mills, falls into the Thames near Marlow. It abounds with fish, and the trout are very numerous, though not usually large, the average being under a pound. The proprietors of the mills must be applied to for permission to fish, which is seldom refused. At Mr. Street's mill, a little below Wycombe, where the water is well preserved, Hofland once killed twenty brace of fine trout in four hours.

The landlord of the principal inn at Marlow (The Anglers) is acquainted with several proprietors of the waters, and, through him, an angler taking up his quarters at his house may gain permission to fish.

The Ouse.—This river, which rises in the county of Northampton, nearly surrounds the town of Buckingham, and abounds with pike, pearch, and common fish, but not trout. The Colne (already described) flows by the rural villages of Rubury and Barnsley, and thence to Rickmansworth. In a branch of this river, near Chenies, Sir Anthony Carlisle, one of the most skilful fly-fishers in England, once killed sixty brace of trout in a few hours.

DERBYSHIRE RIVERS.

The Trent rises in the north-west part of Staffordshire, on the borders of Cheshire, and taking a south-east direction, crosses Staffordshire, to the verge of Leicestershire and Derbyshire; then taking a north-east direction, it crosses the counties of Derby and Nottingham to Newark, whence it flows through a part of Lincolnshire, and, joining the Ouse, the united streams become the Humber. Its entire course is 250 miles, of which 170 are navigable. This noble river abounds with fish through its whole course, and is celebrated for its large pike. It has been said by some to derive its name from the thirty streams which it receives, by others from the varieties of fish found in it. Near its source, and for many miles afterwards, it contains very fine trout and grayling; but when it reaches the counties of Nottingham and Derby, they become scarce.

Formerly salmon of a superior description were caught in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, but not now. Four or five miles above or below the town there is good fishing for pike, pearch, barbel, chub, roach, dace, eels, bream, and every other kind of coarse fish, but nearer the town the river is too often fished by the stocking-weavers to afford much sport. There is a peculiar mode of fishing for gudgeons practised in this river, about Nottingham, called "muddling for gudgeons." The

angler wades in the shallows, and, stirring up the gravel with his feet, draws the fish to his bait, thus effecting the purposes of the rake used in the Thames.

THE DOVE.—This classic trout and grayling-stream, rendered immortal by Walton and Cotton, rises near the Three-shire Stones, at the Peak of Derbyshire, and divides that county from Staffordshire; after passing the wild moors and mountains of the high peak, it reaches DOVEDALE, one of the most sequestered and beautiful of the rocky dells of England. It is five miles from the town of ASHBOURNE. There is a good inn at the entrance of the dale; but the water is now strictly preserved by Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., of Ilam Hall, a splendid mansion, situated in a beautifully wooded valley, through which the MANIFOLD winds its clear stream into the Dove. Near ILAM is an excellent inn, the Walton's Head, where the living is very moderate, and the landlord can give orders for fishing in the Dove. He is Mr. Watts Russell's tenant. But the fishing is not so good as it used to be, owing to poachers; and the fish now run small.

"Those who are strangers to this sport (grayling fishing), and indeed many who have fished for grayling all their lives, when the water is very low and clear, immediately betake themselves to the streams and curls, from the idea that the fish will see your life in the dead water. By so doing, they will, perhaps, catch a few trout, and some *shelt* grayling. But go yourself to a deep, dead part of the river; never mind if there is no wind, or if the sun is hot. Use the finest gut you can procure, and two flies, and when you have thrown your line as light as gossamer, let it sink for eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight *curl* on the water, which, by a little practice, you will understand quite as well; and when you strike you will have the pleasure of finding, most probably, a good fish tugging away at the end of your line.

"This is the *real* secret of grayling-fishing, and you may often fill your basket while other fishermen on the water, using the very same flies, will not have managed to kill a decent dish amongst them."

For trout the best fishing in this river is AT NIGHT, in bright weather, when a good dish may be caught.

THE TAME rises in the hundred of Sirdan, in the county of Stafford; where, being joined by Walsal-water, after passing DRAYTON-BASSET and Tamworth, and becoming enlarged by Blackbrook and other streams, it falls into the Trent, just beyond Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire; it has also many meres, pools, and lakes, which abound with large pike and pearch; indeed there are few better rivers for trolling. A trout weighing twenty-two pounds and a half was caught in Drayton park, and sent by the late Sir Robert Peel to Professor Owen.

THE BLYTHE falls into the Trent at KING'S BROMLEY, after receiving the SOAR from Ecclesall, and the PEAK from Penkridge. It abounds with trout, which bite freely at a worm, especially after a fresh caused by rain.

THE DERWENT rises in the woodlands of Derbyshire, and flowing past Derwent Hall, through Ashopton to Basiow, enters the park, and passes close to CHATSWORTH, the splendid mansion of the Duke of Devonshire.

At Baslow, the Wheat Sheaf, a small inn, will be found a desirable station for the angler, the landlord being empowered to give tickets for fishing in the Duke's waters, to a considerable extent. Lower down the stream is Rowsley Bridge, an excellent and very convenient fishing-station, where there is also a capital house of entertainment,—the Peacock,—the landlord of which, a very obliging man, can give orders to fish in the Wye (which is within a short distance) as well as the Derwent. The trout and grayling-fishing is close at hand, and first rate, especially for grayling.

From Rowsley, the Derwent runs to Matlock, long celebrated for the beauty of its situation. Here are several fine hotels, and some excellent boarding-houses, with others of a more humble description.

Willersley Castle, the magnificent seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq., terminates the vale: a note addressed to this gentleman will probably procure a fishing-ticket for the season; and below Willersley there are some fine trout and grayling streams: but the fishing is not so good as at Rowsley, Baslow, and still higher up the stream. The Derwent now continues its course through Belper, Darley, and Derby, and falls into the Trent a little below Shardlow-bridge.

The Bradford is a beautiful tortuous trout-stream, about two miles from Rowsley, the property of the Duke of Rutland, and very little known, as it has been strictly preserved for many years. It is bordered by lofty rocks covered with verdure, and is extremely picturesque.

The Wye rises in the moors above Buxton, and, pursuing a sinuous course, reaches the valley of Monsaldale. Thence it meanders to the pretty village of Ashford-in-the-Water, remarkable for its marble quarries and works, and a beautiful *cottage ornée*, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which, in summer, is literally a bower of roses. A short course then brings the Wye to Bakewell, where, at the Rutland Arms, the tourist will meet with everything he can desire. This house is the resort of anglers from all parts of the kingdom.

The Wye now winds in many a serpentine fold, till it reaches the grounds of Haddon Hall, the property of the Duke of Rutland.

A little beyond Haddon, the Wye is joined by the Lathkill. This sparkling and pellucid stream abounds with trout of the finest quality, but it is strictly preserved by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for the amusement of himself and friends. After the junction of the Lathkill and the Wye, they fall into the Derwent at Rowsley.

There are various other small streams in this land of many waters; one of which rises in the neighbourhood of Bradford, and, passing Longford and Sutton-on-the-Hill, falls into the Trent near Egginton, after a short course, and contains abundance of fine trout, of excellent flavour.

The Idle, which meets the Trent at Ashelme, rises in Sherwood Forest, and flows through the beautiful and extensive parks of Wellbeck, Clumber, and Thoresby, Nottinghamshire. This stream, in its course through the parks, abounds with trout, but a great part of it is strictly preserved. There is also a small stream near the pretty town of Worksop, well stored with fine trout.

SHROPSHIRE RIVERS.

The Severn rises in Montgomeryshire, and is the chief river of Shropshire, which it enters in conflux with the Vyrnwy, a most excellent trout-stream. It almost encircles Shrewsbury, and, after receiving the Tern, a little below the town, runs through Colebrook-dale, and thence to Bridge-north, where it is joined by the Wort and the Stour, below Bewdley. From thence it proceeds to Worcester and Gloucester, dividing, near the latter city, into two channels, which, soon reuniting, constitute a great tide river; and, after being joined by the Wye and the Lower Avon, it assumes the name of the Bristol Channel. Fine salmon are taken near Shrewsbury, and numbers of these fish run up the Severn into Wales. Salmon-trout, carp, pearch, roach, flounders, chub, and grayling, are taken; the latter of which, in some instances, weigh 5 lbs. The river is in most parts rapid and muddy.

The Clun, a Shropshire river, which is glowingly celebrated by Sir Humphry Davy (in his *Salmonia*), abounds with trout and grayling; the latter being of a very superior kind. It is joined by the Corve at Ludlow, which is a good fishing station. Inns, the Angel and the Feathers; and at *Leintwardine*, close by, is the Anglers' Inn, where the *Leintwardine Club* is held, by whom the waters are rented. There is also the Lion inn. An angler can generally obtain a day's fishing, if introduced. The small river to the left is the Teme, which contains principally trout and grayling. The fish are more abundant in the meadows between Ludlow and *Downton Castle* than in any other part of the river. After a flush of water, when the fish can ascend from the sea, the pools will always be found with salmon in them, and excellent sport is generally to be had with the fly; when the water is low, there is good trout and grayling-fishing. Provisions and lodging are cheap in this neighbourhood, and the surrounding country beautiful.

At Brampton Bryan, close by Leintwardine, there is capital fishing, some think the best on the river Teme.

The Weaver, another Shropshire river, rises not far from the romantic and picturesque grounds of Hawkestone; runs through the central parts of Cheshire to Nampt wich and Northwich, where it is joined by the Dane from Staffordshire, and the Wednoch from Middlewich; it then proceeds to its port at Frodsham, a little below which it is lost in the Mersey.

In this county there are many large meres and pools, all of which abound in carp, tench, and very large pike, pearch, and eels.

THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON

Rises on the borders of Leicestershire, and passing Warwick Castle winds through a beautiful country to Stratford-on-Avon, where it is joined by the Lesser Stour, and from thence traverses the great

Worcestershire level by Evesham, and falls into the Severn at Tewkesbury.

The LEAM joins the Avon near LEAMINGTON. Both these rivers abound in fish, and contain some very good trout.

The Calt, the Stroud, the Cam, and the Little Avon, all fall into the Severn; the Stroud was formerly well stored with trout, but the fish have been destroyed by the number of works for dyeing, &c. A few miles from the town of Stroud there is a canal (the BERKELEY CANAL), abounding with fine pike. The water is preserved, but permission to fish is sometimes obtained from one of the proprietors on its banks.

THE WYE,

WHICH rises in Montgomeryshire, at a short distance from the source of the Severn, is remarkable for the variety and beauty of its scenery. For many miles it divides Radnorshire from the county of Brecknock, after which it enters Herefordshire, near HAY; and then passing HEREFORD, ROSS, MONMOUTH, the romantic grounds of PIERCEFIELD, TINTERN ABBEY, and CHEPSTOW (at all which places there is capital fishing), falls into the Severn, below CHEPSTOW. Very fine salmon are taken in the Wye; and the whole course of this beautiful river, through the counties of Brecknock and Radnor, will afford excellent trout and grayling fishing. At HAY, the Swan Hotel, and at BUILTH, the Lion Hotel, are good houses of entertainment, and the fishing is capital. Gentlemen residing at Wolfield Hotel, Builth, will have permission to fish five miles of the best part of the Wye, including several salmon pools. The season for fly-fishing commences earlier in the Wye than in the neighbourhood of London. Whilst the snow was falling here, April 18th, 1838, the following advertisement appeared in the *Times* newspaper: "Good news for Anglers.—So very plentiful is fish in the river Wye, in the neighbourhood of Builth, that Stephen Pritchard, the fishing-tackle maker there, caught, on Tuesday last, in the course of four hours, no less than 143 grayling, trout, and salmon-pink; and in five hours, on the following day, 225 fish of the same description."

THE RIVER EXE

RISES in Exmoor, in the west of Somersetshire, and running through a beautiful valley for about 50 or 60 miles (including TIVERTON and Exeter), falls into the sea at Exmouth. It is a rapid river, full of currents and pools, and well stocked with trout (but they run very small). As many as 100 have been taken in a day by one angler alone, with the fly. There are three associations on the river. The *Tiverton* Association has about 14 miles of water above and below the

town. The *Thorverton* Association commences where the Tiverton terminates, and the *Exeter* Association commences where the Thorverton ends, and is famous for its pike; in the Tiverton preserve, a pike has never been seen.—(*From the Anglers' Almanack.*)

THE AXE.

A BEAUTIFUL river and full of trout, although in general they are but small; it rises near Beaminster, in Dorsetshire, and passing near Axminster, falls into the Channel on the east coast of Devonshire. It is fed in its course by many fine streams and pools, and flows over a gravelly bed. Besides trout, it contains abundance of dace, roach, gudgeon, eels, &c. The river is free to anglers, and though it has suffered considerably from poaching, this has of late years been checked by an angling association formed at Crewkerne. The season commences on the 1st March, and ends on the 1st of October. CREWKERNE and AXMINSTER are two of the principal fishing-stations. But there is abundance of accommodation in every direction along the banks.

We cannot better conclude this notice of the Axe than with an extract from the "Anglers' Almanac" for 1854:—

"From the 1st of March to the 6th of Sept., 1853, I captured, chiefly in the Axe, 523 trout.

"April 7th.—Caught ten brace and a half between Seaborough and Oathill Bridge. 13th.—Nine brace and a half at Seaborough and Clapton, one of which weighed a pound, and several three-quarters. 14th.—Killed eight brace and a half at Seaborough and Clapton. 16th.—Caught fourteen brace between Clapton Bridge and Winsham. 19th.—Caught six brace. 20th.—Caught three brace. 22d.—Caught twelve brace at Maiden Newton, and Toller Dorset, one which weighed one pound seven ounces, and several a pound."

The fishing-season in 1853 was a capital one, as far as my experience extended, much better than the present season. The spring months, generally the best for angling, were so dry and bright, that it was almost useless to attempt fly-fishing in the Axe. During the month of July there were some good days for sport. On the 10th of that month, I caught between Seaborough and Clapton eleven brace of very nice trout in two hours and a half, during the whole of which time it rained tremendously.—*J. M'Donell.*

THE DEE

RISES in Merionethshire, North Wales, in two springs, which, uniting, form the lake of PIMBLE-MERE; from thence it passes through the county of Denbigh, by Llangollen and Wrexham, to Chester, and

then flows on to the Irish Sea. The Dee is justly celebrated for the variety and beauty of its scenery and the abundance of its fish, being well stored with salmon, trout, grayling, pike, pearch, &c. LLANGOLLEN is remarkable as having been for many years the residence of two maiden ladies of family, who left the world in early life, and sought retirement in this sequestered vale. This beautiful village is a good station for either the artist or the angler. The ALLAN meets the Dee near the towns of Farnden and Holt; a rapid torrent, also, issuing from the well of St. Winifred, beneath the town of Holywell, turns a number of mills in its short course to the Dee's estuary, near the ruins of Basingwork Abbey in Flintshire. These tributaries are all excellent trout-streams.

THE DRIFFIELD, OR HULL, YORKSHIRE.

THIS river has long been famous for the size and excellence of its trout (said to be the largest in England), and the fishing is excellent. A club has been established here for the preservation of this superior breed of fish, but a member can always give a day's sport to a stranger. We introduce this river from its great trout celebrity, and because a book has been written especially on this and other Yorkshire rivers, to which we can satisfactorily refer the inquirer. It is entitled Mackintosh's *Driffield Angler*, published at *Gainsborough*, 1840, and since.

THE COQUET, NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE Coquet rises in Roxburghshire, but within the limits of Northumberland, flowing south-east below Rothbury, and reaching the sea at Warkworth, near which are the remains of the celebrated Hermitage. At FELTON BRIDGE, which the Coquet passes, excellent trout and salmon are taken. Oliver, in his "Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland," says, "Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of WELDON BRIDGE, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet." And Hofland, "There are not many trout-streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river, on the whole, more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may undoubtedly, take larger trouts at Driffield; and, from streams more secluded, bring home a heavier creel; but, for a week's fair fishing, the Coquet, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, is, perhaps, surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory, and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, 'clear as diamond sparks,' present, in their course, every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill."

OXFORDSHIRE.

THE *Thame*, the *Isis*, the *Cherwell*, the *Ouse*, the *Evenlode*, and the *Windrush*, are the chief rivers of this county. The *Isis* flows in a north-easterly direction to Oxford, receiving in its way the *Windrush* and the *Evenlode*, as also a smaller stream, which forms the great lake in Woodstock Park; at Oxford, it divides itself into various small channels, which soon after re-unite, and a little below the meads of Christchurch, the *Cherwell* joins it, and flows through Magdalen Bridge to Abingdon, and thence to Dorchester, where being joined by the *Thame*, which descends from the central part of Bucks, helps to form the unrivalled *Thames*. In all these rivers there are a few good trout, and abundance of pike, pearch, eels, and common fish, and the rud is plentiful where the *Cherwell* and the *Isis* join.

The following useful hints on the fishing waters of Oxford and its vicinity have been obligingly communicated by two gentlemen of the University.

Passing over *Pangbourne*, *Goring*, and *Wallingford*, all well known as good angling stations, we arrive at *Didcot* by the Great Western Railway, and then crossing to *Abingdon Road station*, we are within a mile of a pleasant village called CLIFTON HAMPDEN or CLIFTON FERRY, where downwards towards WAY'S LOCK, and upwards towards APPLEFORD, there is excellent fishing (especially trolling), the river abounding here with large pike. *Clifton Lock Pool* is noted for the size and quantity of its pearch and barbel. Seven miles further on is OXFORD, where the angler will find every accommodation in the way of punts, men and baits, at moderate charges. From Oxford to IFFLEY, and thence to KENNINGTON ISLAND, which is within a mile of it, there is capital fishing, and two good houses of entertainment, famous for fried and stewed eels. At SANDFORD FERRY is a celebrated pool called *Sandford-Lock Pool*, in which are many very heavy pike, barbel, trout, &c. A pike was killed spinning in this pool on the 13th of the present month (May, 1856), weighing nineteen pounds and a half. At and near NUNEHAM (the seat of the late Archbishop of York), the river abounds with fish, and affords excellent fly-fishing for chub. *Iffley* is 1¼ miles, *Kennington Island* 2 miles, *Sandford* 3 miles, and *Nuncham* 6½ miles from Oxford.

Beyond Oxford, at GODSTOW, called par excellence the *trout Godstow*, a beautiful walk of about two miles across *Port Meadow*, there is capital fishing, and at the *King's weir* and the stream thereabouts, the best trolling perhaps in the county of Oxford. In the pool, in front of the house, are some heavy trout; indeed, large trout are occasionally found in all the *lock-pools* and *weir-holes* in this part of the Thames; but there are no, so to say, trout *streams* in the immediate vicinity of Oxford. A little beyond Godstow, 5 miles from Oxford, is EYNSHAM BRIDGE, SKINNER'S WEIR, and BABLOCK HYTHE (famous for its *roach* fishing), all places affording good sport as well as accommodation to the angler.

At LECHLADE, 7 miles from Oxford, and 6 from the Farringdon-road station, is very excellent fishing and a comfortable house of entertainment, called the "Fish," at *Tadpole Bridge*. This spot is well adapted

for a week or two's quiet fishing, as well from its rural situation, as the number of well-stored streams in its vicinity.

The principal tributary streams in the neighbourhood of Oxford are the *Cherwell* (which empties itself into the Thames at Oxford), the *Thame*, the *Windrush*, and the *Glyn*, all good fishing streams; but their banks, for the most part, being private property, some difficulty may be experienced in obtaining permission for a day's angling.

There used to be an *Oxford Angling Society* (numbering nearly two hundred members), but in consequence of the water in the immediate neighbourhood being free, and there being none which could be rented, the society soon died a natural death.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The Cam is the chief river in this county, and has two sources; the one giving its name springs near Ashwell, and the other, the classic Granta, rising near Newport, in Essex, flows through Linton (where the fishing belongs to the Master and Fellows of Pembroke, and there are good trout), Audley End (the seat of Lord Braybrooke, where there are also good trout), Shelford (trout, pike, pearch), and, after receiving several small tributary streams, unites with the Cam near Cambridge, above and below which there is excellent trolling for pike and pearch. The Cam, soon after it leaves Cambridge, sinks into the fens at Ely; and near Harrimere its junction with the Ouse takes place, and thence passing through a dreary tract of marsh to Downham, in Norfolk, the exit of these rivers is at the flourishing town of Lynn: they all furnish excellent pike and pearch, carp, and abundance of bream and common fish, but, excepting in the preserves, very few trout. There are also some fine meres and lakes near this river, famous for their tench, eels, &c.

At Cambridge there has of late years been established a Society for the preservation of the fisheries on the Cam, entitled the Cam Angling Society. The preserved waters commence at *Ditton Dock*, and terminate a mile south of *Upware*. Subscription *One Guinea* to include trolling, *Half a Guinea* without, commencing annually on the 1st of January. Free tickets are granted to youths under 16 years of age, for summer fishing, without trolling. Subscribers have the privilege of being accompanied by two friends, and are allowed 12 transferable tickets. Application to be made to *Messrs. Matthew & Gunt*, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

At Waterbeach, 6 miles from Cambridge, the river is also preserved by a Society, and there is excellent fishing. The subscription is much the same as at Cambridge.

At Grantchester there is an abundance of pike and pearch. The fishing belongs to Mrs. Pemberton, of Trumpington, and to King's College.

In most parts of the Cam, from Cambridge to Ely and Lynn, there is excellent pike and pearch fishing.

PIKE-FISHING IN NORFOLK.

Mr. Yarrell gives the following account:—"Among the various localities in England remarkable for the quality as well as the quantity of their pike, Horsea Mere and Heigham Sounds, two large pieces of water in the county of Norfolk, a few miles north of Yarmouth, have been long celebrated. Camden, in his 'Britannia,' first printed in 1586, says, 'Horsea pike, none like.' I have been favoured by a gentleman of acknowledged celebrity in field sports, with the returns of four days' pike-fishing with trimmers, or *liggers*, as they are provincially called. In March, 1834, in the waters just named, viz. on the 11th at Heigham Sounds, 60 pike, the weight altogether 280 lbs. On the 13th at Horsea Mere, 89 pike, 379 lbs. On the 18th, again at Horsea Mere, 49 pike, 213 lbs. On the 19th, at Heigham Sounds, 58 pike, 263 lbs.: together, four days' sport, producing 256 pike, weighing altogether 1135 lbs. These meres, or broads, as they are called in Norfolk, are of great extent. Horsea Mere and Heigham Sounds, with the waters connected, are calculated to include a surface of 600 acres."

MISCELLANEOUS FISHING WATERS.

Shepherds Bush, Bayswater. There used to be two small subscription waters (clayponds) here, *viz.* the Willow Vale Fishery, or Victoria Fishery, and the Star Fishery, tolerably stocked with pearch, tench, roach, and carp; but one of them has long since been filled up, and the other enclosed. We cite them here to save disappointment, as they are mentioned as still existing in a recent Guide to Anglers.

Kingsbury Fishery, at the Welsh Harp, Brentbridge, on the Edgeware Road, is 5 miles from Hyde Park, and situated in a rural part of the country. There is very good fishing for pike, pearch, and roach (which run very large), both in the reservoirs and the contributory streams of the Brent. The yearly subscription is one guinea, but day-tickets are granted at 2*s.* 6*d.* for jack-fishing, and 1*s.* without. Subscribers allowed to use two rods, and no more. Punts and boats provided at 2*s.* 6*d.* per day. The season commences on the 1st of May, and ends on the last day of February for pearch; no live or dead bait is allowed before the 1st day of June. Jack-fishing commences on the 1st of June, and ends the last day of February. These were the rules in 1835, but we understand the proprietor means in future to permit unlimited fishing all the year round.

The Lake in Wimbledon Park, 7 miles from London, contains a great quantity of fine fish, including pike, (some of which are very large,) pearch, roach, large rudd, &c. Permission must be obtained from Barber Beaumont, Esq., of the County Fire Office, and Westhill, Wimbledon Park.

Clapham Common. The *Mount Pond* used to contain plenty of jack. In 1832, March 1st, Mr. Heseltine, baiting with live dace, killed three,

weighing together 21 pounds; and in December, 1843, he stocked the pond with 45 jack, netted out of the Thames, so that possibly good fish are still there; but we know that they are seldom caught. The fishing is free. There are three other ponds on the Common. The one near the church, from which during two or three hot days in July very heavy carp may be taken with the red worm; and there are those who, fishing betimes in the morning, have taken 10 to 15 pounds' weight of fish. The third pond is at the back of the Windmill public house, where heavy roach, pearch, and gudgeon are often taken. The fourth pond, the only other one worth mentioning, is on the right of the Common (from London), partially covered with willows and other trees. This is called, *par excellence*, "the pearch pond."

On WANDSWORTH COMMON, at the back of Mr. Wilson's, there is a pond, with three or four islands in the centre, which we believe has been liberally stocked by that gentleman, and who appears rather pleased than otherwise to see the angler enjoying his sport there.

RUISLIP RESERVOIR, (belonging to the Grand Junction Canal) midway between the Uxbridge and the Pinner stations, is well stored with fish. The subscription 30*s.* for a year, or 42*s.* for a transferable ticket. Live bait, &c., provided. This water is (or used to be) strictly preserved by F. Deane, Esq., Escott Hall. Unfortunately it is drawn off once a year, and the fish have to save themselves in a deep hole of about two acres in extent.

In RICHMOND PARK the "Penn Ponds" are well stored with pike, pearch, carp, and other fish, but it is now rather difficult to obtain permission to angle there. Application must be made to Colonel Liddle (Deputy Ranger), Gloucester Lodge, Richmond Park.

At SLOUGH there is a MILL-POND, seen to the right of the railway-line going from London, where there is very good pearch and pike fishing. Day-tickets are charged 2*s.* 6*d.*

The SERPENTINE, in Hyde Park, contains large carp, tench, pearch, roach, eels, and bream, but they are difficult to catch, and the sport seldom repays the patience bestowed. Permission to fish is in general readily granted by the Ranger.

The ORNAMENTAL WATER in the Regent's Park is now open to the public, where quantities of small pearch, gudgeon, &c., are taken by juvenile anglers; also carp, occasionally fine. Permission to fish in the enclosed part must be obtained from the Ranger, but much of the water is public.

The HAMPSTEAD PONDS are well known to the London angler, and contain some good pearch, not easily caught. There is no restriction to the fishing.

DAGENHAM BREACH, a large pool of water in the Essex Marshes, 9 miles from London, near the Thames (opposite the Half-way House to Gravesend), is a favourite resort of London anglers, and contains an abundance of rudd, bream, large pearch, jack, roach, carp, tench, and eels. This water is open to subscribers at 1*l.* 1*s.* for the season, day-tickets at 2*s.* It is an excellent place to initiate the young angler, as the fish bite freely. But when caught they are not worth cooking, as the waters are very impure, sometimes offensive.

The SURREY CANAL, which joins the remnant of the CROYDON CANAL near New-Cross, Deptford, contains pike, pearch, carp, bream, and roach, sometimes of large size. Pearch and small pike used formerly to be caught here in considerable numbers. The writer remembers taking (about thirty-five years ago) upwards of 200 small pearch, and 7 jack, of from 2 to 3 pounds weight each, in one day, trolling with live minnows; and he is told that the pike and pearch run fine here at the present day, although not so numerous.

The PADDINGTON CANAL, which joins the GRAND JUNCTION CANAL near Norwood, and the REGENT'S CANAL (which flows through Regent's Park to the basin between Stepney and Limehouse), contain pike, pearch, roach, chub, bream, eels, &c., and afford moderate sport when they have not been too much netted; they are both free, excepting where the banks are enclosed or occupied by residents.

At GATTON, Lord Monson's, near REIGATE, in Surrey (the once famed rotten borough), there is a large lake, which is reported to be abundantly stored. There is also a pond just above it (from which it is supplied) full of pearch.

At EGHAM, Surrey, is a fine piece of water, called the FLEET, where there is excellent fishing, especially for pearch.

At OSTERLY PARK, near Ealing, the seat of Lord Jersey, there is a large sheet of water, where pearch, pike, and other fish abound. A story is current there (certified by a painting), of a pike, which proved to be upwards of 40 pounds in weight, having gorged the neck and head of a swan, which ended in the death of both.

At GODSTONE, in Surrey, near the mill, is a subscription water, where there is very good pike and pearch fishing. Day-tickets may be had.

In KENT, on CHISELHURST COMMON, 12 miles from London, it is said there are some ponds stored with carp, pearch, and tench, and that the large pond near the King's Head Inn is the best. The fishing is free. And a mile to the east of SHOOTER'S HILL, near Wickham Church, is a large pond on a common by the road side, containing pearch, carp, tench, and large eels. It is thickly grown over with weeds, excepting in a few places. Proprietor, Mr. Dixon, a farmer, from whom permission must be obtained.

At STANMORE, Middlesex, 10 miles from London, there are two or three ponds on the common, containing pearch, tench, &c.; and about a mile further, towards STANMORE PRIORY, is a large piece of water, called the *Long Pond*, which contains pike, pearch, &c.

The FRENCHAM PONDS, near Basingstoke, between Farnham and Farnborough, on the South-Western line, afford capital sport for pike and pearch, but they seldom run large. With minnows, which you must take with you, and a stiff breeze, you may catch more fish than you can carry. The landlord owns the water, and charges *one shilling* a day for each rod. Boats are kept for hire.

The fine waters at BLENHEIM contain many large pike, and permission to troll may sometimes be obtained from the noble owner. Some years since a sister of the Duke of Marlborough caught a pike in the Blenheim water weighing 26 pounds.

At YARBRIDGE, 5 miles from Ryde, Isle of Wight, there is very good fishing, especially for dace and carp, the latter very fine. Permission to angle is very kindly granted by Mr. Cave, brewer, Yarbridge.

Here we must conclude for want of space. The RIVERS and LAKES of CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, LANCASHIRE, and other English Counties not included in the preceding account, and the RIVERS of WALES, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND, will be found well described in Mr. Jesse's edition of *Hofland*, pp. 236—448, or in some of the volumes specially mentioned at page 450.

*** *Any corrections of the preceding pages, or communications respecting fishing stations, will be thankfully received by the Publisher at 4 York Street, Covent Garden.*



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